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The Purchase Price

by EMERSON HOUGH

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CHAPTER I.

A Lady in Company.

"Madam, you are charming! You have not slept, and yet you smile. No man could ask a better prisoner."

She turned to him, smiling faintly.

"I thank you. At least we have had breakfast, and for such mercy I am grateful to my jailer. I admit I was famished. What now?"

With just the turn of a shoulder she indicated the water front, where, at the end of the dock on which they stood, lay the good ship, Mount Vernon, river packet, the black smoke already pouring from her stacks. In turn he smiled and also shrugged a shoulder.

"Let us not ask! My dear lady, I could journey on forever with one so young and pleasant as yourself. I will give you my promise in exchange for your parole."

Now her gesture was more positive, her glance flashed more keenly at him. "Do not be too rash," she answered. "My parole runs only while we travel together privately. As soon as we reach coach or boat, matters will change. I reserve the right of any prisoner to secure life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. I shall endeavor, believe me—and in my own way."

He frowned as she presently went on to make herself yet more clear. "It was well enough when we traveled in our own private express, from Washington here to Pittsburg, for then there was no change for escape. I gave my parole, because it pleased you and did not jeopardize myself. Here my jailer may perhaps have some trouble with me."

"You speak with the courage and fervor of the true leader of a cause, Madam," he rejoined, now smiling. "What evil days are these on which I have fallen—I, a mere soldier obeying orders! Not that I have found the orders unpleasant; but it is not fair of you to bring against mankind double weapons! Such is not the usage of civilized warfare. Dangerous enough you are as woman alone, without bringing to your aid those gifts of mind suited to problems which men have been accustomed to arrogate to themselves."

"Arrogate is quite the right word. It is especially fit for a jailer."

This time the shaft went home. The florid countenance of young Captain Carlisle flushed yet ruddier beneath its tan. His lips set still more tightly under the scant reddish mustache. With a gesture of impatience he lifted his military hat and passed a hand over the auburn hair which flamed above his white forehead. His slim figure stiffened even as his face became more stern. Clad in the full regimentals of his rank, he made a not unmanly figure as he stood there, though hardly taller than this splendid woman whom he addressed—a woman somewhat reserved, mocking, enigmatic; but, as he had said, charming. That last word of description had been easy for any man who had seen her, with her long-lashed dark eyes, her clear cheek just touched with color, her heavy dark hair impossible to conceal even under its engulfing bonnet, her wholly exquisite and adequate figure equally unbanished even by the trying costume of the day. She stood erect, easy, young, strong, fit to live; and that nature had given her confidence in herself was evidenced now in the carriage of head and body as she walked to and fro, pausing to turn now and then, impatient, uneasy, like some caged creature, as lithe, as beautiful, as dangerous and as puzzling in the matter of future conduct. Even as he removed his cap, Carlisle turned to her, a man's admiration in his eyes, a gentleman's trouble also there.

"My dear Countess St. Auban," said he, more formally, "I wish that you might never use that word with me again—jailer! I am only doing my duty as a soldier. The army has offered to it all sorts of unpleasant tasks. They selected me as an agent for your disappearance because I am an army officer. I had no option, I must obey. In my profession there is not enough fighting, and too much civilian work, police work, constable work, detective work. There are fools often for officers, and over them politicians who are worse fools, sometimes. Well, then, why blame a simple fellow like me for doing what is given him to do? I have not liked the duty, no matter how much I have enjoyed the experience. Now, with puzzles ended and difficulties beginning, you threaten to make my unhappy lot still harder!"

"Why did you bring me here?"

"That I do not know. I could not answer you even did I know."

"And why did I come?" she mused, half to her self.

"Nor can I say that. Needs must when the devil drives; and his majesty surely was on the box and using his whip-hand, two days ago, back in Washington. Your own sense of fairness will admit as much as that."

She threw back her head like a restless horse, blooded, mettlesome, and resumed her pacing up and down, her hands now clasped behind her back.

"When I left the carriage with my maid Jeanne, there," she resumed at length; "when I passed through that dark train shed at midnight, I felt that something was wrong. When the door of the railway coach was opened I felt that conviction grow. When you met me—the first time I ever saw you, sir—I felt my heart turn cold."

"Madam!"

"And when the door of the coach closed on myself and my maid—when we rolled on away from the city, in spite of all I could do or say—, why, then, sir, you were my jailer. Have matters changed since then?"

"Madam, from the first you were splendid! You showed pure courage. 'I am a prisoner!' you cried at first—not more than that. But you said it like a lady, a noblewoman. I admired you then because you faced me—whom you had never seen before—with no more fear than had I been a private and you my commanding officer."

"Fear wins nothing."

"Precisely. Then let us not fear what the future may have for us. I have no directions beyond this point—Pittsburg. I was to take boat here, that was all. I was to convey you out into the west, somewhere, anywhere, no one was to know where. And someway, anyway, my instructions were, I was to lose you—to lose you, Madam, in plain point of fact. And now, at the very time I am indiscreet enough to tell you this much, you make my cheerful task the more difficult by saying that you must be regarded only as a prisoner of war!"

Serene, smiling, enigmatic, she faced him with no fear whatever showing in her dark eyes. The clear light of the bright autumn morning had no terrors for youth and health like hers. She put back a truant curl from her forehead where it had sought egress to the world, and looked him full in the face now, drawing a deep breath which caused the round of her bosom to lift the lace at her throat. Then, womanlike, she did the unlooked for, and laughed at him a low, full ripple of wholesome laughter, which evoked again a wave of color to his sensitive face Josephine St. Auban was a prisoner—a prisoner of state, in fact, and such by orders not understood by herself, although, as she knew very well, a prisoner without due process of law. Save for this tearful maid who stood yonder, she was alone, friendless. Her escape, her safety even, lay in her own hands. Yet, even now, learning for the first time this much definitely regarding the mysterious journey into which she had been entrapped—even now, a prisoner held fast in some stern and mysterious grasp whose reason and whose nature she could not know—she laughed, when she should have wept!

"My instructions were to take you out beyond this point," went on Carlisle; "and then I was to lose you, as I have said. I have had no definite instructions as to how that should be done, my dear Countess." His eyes twinkled as he stiffened to his full height and almost met the level of her own glance.

"The agent who conveyed my orders to me—he comes from Kentucky, you see—said to me that while I could not bow-string you, it would be quite proper to put you · a sack and throw you overboard. 'Only,' said he to me, 'be careful that this sack be tightly tied; and be sure to drop her only where the water is deepest. And for God's sake, my dear young man,' he said to me, 'be sure that you do not drop her anywhere along the coast of my own state of Kentucky; for if you do, she will untie the sack and swim ashore into my constituency, where I have trouble enough without the Countess St. Auban, active abolitionist, to increase it. Trouble'—said he to me—'thy name is Josephine St. Auban'!

"My dear lady, to that last, I agree. But, there you have my orders. You are, as may be seen, close to the throne, so far as we have thrones in this country."

"Then I am safe until we get below the Kentucky shore?" she queried calmly.

"I beg you not to feel disturbed—" he began.

"Will you set me down at Louisville?"

"Madam, I cannot."

"You have not been hampered with extraordinary orders. You have just said, the carte blanche is in your hands."

"I have no stricter orders at any time than those I take from my own conscience, Madam. I must act for your own good as well as for that of others."

Her lip curled now. "Then not even this country is free! Even here there are secret tribunals. Even here there are hired bravos."

"Ah, Madam, please, not that! I beg of you—"

"Excellently kind of you all, to care so tenderly for me—and yourselves! I, only a woman, living openly, with ill will for none, paying my own way, violating no law of the land—"

"Your words are very bitter, Madam."

"The more bitter because they are true. You will release me then at Cairo, below?"

"I cannot promise, Madam. You would be back in Washington by the first boats and trains."

"So, the plot runs yet further? Perhaps you do not stop this side the outer ways of the Mississippi? Say, St. Louis, New Orleans?"

"Perhaps even beyond those points," he rejoined grimly. "I make no promises, since you yourself make none."

"What are your plans, out there, beyond?"

"You ask it frankly, and with equal frankness I say I do not know. Indeed, I am not fully advised in all this matter. It was imperative to get you out of Washington, and if so, it is equally imperative to keep you out of Washington. At least for a time I am obliged to construe my carte blanche in that way, my dear lady. And as I say, my conscience is my strictest officer."

"Yes," she said, studying his face calmly with her steady dark eyes.

It was a face sensitive, although bony and lined; stern, though its owner still was young. She noticed the reddish hair and beard, the florid skin, the blue eye set deep—a fighting eye, yet that of a visionary.

"You are a fanatic," she said.

"That is true. You, yourself, are of my own kind. You would kill me without tremor, if you had orders, and I—"

"You would do as much!"

"You are of my kind, Madam. Yes; we both take orders from our own souls. And that we think alike in many ways I am already sure."

"None the less—"

"None the less, I cannot agree to set you down at Cairo, or at any intermediate point. I will only give my promise in return for your own parole. That, I would take as quickly as though it were the word of any officer; but you do not give it."

"No, I do not. I am my own mistress. I am going to escape as soon as I can."

He touched his cap in salute. "Very well, then. I flattered myself we had done well together thus far—you have made it easy. But now—no, no, I will not say it. I would rather see you defiant than to have you weaken. I love courage, and you have it. That will carry you through. It will keep you clean and safe as well."

Her face clouded for the first time.

"I have not dared to think of that," she said. "So long as we came in the special train, with none to molest or make me afraid—afraid with that fear which a woman must always have—we did well enough, as I have said; but now, here in the open, in public, before the eyes of all, who am I, and who are you to me? I am not your mother?"

"Scarcely, at twenty-three or four." He pursed a judicial lip.

"Nor your sister "

"No."

"Nor your wife?"

"No." He flushed here, although he answered simply.

"Nor your assistant in any way?" His face lighted suddenly.

"Why not?" said he. "Can't you be my amanuensis—that sort of thing, you see? Come, we must think of this. This is where my conscience hurts me—I can't bear to have my duty hurt you. That, my dear Countess, cuts me to the quick. You will believe that, won't you?"

"Yes, I believe that. Jeanne," she motioned to her maid who stood apart all this time, "my wrap, please. I find the air cool. When the body is weak or worn, my dear sir, the mind is not at its best; and I shall need all my wits."

"But you do not regard me as your enemy?"

"I am forced to do so. Personally, I thank you; professionally, I must fight you. Socially, I must be—what did you say—your amanuensis? So! We are engaged in a great work, a treatise on our river fortifications, perhaps? But since when did army officers afford the luxury of amanuenses in this simple republic? Does your Vehmgerichte pay such extraordinary expenses? Does your carteblanche run so far as that also?"

"You must not use such terms regarding the government of this country," he protested. "Our administration does not suit me, but it has pleased a majority of our people, else it would not be in power, and it is no Vehmgerichte. The law of self-preservation obtains in this country as with all nations, even in Europe. But we have planned no confiscation of your property, nor threatened any forfeiture of your life."

"No, you have only taken away that which is dearer than anything else, that which your government guarantees to every human being in this country—liberty!"

"And even that unconstitutional point shall remain such no longer than I can help, Madam. Do not make our journey longer by leaving it more difficult. God knows, I am beset enough even as it is now. But be sure our Vehmgerichte, as you are pleased to call it, shall never, at least while I am its agent, condemn you to any situation unsuited to a gentlewoman. A very high compliment has been paid you in holding you dangerous because of your personal charm. It is true, Madam, that is why you were put out of Washington—because you were dangerous. They thought you could get the ear of any man—make him divulge secrets which he ought to keep—if you just asked him to do it—for the sake of Josephine St. Auban!" He jerked out his sentences, as though habitual reticence and lack of acquaintance with women left it difficult for him to speak, even thus boldly.

"Oh, thank you, thank you!" She clapped her hands together, mockingly.

"Before now, women less beautiful than you have robbed men of their reason, have led them to do things fatal as open treason to their country. These men were older than you or I. Perhaps, as you will agree, they were better able to weigh the consequences. You are younger than they, younger than I, myself; but you are charming—and you are young. Call it cruel of me, if you like, to take you by the hand and lead you gently away from that sort of danger for just a few days. Call me jailer, if you like. None the less it is my duty, and I shall call it in part a kindness to you to take you away from scenes which might on both sides be dangerous. Some of the oldest and best minds of this country have felt—"

"At least those minds were shrewd in choosing their agent," she rejoined. "Yes; you are fanatic, that is plain. You will obey orders. And you have not been much used to women. That makes it harder for me. Or easier!" She smiled at him again, very blithe for a prisoner.

"It ought to have been held down to that," he began disconsolately. "I should have been all along professional only. It began well when you gave me your parole, so that I need not sit nodding and blinking, over against you also nodding and blinking all night long. Had you been silly, as many women would have been, you could not this morning be so fresh and brilliant—even though you tell me you have not slept, which seems to me incredible. I myself slept like a boy, confident in your word. Now, you have banished sleep! Nodding and blinking, I must henceforth watch you, nodding and blinking, unhappy, uncomfortable; whereas, were it in my power, I would never have you know the first atom of discomfort."

"There, there! I am but an amanuensis, my dear Captain Carlisle."

He colored almost painfully, but showed his own courage. "I only admire the wisdom of the Vehmgerichte. They knew you were dangerous, and I know it. I have no hope, should I become too much oppressed by lack of sleep, except to follow instructions, and cast you overboard somewhere below Kentucky!"

"You ask me not to attempt any escape?"

"Yes."

"Why, I would agree to as much as that. It is, as you say, a matter of indifference to me whether I leave the boat at Cairo or at some point farther westward. Of course I would return to Washington as soon as I escaped from bondage."

"Excellent, Madam! Now, please add that you will not attempt to communicate with any persons on the boat or on shore."

"No; that I will not agree to as a condition."

"Then still you leave it very hard for me."

She only smiled at him again, her slow, deliberate smile; yet there was in it no trace of hardness or sarcasm. Keen as her mind assuredly was, as she smiled she seemed even younger, perhaps four or five and twenty at most. With those little dimples now rippling frankly into view at the corners of her mouth, she was almost girlish in her expression, although the dark eyes above, long-lashed, eloquent, able to speak a thousand tongues into shame, showed better than the small curving lips the well-poised woman of the world.

Captain Edward Carlisle, soldier as he was, martinet as he was, felt a curious sensation of helplessness seize upon him as he met her steady gaze, her alluring smile; he could not tell what this prisoner might do. He cursed the fate which had assigned such a duty, cursed especially that fate which forced a gallant soldier to meet so superb a woman as this under handicap so hard. For almost the first time since they had met they were upon the point of awkwardness. Light speech failed them for the moment, the gravity of the situation began to come home to both of them. Indeed, who were they? What were they to the public under whose notice they might fall—indeed, must fall? There was no concealing face and figure of a woman such as this; no, not in any corner of the world, though she were shrouded in oriental veil. Nay, were she indeed tied in a sack and flung into the sea, yet would she arise to make trouble for mankind until her allotted task should be complete! How could they two answer any question which might arise regarding their errand, or regarding their relations as they stood here at the gateway of the remoter country into which they were departing? How far must their journey together continue? What would be said regarding them?

Carlisle found it impossible to answer such questions. She herself only made the situation the more difficult with her high-headed defiance of him.

Hesitating, the young officer turned his gaze over the wide dock, now covered with hurrying figures, with massed traffic, with the confusion preceding the departure of a river boat. Teams thundered, carts trundled here and there, shoutings of many minor captains arose. Those who were to take passage on the packet hurried forward to the gangway, so occupied in their own affairs as to have small time to examine their neighbors. The very confusion for the time seemed to afford safety. Carlisle was upon the point of drawing a long breath of relief; but even as he turned to his companion to accompany him aboard the boat he caught sight of an approaching figure which he seemed to recognize. He would have turned away, but the keen-witted woman at his side followed his gaze and paused. There approached these two now, hat in hand, a gentleman who evidently intended to claim acquaintance.

This new-comer was a man who in any company would have seemed striking. In complexion fair, and with blue or gray eyes, he was tall as any Viking, as broad in the shoulder. He was smooth-faced, and his fresh skin and well-developed figure bespoke the man in good physical condition through

Continued on Page Three.

CARLISLE TURNED, A MAN'S ADMIRATION IN HIS EYES

Exciting Days at Chinese Missions

HOW an aged Manchu woman, in the company of American missionaries, walked through a double line of Chinese revolutionists' bayonets at the Wu-chang city gate, when discovery of her identity would have meant instant death, and was saved only by the clever ruse of a missionary who drew attention to himself, is told in a letter just received from the Rev. Dudley Tyng, one of the workers of the Protestant Episcopal board of missions in China. He stayed at his post in Wu-chang throughout the days of fighting, and experienced many nights of terror. Of some of his adventures he writes:

"The night of the revolt was an anxious one for some of the missionaries in Wu-chang. Miss Byerly and Miss Ridgely, in their section of the city, far away from all other foreigners, watched the fires near them and heard shot and shell all night. Dr. MacWillie and Mr. Fell, making an ascent of Serpent Hill to investigate what was going on, saw the old order vanishing as a policeman disappeared into the gloom, and had a first taste of the new in the shower of bullets which greeted their figures silhouetted against the night sky. Some soldiers came up to them as they were crouching down and told them that they were revolutionaries.

"The next day was also a time of suspense, for no one knew how things would turn out. Would the murderous zeal of the soldiers, which manifested itself in the indiscriminate slaughter of the Manchus, and as outbreaks have a habit of doing here, in an attack on the foreigners? What would happen if the soldiers were to come and storm the city, or a mob take advantage of the suspension of normal authority to pillage and burn and perhaps to kill? To be forewarned against the last contingency and to be able to escape over the city wall, we men took turns watching the second night.

"But none of these things happened. It soon became evident that the revolution was carefully organized, and that the killing of Manchus was only a temporary measure, to give the people a common rallying cry and to divert their minds from the thought of attacking foreigners. The revolutionary general, Li, issued a proclamation, in which he said that all who injured foreigners were to be beheaded, and who protected churches were to be rewarded. 'For if we incur the ill-will of foreign nations our plight will truly be sad.' The comparatively civilized way in which this war has been conducted is really a tibute to the work of Chrissult of missions. 'This is quite different from Boxer year. Keep on and tian missions.

"As a navel officer said to me, who had been very skeptical as to the result of missions. 'This is uite different from Boxes year. Keep on and you may civilize these people yet.'

"Another way in which missionaries made themselves useful was in the saving of the lives of Manchus. In Ichang, for instance, Bishop-elect Huntington made representations to the republican commander, which resulted in the sparing of 12 Manchu women and children. In Wu-chang the sexton of the Boone college chapel made a daring rescue of a Manchu lady who was a teacher in Miss Byerly's school for Mandarin girls, conducting her from a street where the bodies of Manchu men, women and even children lay scattered, across the city to Boone University. In the long procession of missionaries which the American consul escorted out of the city of Wu-chang, together with Chinese workers, schoolgirls, and schoolboys, was the family of a Manchu student of Boone, disguised as poor Chinese. He finally got to Shanghai and the bok, in gratitude, wrote back that he would never go to any other school than Boone.

"Only the prompt interference of missionaries saved a Chinese schoolgirl from being bayoneted as a Manchu. Miss Byerly's teacher was able to walk only very slowly, so that it was an anxious moment, when she, almost at the end of the long procession, had to walk singly through the double row of glistening bayonets at the city gate. Mr. Kemp and I stayed near her, and at the critical moment he drew attention to himself by pretending to be very much frightened and to be staggering under the load of a raincoat and a dress suit case. From the gate I turned back to join Father Wood and Messrs. Foster and Patterson, of the London mission, in looking after our mission property, and in reassuring our native Christians, who were more or less panicstricken at the exodus of the all-wise foreigners.

"The war has been fruitful in many comic incidents. One great tragedy stands out prominent—the burning of Hankow city by the imperialists. As a war measure it has accomplished nothing, while it has ruined and rendered homeless a quarter of a million of people. Winter is now at hand, and in addition to the fact that this has been the worst flood year in the Yangtse valley for 20 years, there is shortly to be added the acute distress of the many inhabitants of Hankow. The brotherly sympathy of the west ought to be displayed now more than ever, especially since the plans on foot look toward permanent amelioration of conditions.

"This year the funds are to go as far as possible in employing the famine stricken in building dykes and other things which will make recurrence of flood conditions much less likely. Deforestation and official corruption and neglect, and general Chinese inability to take a stitch in time, are largely responsible for the horrors that have been and may be in this famine-cursed land. Afforestation and improved government are what we can expect from the new men."

Champ Clark in Kansas

FEW persons in Kansas perhaps know that Champ Clark, speaker of the house of representatives, once lived in Kansas, says the Kansas City Star.

Mr. Clark sometimes refers to the fact when he made speeches in that state, but he always limits the account of his residence there to the short statement that he once lived there eleven weeks. To a friend Mr. Clark told his experience as a young lawyer in Kansas and the reasons he left the state. Here it is:

When he was about 25 years old Mr. Clark was graduated from the Cincinnati Law School at Cincinnati. After his graduation he started to Fredonia, Kan., to become the law partner of T. J. Hudson, a classmate For some reason, however, Mr. Clark never reached Fredonia and a lawyer he met in Kansas City persuaded him to go to Wichita.

Wichita at that time was the center of the cattle industry and the town was considered a promising field for a young lawyer. Mr. Clark had no sooner reached the place, however, when the cattle center moved to Great Bend and then the grasshoppers descended upon Kansas. Every one nearly is familiar with what those pests did to the people of Kansas, and Mr. Clark, short of funds when he went to the town, soon found that waiting in an office for clients who never came was unprofitable business.

In exactly nine weeks he was broke. The only possessions he had were a few law books and a silk hat, a pair of pearl gray trousers and what was then called a swallow-tail coat. As Pike county, Missouri, was settled mostly with Virginia and Kentucky people Mr. Clark decided to go there when he got enough money to pay the railroad fare. To his friend the speaker laughingly told how he got the money:

"I went to a farmer and got a job hoeing corn. My pay was $1.25 a day. I tell you the Kansas sun never was so hot as it was that year. I plugged away at that corn in the high hat and my other barrister clothes, the only ones I had, until I got enough money to go to Missouri. I certainly was glad to leave the state."

Most persons are familiar with Mr. Clark's political battles after he became a resident of Pike county. Years after his experience in Kansas he met T. J. Hudson in congress, where both were members of that body.

Kansas Schoolgirl's Choice of Ways.

Parsons Sun.

One day last week two little gilrs in Parsons were hurrying to school and were afraid they would be tardy. One little girl said: "Let's kneel right down and pray that we won't be tardy." "Oh, no," said the other, "let's hike on to school and pray while we're hikin'."

The Vanity Box

by ALICE STUYVESANT

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CHAPTER V.

Rose Barnard and Poppet had finished their tea, and Rose was washing up the dishes, when a cry from the child who had gone to the arbour, startled her so that she dropped a cup.

The farmer's wife was not nervous, or easily startled, but she had never heard a cry like that from the reserved and dreamy little girl. It was a cry of terror such as no child should have to utter; and the responsive jump of her own nerves, with the simultaneous crash of the breaking cup, increased the horror of the shrill sound tenfold. Rose flew from the kitchen through the living-room toward the arbour, and met Poppet running to her.

The mother's first thought was one of thanksgiving that the child was alive and apparently unhurt, for in the few seconds which had followed the cry, unspeakable fears had darted like forked lightning across the confused darkness of her brain. Her imagination had pictured Poppet attacked by a mad bull, or a desperate tramp, perhaps a lunatic.

"My baby—my baby—what is it?" she stammered, to the pale child, giving the little form haven in her arms.

Poppet's scream of terror seemed to have exhausted her powers of expression. She could only gasp and, trembling against her mother's heart, point to the door. Rose put the child behind her, and, throbbing with all the fierce courage of a tigress in defence of her young, went to confront the thing that had drawn that shriek of fear from Poppet.

In the arbour stood Sir Ian Hereward, ashen gray, and aged by 10 years since Rose had seen him last. With one hand he grasped a vine-draped support of the arbour and his weight seemed to hang from it, as if it alone kept him from falling. He was staring straight ahead like a person who walks in his sleep, and sees only the passing of his own dream. There was blood on the hand which clutched the rustic pole, and blood on the hand that crumpled, unconsciously, his red-stained Panama hat. He did not appear to see Mrs. Barnard, until she gasped out, "Good heavens, sir, what's happened?" Then his eyes seemed to come to life, from their dead stare, and found the woman's wholesome face, like a light in darkness.

"Tom—where's Tom?" he asked.

The fancy came to Rose that his voice sounded like a voice from the tomb, and a great pity for the man overwhelmed her. He had been stricken by some appalling blow, she saw. Probably there had been an accident, but no physical hurt which had befallen him could have made the hero of many battles look like a galvanized corpse, and speak with the voice of a lost spirit. He might be wounded—he must be wounded, since blood stains were on his hands and clothes, but no pain could have changed him as he was changed, this soldier whom her soldier-husband loved.

"Oh, sir, my poor Colonel!" she explained, going back to the old name she had known so well when she had been only Tom's sweetheart. "If only Tom were here to help you. He's gone to London, on business for Mrs. Forestier, but he'll be back almost any minute now. Tell me what I can do, till he comes. Tell me what's the matter."

Sir Ian grew more calm, though the sunken eyes in the ashen face looked no less like the eyes of a dead man.

"Send little Poppet away," he said. "I—I'm sorry I frightened her. I didn't mean——"

"Oh, sir, it's nothing. She's so sensitive. She'll be all right. Run, darling, into the kitchen, and wait there till Mummy comes. Sir Ian's in great trouble. Run; and you may get yourself a ginger-nut out of the stone jar."

"I don't want ginger-nut," whimpered the child. And then, bursting into loud sobbing, she darted away toward the kitchen, like one of the rabbits she loved, released from a trap.

"My wife—dead. Killed." The words came jerkily from lips stiff as if frozen.

"Oh!" gasped Rose. "Her ladyship! It can't be true. Perhaps she's only fainted. Was it a motor accident?"

"No," said Sir Ian. "I want Tom to go back with me. Back—to the Tower. I think—I'm a little dazed. A doctor must come. And—the police."

Sick and tremulous as she was, the farmer's wife had not lost her wholesome good sense. She saw that, whatever the dreadful thing which had happened her husband's old Colonel was in no fit state to answer questions, and she determined to ask no more.

"If I could leave you here, sir, for a minute," she said trying to speak quietly, "I'd go call Jimmy Russell, and send him on my bicycle like a flash into Riding St. Mary, to fetch Dr. Unwin. Then—then on the way back he could run out to the police station. The train's due now, but you know it's generally a bit late."

"The doctor and the—police must come to the Tower," said Sir Ian, with the same somnambulist look in his eyes again.

"Yes, Sir Ian; I'll tell Jimmy. You'll stop here until I get back, won't you?"

"I don't know," the dreary voice answered, and the eyes that saw a nightmare turned toward the woods where, far away, the crown of the Tower rose among dark pine trees.

Rose guessed what was in his mind. "No, no, sir," she said firmly. "You mustn't go back there alone, whatever it is. It wouldn't do on any account, especially if—if it's an affair for the police."

"What does it matter!" he murmured, as though to himself. "I can't leave her there alone—any longer. Go send the man to Riding St. Mary."

Mrs. Barnard went; and when she came back, Sir Ian Hereward had gone.

It was not until she stood in the arbour, gazing down the path toward the open gate, wishing with all her soul for Tom to come, that she remembered the two shots in the woods which Kate Craigie had said "sounded queer."

What if—but no, such things did not happen in this sweet quiet, country which she loved. Such things could not happen to a great lady, a good lady, like Lady Hereward.

And then she saw Tom stopping his bicycle at the gate.

CHAPTER VI.

Up the path came Tom Barnard, wheeling the somewhat old-fashioned bicycle, which he had bought second hand. From behind the saddle dangled two or three little brown paper parcels which he had brought back from London (whither he journeyed very seldom), to give pleasure to Rose and Poppet.

At sight of the familiar and well-loved figure, Mrs. Barnard's self-control suddenly snapped, and she broke into hysterical crying as she ran down the path, holding out both hands like a child to the one she best loved and trusted.

"Why, little woman!" exclaimed the farmer, alarmed at such an unaccustomed display of emotion. "Nothing wrong with the baby?"

"No—no," and then the story came tumbling from her lips anyhow, in strange confusion, choked with sobs. How Poppet had screamed, and the Colonel was there, covered with blood—no, not covered, but there was a lot. And he could hardly speak, so she dared not ask questions; but he said her ladyship was dead, and he wanted Tom; and Jimmy Russell had gone on her (Rose's) bicycle for the doctor and the police—yes, the police; she wasn't mistaken. And whatever it was, was up by the Tower. She wanted the Colonel to stop; but he wouldn't, so she supposed——

Tom waited for no more. Leaving the bicycle with its dangling parcels, against the arbour, without another question or word to his wife, he turned on his heel and ran down the path with great loping strides which would take him up the hill to the Tower at the rate of a mile in eight minutes. It was enough for him that his adored Colonel was in trouble, and was to be found near the Tower; he wanted to know nothing further, for it was dreadful to Tom Barnard that Sir Ian had come in vain to seek his help. If he could have been transported in that instant to the Tower, without having to waste a moment by the way, in getting there, he would have given months of his life, even months of happiness with Rose and the child; for Tom owed the good fortune of years past and present to Sir Ian, and no sacrifice would be sacrifice, if made for him.

On the side of the road opposite the farmhouse gate, was a gate which led to a private path through the woods. There was a notice tacked to a tree near by, stating that trespassers would be prosecuted; but nobody ever had been prosecuted, within the memory of man. The gate was kept locked, but it was easy for a man to vault over it. Sir Ian Hereward had no doubt done so, in coming to the farm with his tragic news, and again on returning to the woods. Tom Barnard followed his example, for though he had a key which fitted the rusty padlock, it did not even occur to him to stop and get it.

The narrow path was made narrower still by the intrusion of bracken from either side, and was overhung by the branches of low-growing beech and ash trees. A little distance from the road it divided, going to the right toward the cottage of the head keeper, and mounting the hill straight ahead, with few windings toward the Tower. The windless air seemed, to Barnard, to be pressed down by the trees, until it weighed heavy as a pall upon his head. He had looked forward to the refreshment of coming back into the country after the heat and dust of London; and he had come to this! His temples throbbed, and the green light in the silent woods gave no ease to his eyes, which saw red, a if they peeped through a network of bloodshot veins. The crackling of tiny branches and last year's pine-cones under his feet only emphasized the stillness and made it terrible to him for the first time in his recollection. It was as if the woods whispered of the secret that he was on his way to find out, a secret of horror, which it seemed unnatural that such a fairy place should harbour.

Barnard did not consciously think these thoughts, yet they beat in his brain, and it was the hammering of

War Time Envelopes

FROM down in the bottom of the old trunk, stored away in the dusty attic of a down East farm, there has just come to light a packet of "war" envelopes used in the days of the rebellion, says the Boston Herald. How long they have been stowed away is not known, but it is safe to presume that between 40 and 50 years have elapsed since the mother of the person who has found them put them away with other relics of the struggle between North and South.

Despite age the envelopes are still in good condition and might well be used for mailing purposes, although the white ones are becoming tinged with yellow, and those of other colors show the effects of the nearly half century.

The envelopes are unique in that on the left hand side of each is a sketch with appropriate words printed beneath. One is a small cartoon portraying Jefferson Davis tickling the ear of a lion with a piece of cotton on the end of a stick. It is headed "Jefferson trying to tickle the British lion with cotton," and underneath is the reply of the lion, as follows:

"Jeff, it's no use; I can do nothing for you till you bring a certificate of good character from your old Uncle Sam."

Another is a sketch of a Union soldier in uniform, and underneath it is the quotation from Ellsworth:

"He who noteth even the fall of a sparrow will have some purpose even in the fate of one like me."

The Stars and Stripes in colors decorates the upper left hand corner of a white envelope of very light quality, which, except for its yellowish hue from age might well be used today. In the flag there are 24 stars. Beneath it is the famous declaration of General John A. Dix:

"Shoot the first man that attempts to pull down the American flag!"

An envelope which was originally of yellowish tint bears a sketch of John C. Fremont, the first Republican candidate for President of the United States. History relates that he carried eleven states, and would have been elected had he carried Pennsylvania and Illinois. Beneath his picture is an American flag, and alongside one of his famous utterances:

"Above every consideration is our country as we have learned to love it—one and indivisible, now and forever! and so we will maintain it."

The American eagle in flight with a shield in its claws, is reproduced on a white envelope, with the quotation from "The Star Spangled Banner."

Then conquer we must, when our cause
it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our
trust"
And the star spangled banner in triumph shall wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home
of the brave.

General Scott is shown protecting Washington on another envelope. "Washington" is reproduced as a large cut of beef; General Scott as a burly bulldog, while on the collar of a much smaller canine is printed "Jeff" for Jefferson Davis. From the mouth of the big bulldog are coming the words.

"Why don't you take it?"

LOST SIXTY-NINE POUNDS IN FOUR WEEKS---THE GREAT KIDNEY REMEDY SAVED HER.

In sending you this unsolicited testimonial, to the merits of your great remedy Swamp-Root, I am only returning in a very small degree, the benefit I received from it. After suffering for 14 years with pains in my hips, in January, 1908, I was taken with a severe case of uremic poisoning. After consulting five different physicians and still getting worse, I began the use of your remedy. The uric gases went into the muscles of my back and hips causing me excruciating agony, so that I lost sixty-nine and one-half pounds in four weeks. My only relief was morphine, which caused after effects almost as hard to bear as the pain. I could eat no solid food and indeed had no appetite for it. For nine weeks I subsisted on a milk diet. My husband and friends had given me up to die, when I commenced taking Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root. My improvement was immediate and marked. Now after taking it for one year I feel like a new woman.

I do all my own work and sewing included. Have an eight room house and three in the family. I can take long walks and feel fresh and vigorous after them. In fact, I am better than I have been in fifteen years. You can use this testimonial in any way as I feel it is due you for my wonderful recovery. I feel that today I would not be living, had I not taken Swamp-Root. Again thanking you for your wonderful remedy, I am,

Yours most gratefully,
MRS. KATE BOWERS.
1332 Ridge Ave., Steubenville, Ohio.

Personally appeared before me, this 22nd day of July, 1909, Mrs. Kate Bowers, who subscribed the above statement and made oath that the same is true in substance and in fact.

BENJAMIN F. PRENTISS,
Justice of the Peace.

Letter to
Dr. Kilmer & Co.,
Binghamton, N. Y.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You.

Send to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling all about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention The Toledo Weekly Blade. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.

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them against his temples which made his head throb as if it might burst.

Fast as he walked, crashing through all obstacles such as flowering bushes and boughs of young trees, the time he took in gaining the top of the hill was almost interminable to him. But at last he reached the plateau where, seen down a green vista between two evenly planted avenues of pines, rose the stone tower. Beyond there was a drop, which gave to the hill an effect of great height, as if it stood like a great ship in the midst of the billowy blue sea which meant the rising and falling land of three counties. As Barnard entered the avenue of trees, a figure moved at the far end, showing black for an instant against the faint violet drop-curtain of mingling sky and landscape. Others might not have recognized it at that distance, but Tom did. It was the form of Sir Ian Hereward; and Tom called encouragingly, "I'm coming, sir!" Then he started to run faster, breathing hard; and the sweat that came out on his forehead felt cold, not hot, as he ran, though the air was dead even on the height.

Sir Ian came to meet him, with long steps, and though he was very pale, with set jaws, the curious nightmare-dread of what he might have to find at the Tower suddenly became less acute for Barnard as he saw his old Colonel's face.

"I wanted you, Tom," said Sir Ian. "You were the only man I——" he could not finish.

"I'm here, sir," answered Barnard. "I came the instant I got home."

"Yes, I knew you would. Your wife told you what——"

"As well as she could, sir. Something has happened to her ladyship——"

"She is dead. I came to look for her, and I found—this."

He turned, facing toward the tower as if by an effort, and walking with his head down. Tom followed, catching up with him, and keeping by his side.

The door leading into the ground-floor room of the Tower was open, though it was supposed to be locked always, as Tom Barnard well knew. He went into the small, square room, close on Sir Ian's heels, and saw Lady Hereward lying along the floor on her back. She lay so that, as they entered, the top of her head was turned toward them; and they saw her face as it were, upside down. An expression of agony and despair seemed to be carved upon the stony features, and so terrible was it to see, that Barnard cried out. Sir Ian made no sound, but a slight shudder convulsed his muscles.

There was blood on the floor and on her delicate gray dress, a little, too, on her soft brown hair, which was scarcely disarranged, but none on the marble white face. Her eyes were wide open, and raised, as if she had died looking at something above her head, and gazing down into them it was as if they stared up with an expression of anguish straight into Tom Barnard's.

Involuntarily he started back, but controlled himself directly. At first, he saw no wound; then, a second look showed a blackened mark low down in the side of the throat, from which blood had poured, but had now ceased to flow.

"Shot!" he ejaculated, half under his breath.

"Shot," Sir Ian echoed.

"My God, sir, who could have done it?"

"Who, indeed!" the other echoed again.

"You found her like this?"

"Yes. Except that—she was almost on her face. I—turned her over to see—to find out—if she were dead, or only——"

"I understand, sir. What a ghastly what an unbelieveable thing! I don't believe it now. We shall wake up, sir. It must be some dream."

"Would to God it were," said Sir Ian. "I would die the same death she has died, a hundred times over, if I could bring her back to life. But I can't. That's the horror of it."

"It's enough to drive a man mad, sir," stammered Barnard. "But bear up. At least we'll have revenge on the brute who has done this thing."

"Revenge!" the other man repeated bitterly.

"Oh, I know that won't give her back to you, sir, but flesh and blood is flesh and blood, and it would be a satisfaction. What beast, what maniac is there vile enough to murder her ladyship, good to everyone, loved by everyone? It's beyond reason. It's the act of a monster. Why, sir"—and Barnard stooped lower—"did you see—did you notice—her ladyship's rings are gone, the beautiful rings she always wore, and her brooch——"

"Then it was a robbery——"

"It looks like it."

"Some tramp—hiding here in the Tower. The brute—the unspeakable brute! I hope to heaven they'll catch him. I wish I——"

The muffled sound of feet on the carpet of pine needles outside broke short Tom's sentence. The doctor had arrived at the same time with a superintendent of police and a constable.

CHAPTER VII.

Teresina Ricardo and her cousin's wife did not see each other after Terry came back from Friars' Moat to White Fields, until they met in the drawing room just before dinner. Maud had been laying down trying to sleep off a headache, when her visitor returned; and Terry, after inquiring for Mrs. Ricardo's health, had gone straight to her room. Thus she had had more than two hours and a half to herself, when precisely at eight o'clock she descended the stairs to the drawing room. She knew that Mrs. Ricardo was already there, for a message to that effect had just been sent her.

Terry was glad that Maud was so much better; nevertheless, instead of hurrying down to give the news of the afternoon, she kept her room till the last minute. Dinner was at eight; and if Maud's were a punctual household, there would be no time for any private talk before the two must go into the dining room, and be waited upon by several discreet looking but sharp-eared footmen.

As it happened, however, it was not a punctual household. Norman Ricardo, a captain in the Navy, away at present in command of his ship, when on leave enjoyed the luxury of being late for everything. Maud, an American, and a native of New Orleans, was always behind hand on principle. People who knew her invited Mrs. Ricardo to come to their houses at least twenty minutes before they wanted her, by which means she often arrived not more than half an hour late. Such habits did not make for punctuality in kitchen and servants' hall. As the cook was well aware that eight o'clock meant half-past at White Fields, she arranged matters accordingly, to suit herself; and though Terry—only just arrived—had not found it out yet, Mrs. Ricardo's guests, if prompt in assembling for meals, were quite accustomed to converse among themselves in the drawing room for long before their hostess appeared.

For a great wonder, however, Maud had dashed down tonight at five minutes to eight, and had sent to ask if Terry were ready. She pretended to think that dinner would be announced soon, but as a matter of fact, the two ladies were likely to have half an hour together before being summoned to the dining-room, as the cook had not counted on this promptness.

"You might as well sit down, Terry," Maud said, when Miss Ricardo came in and trailled her white India muslin to an open window. "It may be three or four minutes yet before dinner; and you must be tired."

"I'm not tired," Terry smiled. "Besides, if I had been, I've had lots of time to rest. How good that you've got over your headache, dear."

"It always flies away at sunset, if I rest. But I was disappointed not to go with you this afternoon. Do tell me what happened."

"Nothing happened," said Terry, after an instant's pause. She bent over a great bank of pink and white roses, heaped into a bowl. "Friars' Moat is a beautiful old house—so quaint and interesting, though not huge. I like it all the better for that. Milly didn't come home. Something must have kept her. They'd been lunching with Mrs. Forestier at Riding Wood House. Sir Ian seemed to think that Milly might probably have gone to the village to visit some of her numerous proteges."

"Oh! So you didn't see her?"

"No. But I daresay she'll be over here soon."

"Norman says you and she were the most tremendous friends, when you were a young girl. And Nina Forestier, who knew Milly ages ago, says so, too."

"So we were. Milly was very good to me. I loved her dearly. But you see I went out to India when I was eighteen, and all my real life has been lived there. We wrote to each other often at first, of course; but you know how difficult it is to keep up a correspondence, as years go on, between two people so far separated—whose interests are separated, too."

"I don't know. I love writing letters. I've always been good about it, haven't I, ever since Norman took me to India on our wedding trip, and introduced me to his fascinating cousin?"

"Thank you for the adjective!"

"You needn't. You know everybody calls you fascinating. It's the word that describes you best, I think. I told Norman so the first day I met you."

"Thank you again." Teresina smiled affectionately at her cousin's wife, whom she liked, though she was not drawn to her as to a congenial spirit.

Maud had the soft charm of many Southern women. She was dark and thin, but not angular, and had pleasant lazy ways which made people feel comfortably restful in her society. No woman in the county dressed more beautifully than she. Her face, pearly pale with the powder which Southern women love, looked extraordinarily young, almost childish, though her curly hair was as white as if it, too, were powdered. She was very proud of that hair of hers, and also of her remarkably long eyelashes, which she used with great effect. Maud had several qualities shared with children and monkeys, one of which was an inordinate but perfectly innocent curiosity; and she caressed or flattered people into doing or saying what she wanted them to do or say. Terry, however, was rather harder to manage in this respect than most of Maud's friends, it appeared; perhaps because she had all her life been used to flattery, or, at least, to receiving compliments.

(To be continued.)

Don't Wear a Truss

FREE

STUART'S ADHESIF PLAS-TR-PAD PATENTED SEPT. 12 1908

STUART'S PLAS-TR-PADS are different from the truss, being medicine applicators made self adhesive purposely to hold the parts securely in place. No straps, buckles or springs—cannot slip, so cannot chafe or compress against the pubic bone. The most obstinate cases cured. Thousands have successfully treated themselves at home without hindrance from work. Soft as velvet—easy to apply—inexpensive. Process of recovery is natural, so no further use for truss. Awarded Gold Medal. We prove what we say by sending you Trial of Plapao absolutely FREE. Write name on coupon and mail TODAY. Address—

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The FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answer:

I would like to have a reader tell me what is the matter with my cows, as they rub their hair off in patches. The skin gets dry and scaly. A remedy would be appreciated.—P., Baxter, Tenn.

Here are two requests for Farmstead readers to answer: A reader from Pennsylvania wishes a cure for warts on a young heifer's udder.

R., Troy, N. C., makes the following inquiry: Can some reader of this column tell me what is the matter with my cow? There are small lumps all over her udder. Some are as large as birds' eggs, but do not seem to be sore. The lumps have been on her udder for two months and during that time she was healthy. She was fresh with her first calf last May.

TO FEED BEES

Seeing a request in the Farmstead as to how and what to feed bees in winter I make the following reply: Take equal parts of granulated sugar and water, and boil until it ropes a little when cold. Put the syrup in some bee comb and on warm days the bees will store it away. Repeat until they have enough stored to tide them throughout the winter.—P., Long Spur, Va.

(The Farmstead editor is always glad to print any suggestions and notes that the Farmstead readers are interested in. If Mr. P. has other suggestions to make they will be welcomed).

A FEW SUGGESTIONS

C., of Millgrove, Ind., sends us the following suggestions which should be of interest to the farmer:

All poultry houses and nests should be kept clean. The eggs should be placed immediately after gathering in cool, clean, dry places.

The well ventilated barn is quite as essential as the warm one.

Never loosen or throw out any more silage than you want to feed immediately.

During the winter sheep must be protected from storms of all nature.

Roup can be usually traced to damp quarters, drafts in the poultry house and overcrowding.

Never apply paint or any other coating to green or unseasoned lumber.

If your cabbage does not seem to be keeping well sprinkle over with a quantity of water.

If the heads of your cabbage were not large and solid last year be careful to select high grade seed this spring.

Do not allow full grown hens and the younger chickens to run together, as the stronger will get the most of the feed and the others not enough.

CHARCOAL FOR CHICKS

The greatest problem with chicks in brooders is bowel trouble, but if you will feed charcoal every day the trouble will quickly disappear, provided other faults are remendied. For little chicks which need it at once, it should be mixed in their food in small quantities until some effect is seen, and then the quantity moderated to a regular portion each day. Charcoal is a corrective and not a medicine. It absorbs gases and promotes digestion of the food.

BROKEN-WINDED HORSES

For running horses green food cannot be used. It makes the animals soft, but it may be fed to advantage to winded horses of slow draft. When that is done it should be given in a fresh succulent state, rye, vetches, etc., being fed before the seed begins to ripen, else it loses its digestive qualities, and a few roots or carrots with dry grain make a good winter feed.

In fact the principle to be recognized is to feed little and often, to avoid long fasts, and if it is necessary to work immediately after feeding to go easily at first. Watering, too, should be attended to as well as the food, and long drinks when the horse is thirsty avoided.

It is a good plan to keep a bucket of water in a corner of the manger so that it can be taken when desired, if dry food is given, and in this way seldom will excess be indulged in.

When succulent green food is given of course there is not the same need for water. A little tar in the water may be found beneficial and the animals soon begin to take to it readily. A ball made of tar and tallow is greatly favored for broken wind, if there is any sign of distress.

Cool, well ventilated stalls or boxes are of the utmost importance, as the animal should have as much pure air as possible. When the air is vitiated by the emanations of excretions and the breathing of companions and the oxygen largely used up, the disease is liable to be aggravated and the affected animals should be regularly exercised.

Long spells, of rest in the stable followed by excessive spells of work only serves to aggravate the complaint. Good "hard" condition is what is wanted and this can only be had with frequent exercise or when the horse is idle a free run in a field.

Above all, constipation should be avoided and the digestive organs carefully watched. A simple laxative like linseed oil may be used if necessary, but an occasional linseed or bran mash will fulfill the same purpose; but linseed mashes given too frequently are liable to make the animal too soft and induce excessive sweating.

Such precautions may not cure, but they greatly reduce the original cause of the ailment and modify the trouble.

Ordinary medicines are not of much use, but where there is distress from excessive work, an overloaded stomach, constipation, a hot stable, or close, muggy weather, a sedative may be given to obtain temporary relief.

COFFEE VS. COLLEGE

Student Had to Give Up Coffee.

Some people are apparently immune to coffee poisoning—if you are not, Nature will tell you so in the ailments she sends as warnings. And when you get a warning, heed it or you get hurt, sure. A young college student writes from New York:

"I had been told frequently that coffee was injurious to me, and if I had not been told, the almost constant headaches with which I began to suffer after using it for several years, the state of lethargic mentality which gradually came upon me to hinder me in my studies, the general lassitude and indisposition to any sort of effort which possessed me, ought to have been sufficient warning.

But I disregarded them till my physician told me a few months ago that I must give up coffee or quit college. I could hesitate no longer, and at once abandoned coffee.

On the advice of a friend I began to drink Postum, and rejoice to tell you that with the drug of coffee removed and the healthful properties of Postum in its place I was soon relieved of all my ailments.

The headaches and nervousness disappeared entirely, strength came back to me, and my complexion which had been very, very bad, cleared up beautifully.

Better than all, my mental faculties were toned up, and became more vigorous than ever, and I now feel that no course of study would be too difficult for me." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason," and it is explained in the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

SUGAR BEETS

It can be said of the sugar beet industry that it represents a high type of agriculture, because beets can only be profitably grown where the sail is properly tilled, where weeds are kept in check and where rotations for the purpose of maintaining fertility are practiced. While the crop removes from the soil large drafts of fertility, the returns from the crop are large and where it is possible to return the beet pulp to be used as a stock food very little real fertility is lost, because sugar itself does not contain the elements of plant food. It is not uncommon to find instances where gross returns ranging from $75 to $100 per acre are received from a crop of beets, and, while much more labor is involved in caring for them than is utilized in handling a grain are practiced there is no question but what a much larger margin of profit is afforded than can possibly be expected from growing grain of any kind.

THE BROOD MARE

Upon the judicious selection of the brood mare or mares depends much of the success of the horse improvement that may be attained by any farmer or community of farmers. The mare that will prove valuable as a producer must be a regular breeder. Inquiry reveals the fact that about one-third of the mares bred annually fail to produce a foal. This may be due to some disability or condition of the mare, to fault of the owner to return her regularly, to unwise treatment, as rapid driving or strenuous exercise immediately after breeding, or to impotency of the stallion. Some of the causes of the failure of many mares to produce foals may be removed by wise management on the part of the owner, and some of them can be removed only with the removal of the mare herself.

Exercise throughout the period of pregnancy, with no rest immediately previous to foaling, keeps the mare in tone, prevents her becoming excessively fat and generally makes parturition much more easy with subsequently more rapid recovery and an avoidance of evil after effects in the mare. The work to be done by the pregnant mare should be wisely directed by the farmer, and as the period advances the more careful should be such direction.

The mare should not be made to work where she will be subject to slip or strain which may cause accidental abortion. Especially is this true when she is heavy with foal. It is wiser to keep her at light work right up to the time of foaling than to allow her to rest a month or two previous. Inexperienced breeders sometimes make the mistake of laying the mare off a couple of months before foaling time, thinking to allow her opportunity to get into condition. She should be kept in good condition at all times by wise feeding, and then kept moving at some light work until the critical period. It is a mistake to turn her to pasture or into a small lot and not work her, because she may take insufficient exercise, thereby becoming overfat, which condition conduces to premature or difficult parturition, weakly foals and accompanying evils.

BURNING STALKS

The writer has heard many an old farmer say he would rather have a large crop of vegetable matter burned off than to plow it under. I do not wish to appear disrespectful, but this idea is about as absurd as it is possible for the mind to conceive. Yet, it is fairly representative of the folly of accepting a limited experience, based on false practice, as a guide.

When a large crop of stalks which are coarse, dry or woody material, is plowed under immediately before sowing oats or wheat in the fall, it may prove an actual damage to the crop. This is especially so if the season is a dry one. If, however, the stalks are plowed under a few months before the crop is sowed, and the land disked once or twice in the interval, the crop of sedge will be a positive benefit to the crop.

Again, if the plowing is not done until spring and then oats or corn is put on the land as soon as it plowed and without proper preparation, the coarse dry broomsedge may be an injury—that is, burning the broomsedge off might produce a better crop the first year; but if the plowing is done in the fall or winter and the land is well disked and pulverized next spring before planting, the decay of the broomsedge and other vegetable matter will be a positive benefit and will produce a better crop than if all the vegetable matter has been burned off before plowing.

Our lands need humas-forming materials, and if ordinary judgment is used in plowing the vegetable matter under, any vegetable matter that will decay readily and form humas will be beneficial to the land and should not be burned in any case, but always plowed under.

The "old farmers" have been in the habit of doing no plowing until just before planting and when this bad practice is followed it may then be as well to add the other bad habit of burning off the vegetable matter from the land, but these "two wrongs" do not make a "right."—Tait Butler, Chicago Weekly Inter Ocean.

RAIN WATER FILTER

It is generally advisable to filter rain water. For this purpose provide a filter on the outside of the cistern proper. Construct this filter in the same way as the cistern was built, except that the re-enforced concrete cover should be loose so that it can be removed. Therefore, mold it on a smooth surface, such as a wooden floor, and later put it in place. Make the concrete walls and bottom six inches and the cover four inches thick. Under most conditions a filter two feet square and three feet deep in the clear is large enough. Carry the walls a few inches above the surrounding ground. At the filter floor level connect the filter with the cistern by means of a six to eight sewer pipe or drain tile laid with carefully cemented mortar joints. Likewise, one foot from the top lay a similar connection for the pipe leading to the down spout. Instead of using a square inside form for the filter, a barrel may be used. In the filter place a galvanized screen of one-quarter inch mesh over the pipe opening to the cistern. Fill in 18 inches of coarse charcoal. Cover the charcoal with six inches of sand and gravel. Place the slab cover on the filter and the cistern is ready for use.

FODDER FOR HORSES

The nubbins of corn fodder and the leaves and tops of both corn fodder and corn stover are relished by horses, and so, while the stalks and the husks may not be gleaned up or even partly consumed, a wide use may be made of either the fodder or stover of corn in feeding horses as a substitute for timothy hay. The large amount of forage that may be obtained from a corn field, compared to that obtained from a timothy meadow, indicates that such a substitution is in line with economical practice. Fodder corn has practically the same composition that timothy has, while corn stover has a larger portein content and practically the same carbohydrate and fat content as oat straw.

DAIRY FEEDS

The object in formulating a ration is to provide sufficient bulk to satisfy the appetite and feeding capacity and to furnish the amount of each nutrient needed for the work a cow is doing. If the ration lacks in bulk the cow will be discontented; if it contains nutriment in excess of the amount needed for the maintenance of the body and the milk yield, a gradual gain in weight will follow, and if it is short of the required amount of nutriment, there will be a decrease in the flow of milk or a shrinkage in body weight.

Since it is highly important that a cow should at all times have enough feed to satisfy the appetite, the proportion of coarse feed to grain must be adjusted to her actual needs. When she is dry, or yielding a small measure of milk, but little grain will be needed—say from two to four pounds daily, with enough coarse feed to satisfy her.

If she is doing just medium work one-third of the nutrients should be provided by the concentrates and two-thirds by the roughage. When in full flow and giving a large yield about half the nutrients in the ration should be provided by the concentrates. If it is the aim to retain a cow in the dairy during her natural life this proportion should be maintained, but if a maximum yield for only a few years is desired two-thirds of the nutrients may be provided by the concentrates.

It is of great importance that strict regularity should be observed, both in feeding and in milking, in order to secure the greatest degree of contentment in the herd. If cows are fed at stated intervals they will not worry for food until the time for feeding arrives, and if it is then given to them in proper quantity they will eat it and lie down, chew the cud and sleep or rest contentedly until the time for another feed.

First give the grain mixture and milk the cows while they are eating it. This routine is recommended because, with some cows, the milk comes more freely while they are eating that portion of their ration which has the most relish.

Cured roughage should be fed after milking, because it fills the air in the barn or stable with dirt. Succulent feed, like silage and roots, should also be fed after milking, because of the odor that it gives. Feeding twice a day will bring better returns than more frequent and wasteful feeding.

Give half the concentrates and half the roughage in the morning and half in the evening. Cows will soon become accustomed to this routine. In the winter they should be allowed to spend the day in the stall, and for two or three hours during midday they should not be disturbed. Turning them out into a yard, or giving them access to a straw stack or field of corn stalks, will cause them to shrink in milk, no matter how much or how well they may have been fed in the morning and evening.

No more feed should be given them than they will eat up clean. The mangers should be absolutely clean and free from any feed during the day and night.—Professor Hoecker in Chicago Weekly Inter Ocean.

After the Age of Fifty

From this age the human system gradually declines and the accumulated poisons in the blood cause rheumatism in joints, muscles and back. These warnings should be promptly relieved and serious illness avoided by using the following prescription which comes from a noted doctor and is said to have no equal in curing rheumatism and restoring physical vigor. Good results come after the first dose. "From your druggist get one ounce of Toris compound (in original sealed package) and one ounce of syrup of Sarsaparilla compound. Take these two ingredients home and put them into a half pint of good whiskey. Shake the bottle and take a tablespoonful before each meal and at bedtime." If your druggist does not have Toris compound in stock, he will get it for you in a few hours from his wholesale house. Don't be influenced to take a patent medicine instead of this. Insist on having the genuine Toris compound in the original one ounce, sealed, yellow package.

TURKEY ADVICE

First we select strong, healthy, well developed birds for our breeders. We pen them in laying season. Feed corn, oats and bread, but not too much, as overfat hens do not lay well; keep plenty of oyster shells and grit by them at all times. About 4 p. m., or after they have all layed, turn them out on the range to select such food as they like.

We set our eggs under chicken hens, 40 or 50 at a time. About 48 hours before they are due to hatch remove and wash, that there might not remain an insect egg on them; place them in an incubator which has been prepared for the occasion. Twenty-four hours after hatching we remove and place the poults with a turkey hen that has been sitting six or eight days, in a nice clean pen. By this method we have a brood of strong, healthy poults, free from insects and with a strong mother hen, which has not been sitting for four weeks.

For the first two or three days give them nothing but biscuit soaked in sweet milk and pressed dry as possible, with plenty of sharp grit and charcoal sprinkled over it. Right here I want to say there is nothing better for young turkeys than grit and charcoal. The grit helps to digest the food; the charcoal purifies and tones up the system. Feed sparingly for two or three days, or until the little ones are able or strong enough to follow their mother. Then put them on the front lawn, or some small inclosure, feeding them crop, yet when up to date methods twice a day dandelion and onion tops, cut very fine, mixed with soaked biscuit and sharp grit, keeping plenty of fresh water.

ALFALFA FOR HORSES

We have had much to say about alfalfa as a horse feed because there is a great difference in opinion just now about its value.

The Utah station is one of the very latest to pass opinion on this forage as a horse feed.

The experience of that experiment station in carrying on a series of six tests, under varying conditions of work, to compare alfalfa and timothy as a roughage for horses is paticularly valuable. This station found invariably that it was easier to maintain the weights of horses when fed alfalfa than when timothy was fed; that the cost of maintenance was greater in every case except one, on timothy than alfalfa; that the appearance of the horses in every comparison of alfalfa and timothy was in favor of the alfalfa fed horses; that the alfalfa was more palatable to the horses than the timothy as exhibited by the fact that when both were fed ad libitum much greater quantities of alfalfa were consumed and that no ill results were apparent on the health of the horses by long continued alfalfa feeding.

Attacks of colic and other digestive disorders can be prevented by judicious systems of feeding. The amount of hay fed on most farms is far more than is necessay to the well being of the horse and could be reduced in most cases at least one-half. The continually stuffed hay manger in the horse barn is the source of more trouble to the health of horses than any other cause and moreover is the result of wasteful practice. It may be more economical to reduce the amount of hay usually stuffed into the manger and to increase the amount of grain fed to horses.

Horses fed alfalfa require less grain to maintain their weight when doing hard work than if fed either clover or timothy hay somewhat in proportion to the ratio of their protent. At the Illinois experiment station it was found that horses fed alfalfa and timothy hay ate less grain and hay and gained slightly more in weight than those fed clover and timothy while doing the same amount of labor. It was also found at this station that from 20 to 22 per cent less grain was required to maintain the weight of horses fed alfalfa than those fed timothy hay. At the Utah experiment station 20 pounds of alfalfa hay per day proved sufficient to maintain the weights of horses weighing nearly 1,400 pounds when they were idle.

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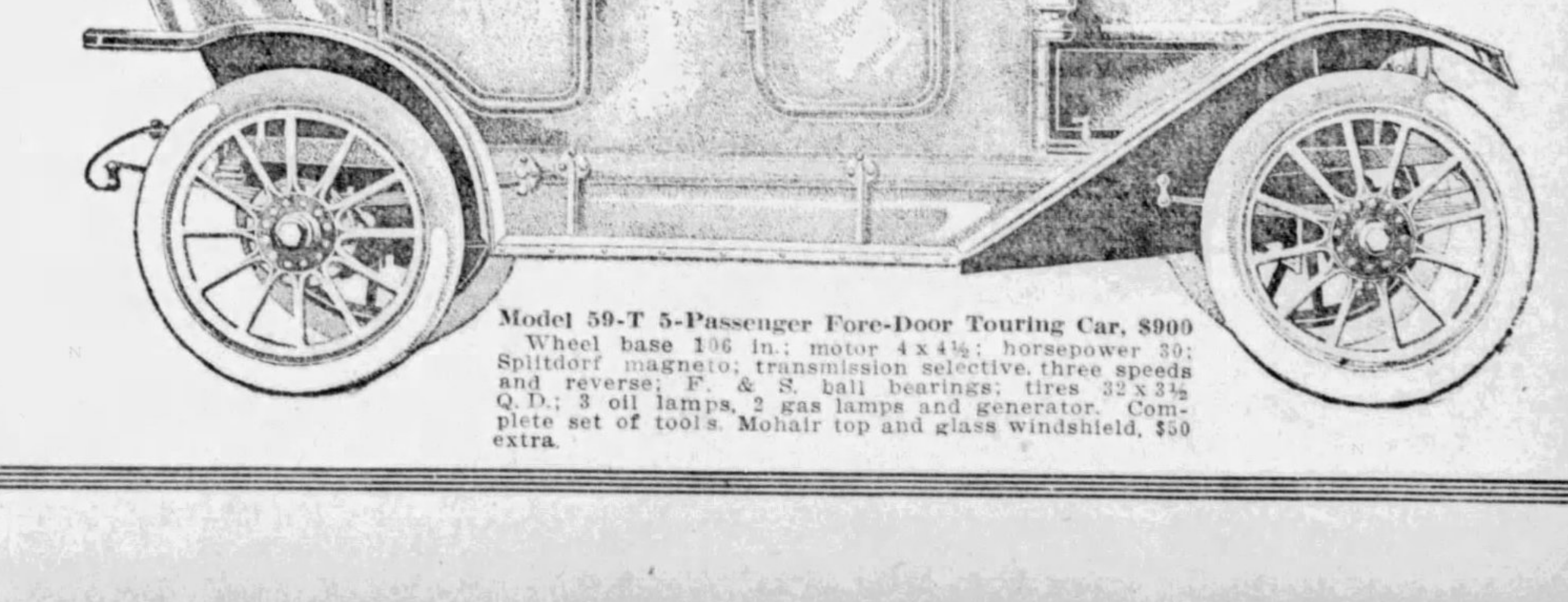

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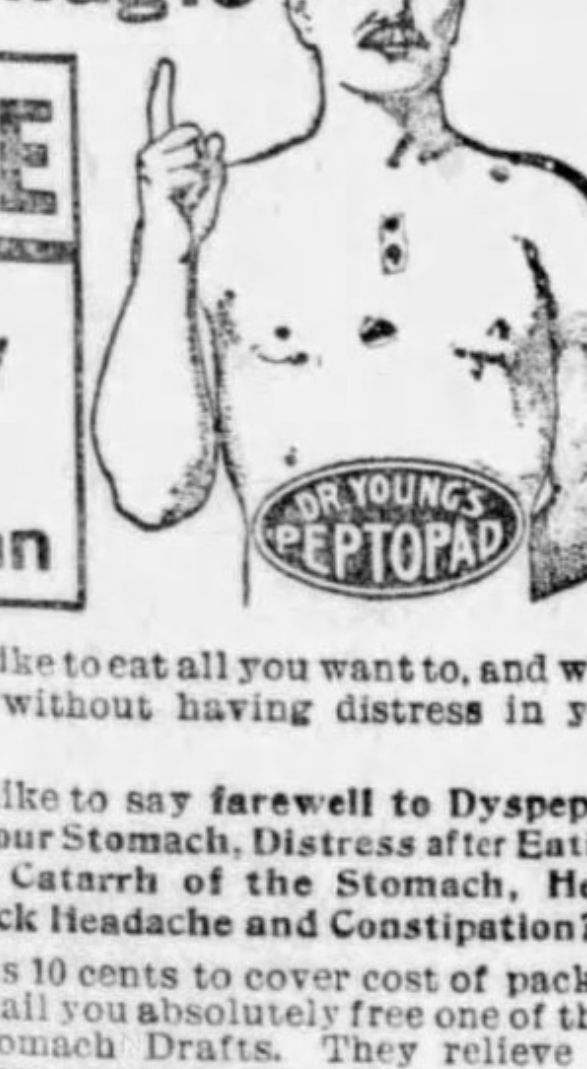

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The Purchase Price

By Emerson Hough

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Continued from First Page.

active exercise, yet well content with the world's apportionment. His limbs were long, his hands bony and strong. His air, of self-confident assurance, seemed that of a man well used to having his own way. His forehead was high and somewhat rugged. Indeed, all his features were in large mold, like the man himself, as though he had come from a day when skin garments made the proper garb of men. As though to keep up the air of an older age, his long fair hair was cut almost square, low down on the neck, as though he were some Frank fresh from the ancient forests. Over the forehead also this square cut was affected, so that, as he stood, large and confident, not quite outre, scarce eccentric, certainly distinguished in appearance, he had a half-savage look, as though ignorant or scornful of the tenderer ways of civilization. A leader this man might be, a poor follower always.

Yet the first words he uttered showed the voice and diction of a gentleman. "My dear Captain," he began, extending his hand as he approached, "I am indeed charmed! What a delight to see you again in our part of the world! I must claim the pleasure of having met you once—two years ago, in St. Louis. Are you again on your way to the frontiers?"

The tone of inquiry in his voice was just short of curious, indeed might have been called expectant. His gaze, admiring yet polite, had not wholly lost opportunity to list the attractions of this lady, whose name had not yet been given him.

The gentleman accosted declined to be thus definite; adding only, after the usual felicitations, "Yes, we are going down the river a little way on the Vernon here."

"For some distance?"

"For quite a distance."

"At least, this is not your first journey down our river?"

"I wish it might be the last. The railway is opening up a new world to us. The stage-coach is a thing of the past."

"I wish it might be, for me," rejoined the stranger. "Unfortunately, I am obliged to go West from here over the National Road, to look at some lands I own out in Indiana. I very much regret—"

There was by this time yet more expectancy in his voice. He still bowed, with respectful glances bent upon the lady. No presentation came, although in the easy habit of the place and time, such courtesy might perhaps have been expected. Why this stiffness among fellow travelers on a little river packet?

The tall man was not without a certain grave audacity. A look of amusement came to his face as he gazed at the features of the other, now obviously agitated, and not a little flushed.

"I had not known that your sister—" he began.

His hand thus forced, the other was obliged to reply: "No, the daughter of an old friend of mine, you see—we are en voyage together for the western country. It has simply been my fortune to travel in company with the lady. I present you, my dear sir, to Miss Barron. My dear Miss Barron, this is State Senator Warville Dunwody, of Missouri. We are of opposite camps in politics."

The tall man bowed still more deeply. Meantime, Josephine St. Auban in her own way had taken inventory of the newcomer. Her companion hastily sought to hold matters as they were.

"My dear Senator Dunwody," he said, "we were just passing down to the boat to see that the luggage is aboard. With you, I regret very much that your journey takes you from us." The sudden consternation which sat upon Dunwody's face was almost amusing. He was very willing to prolong this conversation. Into his soul there had flashed the swift conviction that never in his life had he seen a woman so beautiful as this. Yet all he could do was to smile and bow adieu.

"A fine man, that Dunwody, yonder," commented the young captain as they parted, and as he turned to his prisoner. "We'll see him on in Washington some day. He is strengthening his forces now against Mr. Benton out there. A strong man—a strong one; and a heedless."

"Of what party is he?" she inquired, as though casually.

"What a man's party is in these days," was his answer, "is something hard to say. A man like Dunwody is pretty much his own party, although the Bentonites call him a 'soft Democrat.' Hardly soft he seems, when he gets in action at the state capital of Missouri yonder. Certainly Dunwody is for war and tumult. None of this late weak-kneed compromise for him! To have his own way—that is Dunwody's creed of life. I thank God he is not going with us now. He might want his own way with you, from the fashion of his glances. Did you see? My word!" Young Carlisle fumed a shade more than might have seemed necessary for military reasons.

Josephine St. Auban turned upon him with her slow smile, composedly looking at him from between her long dark lashes.

"Why do you say that?" she inquired.

"Because it is the truth. I don't want him about."

"Then you will be disappointed."

"Why do you say that? Did you not hear him say that he was going west by coach from here?"

"You did not give him time. He is not going west by coach."

"What do you mean?"

"He will be with us on the boat."

(To be Continued.)

QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1. Your real name and postoffice address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any question involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers we will reply in print, but never by mail.

PHYSICIANS' REQUIREMENTS

I would like to know how one may become a doctor of medicine.—B. C. D., Floyd, Va.

A physician must be legally authorized to practice medicine. In this country they qualify by complying with requirements made by the various states. State examinations for ascertaining the fitness of candidates for this calling are now generally held, and to those who successfully pass them a license to practice is granted. Usually a physician is not bound to attend any person who may call him; but having undertaken to treat a patient, he is liable to the penalties of malpractice in case of injury resulting from his own incompetence or neglect. To learn to be a physician attendance at a medical school for a term of years is necessary so that the aspirant to the profession will be able to pass the examination which gives him the privilege of a license.

SURNAMES OF ROYATLY

Will you tell me what Queen Victoria's surname was before she was married, and what it was afterward?—J. E. S., North Lima, O.

One of our readers, P. M., of East Galway, N. Y., sent in some time ago the information which you now desire. It is as follows:

I have a clipping in my scrap book which says that Queen Victoria's family name was Guelph by descent, and her marriage with Prince Albert gave her his surname which was Wettin. Therefore the present king's surname is Wettin.

A BARBER SHOP DISPUTE

There are 16 men in a barber shop waiting to be attended to. The tenth one is in a hurry and number two kindly changes places with him. Does two then take ten's place or does his turn come right after ten's?—G. O. H., Handley, W. Va.

In the situation you mention the second man who gave up his place to the tenth man must then take the tenth man's place, and not expect to have his turn right after his friend is through. The men merely change places, the turns of the others not being affected in the least.

MAMMOTH CAVE

I would like to have you print something about Mammoth Cave.—M. A. R., Folsom, W. Va.

Mammoth Cave is believed to be the largest known cavern in the world. It is situated near Green river, in the central part of Kentucky, about 75 miles south and southwest of Louisville. It was discovered in 1809 and has always been the property of private individuals. The mouth of the cave is reached by passing down a wild, rocky ravine, the entrance of the cave being hidden from view by a dense growth of trees. The opening of the cave is funnel-shaped, and from 50 to 100 feet in diameter at the top, and the steep walls are about 55 feet high. The cave abounds in passageways and chambers, some of which are very beautiful. One chamber, called the Great City, is said to cover a space of two acres. Then there is what is called the star chamber, which is 500 feet long and 7 feet wide, and its ceiling is 70 feet high and is composed of black gypsum, which is set with white points, which, by a dim light, present a most remarkable likeness to stars. Still another is incrusted with crystals of dazzling whiteness which glitter like diamonds in the torchlight. There are several remarkable pits in the cave, one of which is called the bottomless pit, but by sounding it was found to be only about 200 feet deep. Some of the passages are occupied by streams or pools. The temperature of the cave is about 59 degrees throughout the year, seldom varying more than one or two degrees, and the air is dry. The animals living there are a few species of fish, two species of cray-fish, and several kinds of insects, as well as bats, which divide their time between the cave and the outer world. Some species of cave animals are white, and blind; others have color and well-developed eyes. The former are thought to have occupied the cave for long ages, gradually adapting themselves to the darkness, while the others are supposed to have been introduced later.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY

I would like an explanation of wireless telegraphy in the Question Bureau.—C. R. R., Knoxville, Tenn.

There are now six distinct methods known by which messages may be sent between stations without metallic connections. These are: 1. By induction, in which the current raised to a high degree of intensity is enabled to leap, as it were, from one wire to another. In Edison's plan of telegraphing from moving trains, the current is transmitted by induction. 2. By conduction, in which the earth is employed as the conductor of the message. 3. Mr. Tesla's invention, which utilizes the earth, supplementing the apparatus producing the current with a conductor running up a pole for a short distance and terminating in a flat metal plate. 4. Another method which has been used in Europe and is called the ultra-violet rays sent out from an electric arc light at the sending station constitute the medium whereby at the receiving station sparks are set free, restoring the current in an interrupted circuit. 5. Still another method employs either the visible light rays emitted from a searchlight or their accompanying invisible heat rays, it being still uncertain which ray is actually the medium of communication. This method is the basis of Professor Bell's photophone and the radiophone of Professor Hayes. 6. Finally, there is the Hertz wave method, which is the one successfully operated by Marconi.

In 1888, Dr. Hertz, of Carlsbad, Germany, discovered that when an impulsive charge is passing through a conductor, ether waves are radiated in all directions in the space surrounding the conductor, and that these waves are in all respects similar to those of light, except that they are much longer. These waves move with the same velocity as those of light, and have the same power of reflection and refraction, etc., as are possessed by waves of light. In the Marconi method of wireless telegraphy, by means of a Ruhmkorff induction coil, a stream of sparks is produced at a gap in an electric circuit, where these Hertzian waves are emitted in all directions sidewise from the gap. By means of one of the sensitive devices known to electricians, these waves can be picked up, even at long distances from the transmitter. Marconi made the essential points of his method known in 1897, but it was not until March 29, 1899, that his success in sending messages across the English channel, a distance of 32 miles, called the attention of the world to the possibilities of wireless telegraphy.

COURT OF EQUITY

Please give some information on the court of equity.—C. C. G., Westminister, O.

In courts of law parties are compelled to proceed strictly according to law and the practice; in courts of equity they are not restricted to technical pleadings and the decree could be framed to meet the particular question involved, so that justice would be done to all interested parties. Some of the states of the United States have distinct courts of law and equity, other states have law and equity administered by the same judges and courts, at one time sitting as courts of law and at another time as courts of equity.

Here are some of the rules and maxims of equity: "Equity considers that as done which ought to be done." "He who comes into equity must do so with clean hands." "Between equal equities priority of time will prevail." "Between equal equities the law will prevail." "No right without a remedy." "When a court of equity has once acquired jurisdiction of a cause it will continue to act until the matter is finally disposed of."

Suits in equity are commenced by a bill or petition. The bill may be amended, or, if proceedings have gone too far for that, a supplemental bill may be filed. The defense is by demurrer, plea, or answer. The judgment of a court is called a decree, and the relief granted is such as to affect all parties, and is adapted to the facts and circumstances of that particular case. The general rules of evidence are the same as in a proceeding at law, but the answer to the bill, if made under oath, is evidence for the defendant in so far as it is responsive to the bill.

WILHELMINE VON HILLERN

Will you give a short sketch of the life of Wilhelmine von Hillern?—W. E. B., Medina, O.

Wilhelmine von Hillern, the German novelist, was born in Munich, March 11, 1836. Early in life she was an actress at Coburg, and in 1857 she married Baron von Hillern, who died in 1882. Twenty years before his death her novels began to appear and immediately became very popular. Among them are Double Life, A Physician to the Soul, and The Geyer-Wally. Her novels have been translated and widely circulated in this country. Her efforts as a dramatist have not endured, but one or two of her novels have been adapted for the stage.

SARAGASSO SEA

Will you give a descriptive account of the Sargasso sea?—B. E. T., Folsom, W. Va.

The Saragasso sea corresponds to the great center or eddy of the North Atlantic system of currents, of which the gulf stream forms so important a part. The botanical name of the gulf weed is Sargassum bacciferum. It is, generally found in sprigs a few inches long, with a main stem branching into secondary ones; the main stem has frequently a decaying end, while the others give rise to fresh growing leaves; but there is never any trace of root or place of attachment. Between the leaves which are elongated and sharply serrate, small round air vessels, the size of currants, are supported on short peduncles. These air vessels or floats are vulgarly taken for the seeds or fruits.

PHILANDER P. CLAXTON

Please give a sketch of the life of Philander P. Claxton.—W. W. W., Lower Salem, O.

Philander Priestley Claxton, the university professor, was born in Tennessee, September 28, 1862. In 1882 he graduated from the University of Tennessee and then studied in Johns Hopkins and in Germany. In 1897 he visited the schools in the principal countries of Europe. From 1883-4 he was superintendent of schools in Kingston, N. C.; in 1886-8 he held the same position in Wilson, and in 1888-93, in Asheville. In 1893 Claxton was made professor of pedagogy and German, and in 1896 the professor of pedagogy and director of Practice and Observation school in North Carolina. Since 1892 he has been professor of education, and since 1906 professor of secondary education and inspection of high schools in the University of Tennessee. Claxton has also held the position of editor of several educational papers and journals. He is the author of many addresses and published articles on education.

JOURNALISM

Please give a full explanation of journalism in the columns of the Question Bureau.—H. L. B., Frankfort, Ind.

Journalism has to do with the writing or editing of a newspaper or public journal. In modern times there are three types of journalists: the editor, the reporter and the correspondent. The editor is the responsible head, the man whose knowledge of men and measures, of local and national affairs and international questions, has been crystallized into quick observation, keen judgment, tact and influence. He becomes great as an editor only after years of hard work, training and preparation. The reporter is the gatherer of the news, reporting the different events of the day in a readable style. He must be able to tell the story and omit all opinions. That is left for the editorial writer. The correspondent is also a news gatherer, but his reports are more general than local, being gathered from a distance. These need be more concise than a reporter's story, for the telegraph is used to convey them to the office. War and politics form the two great fields of endeavor for the newspaper correspondent, though the war correspondent of today is very different from the one of a few years ago.

The journalist is made, not born, his professional career being the result of early training and observation and his education the outcome of the study of men and affairs rather than of textbooks and scholastic records. In this profession a college training is not needed, as experience is the most valuable teacher.

THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY

Please give a description of the Giant's Causeway in the columns of your paper.—J. R., Folsom, W. Va.

The Giant's Causeway is a series of columnar basaltic rocks in County Antrim, on the northeast coast of Ireland. For eight miles along the coast the land abuts on the sea in cliffs of basalt, many of them made up of rude vertical columns, and the appearance of these columns from the sea suggests a partial semblance to architectural forms. The name Giant's Causeway is often applied to all this coast range of cliffs, but it properly belongs to only a small part of it, which is a platform of basalt in closely arranged columns—from 15 to 36 feet high—which extends from a steep cliff down into the sea till it is lost below low-water mark. It is divided across its breadth into three portions, the Little, Middle and Grand Causeway, these being separated from each other by dikes of basalt. The columns are generally hexagonal prisms, but they are also found of five, seven, eight and nine sides, in almost every instance being fitted together with the utmost precision, and it is said that even water cannot penetrate between adjoining columns. The name causeway is given to the platform as its columns terminate at so nearly a uniform height that it presents an almost smooth area extending to the water, seeming to the primitive imagination a road that had been prepared for the convention of giants.

SIZE OF OLYMPIC

Please give me the dimensions of the steamship Olympic in the columns of your paper.—M. G. R., Lock Sheldrake, N. Y.

The gross tonnage of the steamship Olympic is 45,000 and the indicated horsepower 50,000. The length of the giant liner is 860 feet, the breadth is 92 feet and the depth 94 feet.

MISCELLANEOUS

T. W. B., Warren, Ind.—It is against Bureau rules to give values of old money and stamps.

G. S., Jefferson, O.—The Italian war with Turkey was brought about by the cruelties that the latter nation practiced in Tripoli.

C. E. K., Cameron, W. Va.—We cannot give you the names of the sisters of George Washington's mother.

Youthful Smokers.

London Chronicle.

Children seem to have smoked with impunity when clay pipes were the only one known. Thoresby records in his Diary on January 20, 1702: "An evening with my brother of Garraway's Coffee House. I was surprised to see his sickly child of 3 years old fill its pipe and smoke it as audfarandly as a man of threescore; after that, a second and a third pipe without the least concern, as it is said to have done a year ago." And Mission, who visited England in 1697, notes that "in Worchestershire the children are sent to school with pipes in their satchels, and the schoolmaster calls a halt in their studies while they all smoke."

FREE TO THE RUPTURED
A New Home Cure That Anyone Can Use Without Operation, Pain, Danger or Loss of Time.
I have a new Method that cures rupture and I want you to use it at my expense. I am not trying to sell you a Truss, but offer you a cure that stays cured and ends all truss-wearing and danger of strangulation forever.
No matter whether you have a single, double or navel rupture or one following an operation, my Method is an absolute cure. No matter what your age nor how hard your work, my Method will certainly cure you. I especially want to send it free to those apparently hopeless cases where all forms of trusses, treatments and operations have failed. I want to show everyone at my own expense, that my Method will end all rupture suffering and truss-wearing for all time.
This means better health, increased physical ability and longer life. My free offer is too important to neglect a single day. Write now and begin your cure at once. Send no money. Simply mail coupon below. Do it to-day.

FREE COUPON
Mark location of Rupture on Diagram and mail to
DR. W. S. RICE
705 Main St., Adams, N. Y.
Age......
Time Ruptured
Cause of Rupture
Name........................
Address........................

Fig. 1—THE BLACK, in the above cut, shows the wide extent of catarrh — ALL THROUGH THE HEAD, DOWN INTO THE THROAT (K) INTO THE LUNGS (M & L); into the ears (C); into the frontal sinus (H); into the sphenoidal sinus (D); etc.
TO CURE CATARRH IN THE ABOVE PARTS IT MUST BE REACHED BY THE REMEDY.

Fig. 2—Illustrates the inevitable failure of SALVES, BALMS, SNUFFS, etc. SEE how much BLACK remains to show the parts unreached—how little of the WHITE to show the parts that are reached.

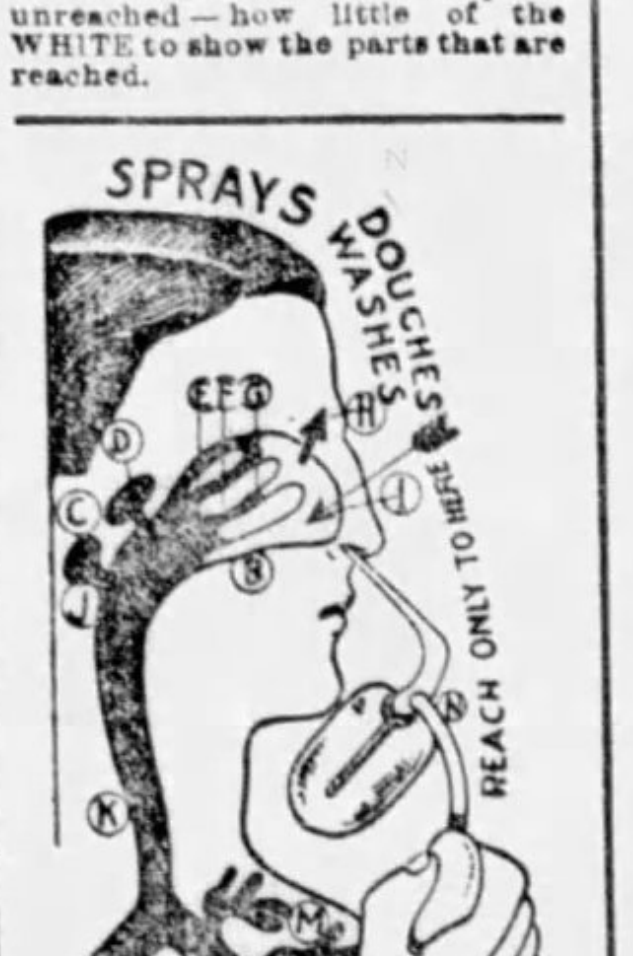

Fig. 3—Shows how little can be done by ATOMIZERS, SPRAYS, DOUCHES, and all WASHES and LIQUIDS.
By no possibility can these methods of treatment reach the real seat of the disease.
WHY THROW AWAY YOUR MONEY, and sacrifice your health, perhaps your life, by trifling with your disease in this way! THERE IS A BETTER WAY. (See Fig. 4).

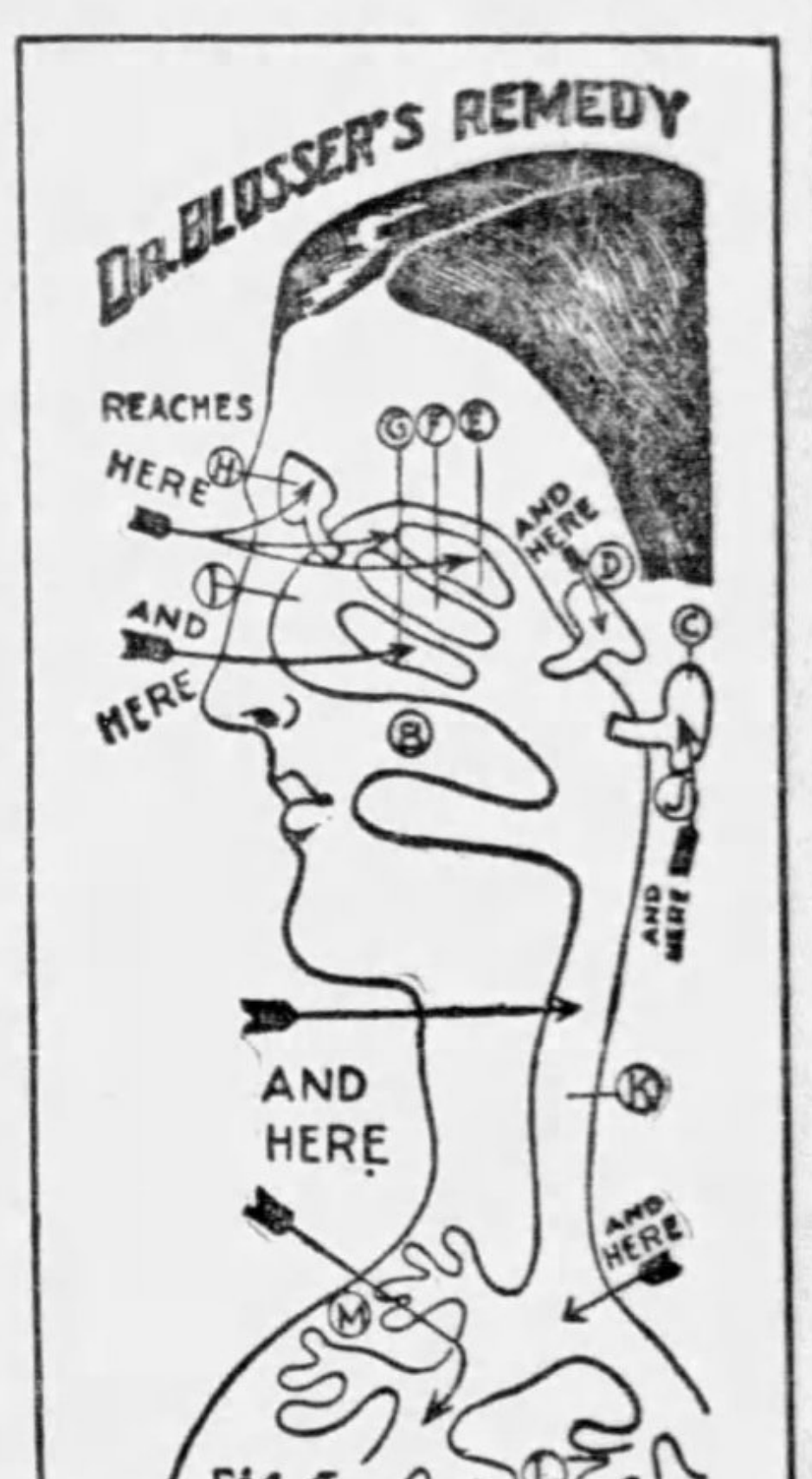

Fig. 4.—THE WHITE, representing the parts reached by our Catarrh Remedy, has entirely displaced the BLACK, very fitly illustrating how Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Remedy reaches and heals every affected part. IT GOES EVERYWHERE, into every nook and corner in the throat, head and lungs. It goes to the MIDDLE EAR (C), into every sinus and cell (D and H). It gets under the turbinates (E, F and G), and into the THROAT and LUNGS (J, K, L, M); and everywhere it goes it exerts a powerful and healing influence.

If You HAVE CATARRH You are in Danger of CONSUMPTION DEAFNESS

READ the story told in these pictures. A story in BLACK and WHITE. The BLACK area shows the EXTENT of the Disease. The WHITE shows the area reached by Different Remedies.

CATARRH is a disease of the mucous membrane. It is characterized by a discharge through the nostrils or into the throat. It usually begins with a cold in the head. Beginning in the nostrils it spreads to all the mucous membranes of the body, even getting into the stomach and lungs. The nasty discharge being swallowed, it upsets the stomach, and from the stomach it is taken into the blood, and poisons and deranges the whole body.

The disease is all the time inclined to work its way from the nose back into the head—down into the throat—into the bronchial tubes and lungs. Herein is its greatest danger.

Dr. Blosser's Discovery

While engaged in the general practice of medicine Dr. Blosser had many patients suffering from Catarrh whom he was unable to cure, although he prescribed for them by the rules taught in medical books and colleges. He saw that the methods of treatment were wrong and reasoned that as Catarrh is produced by breathing cold and damp air, so it should be cured by breathing a warm, medicated vapor.

After nine years of investigation he discovered a combination of healing herbs, leaves and flowers, which, when ignited, and the warm fumes inhaled would speedily relieve all catarrhal diseases. As shown in the **accompanying illustrations** the warm, healing vapor is carried directly to the very parts affected. This remedy **fights** and **kills** Catarrh where liquids, sprays, douches, salves and medicated creams cannot possibly go. It is a most reliable treatment, and is so simple and convenient that **it can be used at home** by man, woman or child.

Free Sample by Mail

Write a postal card, or cut out and fill in the coupon below, and we will send you by mail **a liberal trial treatment entirely free.** If you suffer from Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrhal Deafness or any other catarrhal trouble, **you cannot afford to neglect the use of this grand remedy.** Catarrh, if neglected, will extend to the lungs, finally leading to consumption. This remedy has cured Catarrh of every form in the nose, head, throat, middle ear and lungs. No matter who, or what remedy has failed in your case, this should cure you.

When you try the free sample and see how the warm, pleasant medicated vapor **goes to every spot and gives immediate relief,** you will be convinced. The full treatment is not expensive. The regular package, containing enough to last one whole month, sent by mail, postpaid for $1. It is not on sale at the drug stores, as we wish our patients to get the medicine fresh from our laboratory.

Remember a postal card, or the coupon, with YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS, will bring you this FREE TRIAL TREATMENT. It will also bring you free an illustrated book.

CUT THIS OUT, FILL IN AND MAIL AT ONCE.

DR. J. W. BLOSSER,
254 Walton Street, Atlanta, Ga.
Dear Sir: Please send me by mail (free of cost) your Trial Treatment for Catarrh, Deafness, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh of the Middle Ear, etc. Also send your Free Illustrated Treatise on Catarrh.
Name ____________________
Town ____________________
Street or R. F. D. ____________ State ________
Spell out name with pencil, very, very plainly.

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Quickly restores gray or faded hair to natural color, removes dandruff, stops falling hair and itching scalp. Grows hair and makes the hair of man, woman or child heavy and beautifully glossy.
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Fill in your name and address on the blank lines below, cut out the coupon and mail to The Foso Company, 2356 Foso Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio. Enclose ten cents in stamps or silver as an evidence of good faith and to help cover packing, postage, etc., and a full $1.00 package will be sent you at once by mail, prepaid, free of charge. MAIL FREE COUPON TODAY.
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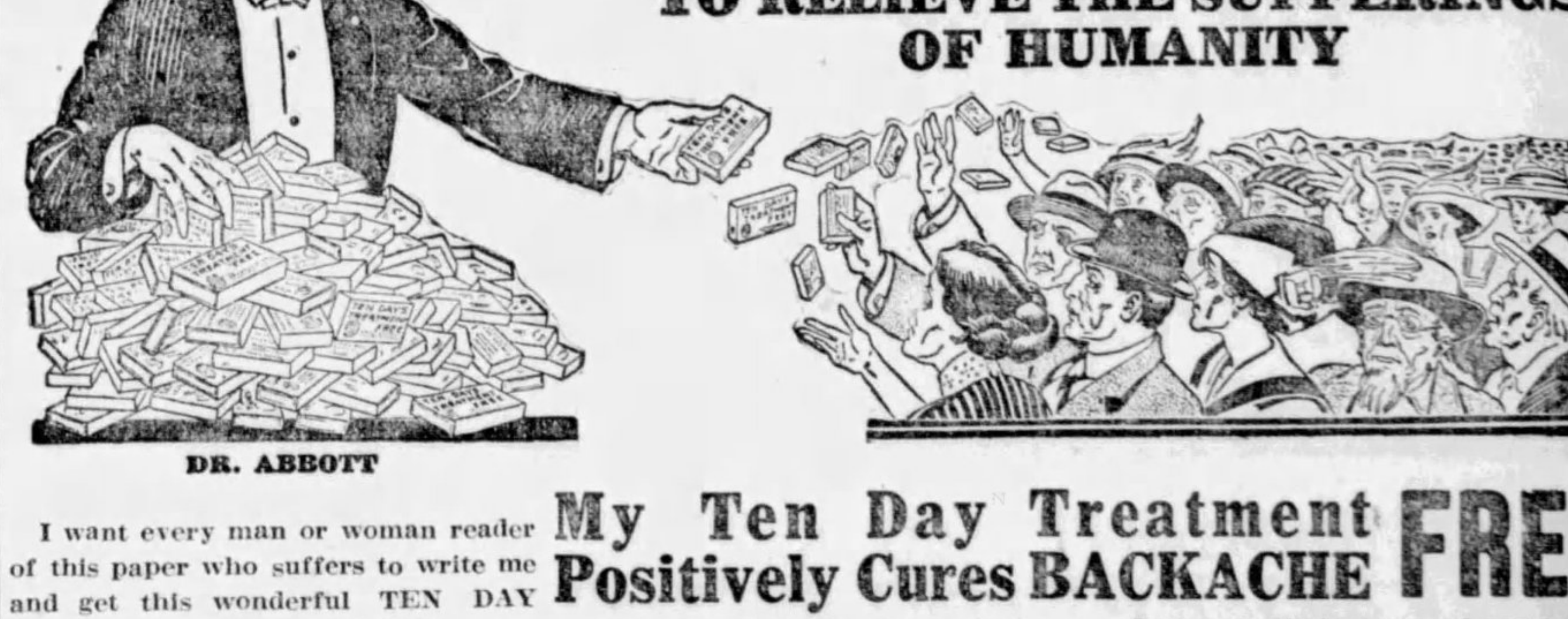

DR. ABBOTT

I WANT TO GIVE AWAY THOUSANDS OF 10-DAY TREATMENTS FREE
TO RELIEVE THE SUFFERINGS OF HUMANITY

I want every man or woman reader of this paper who suffers to write me and get this wonderful TEN DAY TREATMENT of mine FREE.

It is not an experimental distribution of medicine, such as have been made before, that I am offering you. It is not a sample of a medicine or a proof, but a bonafide ten-day treatment that **has cured** a great many people and should cure you. And **it is absolutely free to you.** There is no money to pay. I even pay postage and all charges. **I just want to relieve thousands of sufferers** in return for the success that my thirty-two years of labor in the medical profession have brought me.

If you have rheumatism, back-ache, kidney or bladder troubles, chronic catarrh, or any of the other Uric-Acid complaints, such as often are female weakness and so-called nervous debility, write to me, filling out the little coupon herewith attached and I will send you **at once a full Ten-Day Treatment,** as thousands of earnest testimonials I have in my possession will prove to you.

There is too much sickness in the world **and it is mostly due to neglect.** Long treatments, expensive courses of medicine, with their consequent expense, **are no longer necessary.** I can and **do** cure with these Ten-Day Treatments, and I want to give thousands of sufferers a chance to profit by my discovery **at my expense. It cost you nothing, now nor at any time.**

Don't send me any Money

not even postage—I will pay all expenses. But if you value happiness, success, a healthy mind in a healthy body, don't waste any time but fill out this coupon and mail it to me. Remember it is FREE. You will owe me nothing now nor later.

My Ten Day Treatment Positively Cures BACKACHE FREE

Are you racked with pain?

Do you suffer so that your daily work is a torture instead of being a pleasure?

Have you lost ambition, zest, enterprise, the desire to better yourself because of pains, aches, dullness?

Has rheumatism set its clutches on your muscles and palsied your limbs so that life is hardly worth living, your days a horror and your nights a terror?

I can relieve your sufferings and I want to do it now. Write to me. Fill out the coupon and mail it to me. That is all you need to do. **I will do the rest and it will cost you absolutely nothing.**

Rheumatism, back-ache, kidney troubles, bladder troubles, chronic catarrh, female weakness and the so-called weakness of men are generally due to one cause—uric acid poisoning. My treatment, which is different from all others, will dispel your pains; it will make life worth living. Take it and you will get up in the morning after a sound night's sleep, refreshed and invigorated. Once more your muscles will respond to your will and do so readily without twinges of agony, without reluctance. Your backache will vanish and you will bless me and thank me as have done thousands of others.

This treatment is not an experiment. It does not contain drugs that injure you while giving temporary relief. We have vouched for it according to law.

I am not offering to send you a sample but a full ten days' course of treatment with full instructions as to how to use it and all of it is absolutely free to you.

I want to convince you that it is your duty to yourself and to those who love you and are dependent on you to try this free 10 days' treatment of mine.

No man tortured with uric acid complaints is fit for the battle of life. He cannot bring his brain nor his hands to work properly when his body is racked with pain. No woman can care for her home, bring up her children right or work if she is cross, miserable, distracted by suffering. The struggle is too keen, competition too merciless, the fight for success too strenuous to be handicapped by physical ills. To the man or woman who suffers I want to bring relief, comfort, happiness, success. Fill out the coupon attached here and mail to me. Don't wait until tomorrow, tomorrow never comes, do it at once. With my Ten-Day Treatment, I will also send my book on Uric Acid Diseases. It is a pamphlet full of the results of an experience of thirty-two years, during which I have specialized in uric acid complaints. It contains also a few of the tens of thousands of testimonial letters from preachers, lawyers, men and women of affairs the country over who have not hesitated to say just how much I have benefited them.

DR. G. B. ABBOTT.

P. S. Perhaps you have a friend who is a sufferer. Don't hesitate to have him or her fill out this coupon or write me a letter, or you do it for your friend. They will call you blessed.

COUPON
TEN DAYS' TREATMENT FREE
Dr. G. B. Abbott, 818 Austen Building, Chicago.
Have you pain in the back?..........Have you Rheumatism?..........
Kidney Trouble?..........Do you Get Up Nights to Urinate?..........
Are you constipated?..........Where is the most pain?..........
Have you Catarrh?..........Your age?..........Married or Single..........
Name..........
Address..........

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 18, 1912.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO........Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE..............Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover each week all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited and the whole paper is intended for the home of the free American people.

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Single copy, weekly, one year, $1.00; six months, 60 cents; three months, 30 cents. Write for club terms.

SPECIMEN COPIES sent, postpaid, free to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the address of a dozen or so of your friends. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

Entered at the postoffice at Toledo as second-class mail matter.

The Weekly Blade has over a million readers a week.

It's Up to You

The Blade's advertising columns continue to grow more interesting. It us up to our readers to take advantage of this fact. Keep your eyes open for the things you want. Purchasing through the advertising columns is easy. In any case of doubt write promptly to the advertiser.

Getting married to escape being an old maid is a poor excuse.

Five thousand ostriches are being reared in this county. But what about storks?

A man's best friend is his stomach, provided it is treated with fairness and consideration.

No woman can learn how to handle a baby by fondling a cat. Babies and cats are not alike.

It won't be many more years until the weather bureau is recognized as the oldest inhabitant.

Lafe Follette and zero weather have been covering a lot of terrritory, but they are not affinities.

A European suffragist says women are a law unto themselves. Yes, and they cannot be repealed.

A Massachusetts preacher says that "even a minister of the gospel must eat." It sounds reasonable.

This is going to be a great year for chauffeurs. One in Indiana has married a million dollar widow.

The fireless cooker will work while the women go to the polls to vote, but it can't take care of the baby.

If Mr. Roosevelt were to answer all the questions the interviewers ask him he would be accused of talking too much.

When all of a man's collars develop a saw-edge at the same time he begins to think that luck has gone back on him.

An Englishman has invented an aeroplane that can be converted into a two-story dwelling house, without a mortgage.

"Man's sympathies," says a Louisville preacher, "should be as wide as the world." Yes, but how we do love the home folks.

Many an accused man's conscience doesn't begin to hurt until he sees a strong barrier of evidence being built up against him.

Mr. Gaynor would rather be mayor of New York than President. There is happiness in store for the man who is satisfied with his job.

Democrats try to keep Andrew Jackson's memory green, but they would be happier if he could come back and distribute offices among them.

Kansas knows that it pays to advertise. Nine farmers of that state have received leap year proposals from girls who live in Sweden.

Once the nations of the world agree to universal peace there will be some hope of establishing the golden rule among the members of the church choir.

The Democrats might nominate Judge Parker again. He made a good campaign in 1904—took a plunge in the Hudson every morning before breakfast.

Mice chewed up $2,600 in paper money belonging to a southern Ohio woman. Enough to make her stand on a chair and give the traditional feminine scream.

Mr. Carnegie enjoys a good joke. He laughs yet when he thinks of the time he got the better of his dear friend, Mr. Rockefeller, to the amount of a few million dollars.

January weather has been fulfilling the predictions of our old friend, John Busby. As a matter of fact John's batting average is about as high as that of any of the prophets.

Burbank having made the cactus a useful plant, the St. Louis Globe-Democrat wonders what he will undertake to do with the dog fennel? Maybe he can train it to live in peace and harmony with catnip.

Put Roosevelt at the head of the Republican ticket and let Bryan lead the Democrats. That would give the greatest pleasure to the greatest number of people. And isn't that what this country is run for?

While Mr. Wilson wanted Mr. Bryan "knocked into a cocked hat" he wished it done in a dignified way. Mr. Wilson is a gentleman and a scholar, and, of course, was not in favor of any rough-house methods.

A NEW PARISIAN SCANDAL.

The Panama promotion was upon a great, if not a noble, scale. The investors were impressed by the names of notables. The most famous engineer of the period was the sponsor and guide. The "crooks" did not bother with little sums, but went for the fat money chests of banks and estates in the hands of trustees. The Humbert swindle had an appeal of mystery. It read like a cheap novel and thrilled like a "sob" play. Mme. Humbert came very nearly giving value received in entertainment for every franc she took from her dupes.

Fit company for these full-blooded scandals, is the one in which the French ministry is involved. The ministers are charged with staging the Moroccan dispute for the commercial values there were in it. A "war scare," artfully put into circulation, depressed the stock market. Members of the government bought freely. A few days after, news would be issued that the trouble with Germany had been patched up. Immediately the market would rise. Whereupon the government officers sold their purchases. So the pendulum was kept swinging. The ministers leave office disgraced—and well padded with banknotes to stand it.

There is an effect of largeness about a Parisian financial scandal. It is no petty hypothecating of securities, no shameful watering of stocks, but a striking and romantic drama out of which the victim, when the disclosures come, has the satisfaction of knowing that he has been bilked ingeniously and in a manner which does not prove him to have been wholly a fool.

THE TILTING LAKE.

On the evidence of instruments of his own design, Father Odenbach, of Cleveland, it reported to have found that the south shore of Lake Erie is tilting upward. If the tilting continues, northern Ohio cities which are now ports would be left far inland, while the opposite shore of Ontario would be submerged.

The discovery of Father Odenbach is at variance with the superficial evidence. The lower channels of the Maumee river, the Portage and the Raisin are such as must have been made by streams which once flowed far higher than they do now. Their shores are "drowned" shores, showing that the lake has encroached upon them. In the caves at Put-in Bay, stalagmites lie in lake water. As they are never formed in water, the bottoms of the caves must once have been higher. In the lifetime of many residents of Lucas county, the shore at Presque Isle and around to Cedar Point extended farther into the lake than it does now. The village of Jamestown, still printed upon the maps, is no more, the waves of the lake washing over the land where once the village lay.

Whether the geologists, who have predicted that Niagara Falls will go dry because the land at the eastern end of the lake is tilting, are right, or whether Father Odenbach's discoveries prove them wrong, need not worry anyone who now dwells upon the lake. Geological time is a leisurely process, and it will be perhaps a score of generations hence before the government is appealed to to save property either from the rising waters or their departure toward Canada.

THE ALDRICH BILL.

The presentation of the monetary commission plans before congress is no guarantee that the country is shortly to learn what a reformed currency looks like. The commission has been leisurely. But it has also been thorough. A tremendous amount of information has been gathered before the framing of the final scheme and it is our understanding that the measure has the approval of most of the financial and banking interests of the United States.

Yet this is a campaign year. And the name Aldrich is no fetich with which to win votes. Convinced as senators and representatives may be that the currency should be revised, they will all think how unpleasant will be the sound of the voice of opponents holding them up to shame as Aldrich puppets. It will be an unfair thing to do. But it will be done, nevertheless, if the present session takes the responsibility for passing the reform bill.

Mr. Aldrich performed his best public duty when he took charge of this work. But so low has been his credit in other departments of statesmanship, that the twelve labors of Hercules were simple, trifling, everyday jobs compared to what that one will be of convincing the country of Mr. Aldrich's sincerity and patriotism in dealing with the currency.

SPECULATION.

A bill introduced into the senate by the Hon. Jeff Davis of Arkansas proposes the establishment of an absolute prohibition against speculation in any product of the soil "from or by and between the people of the United States of America and the people of any foreign country."

The first difficulty to arise under such a law would be the definition of the word speculation. The wheat raiser who holds his grain for the market to better is supposed to speculate, for the market is a shifty and uncertain institution. But of course Jeff Davis isn't aiming at the farmer. He has the Chicago grain pits, the Kansas City stock yards and the New York cotton market in mind. He would punish the dealers who never see a grain or cotton field, those who couldn't tell a Hereford cow from a piece of sheet music. And, of course, he would have distinctions drawn between traders. The one who caused a rise in cotton would be within the grace of law, but he who brought about a depression would be swiftly and severely punished.

We suspect that the senator from Arkansas will have trouble with that bill even when he comes to tell the folks at home how hard he's been working in their interest.

THE FRANKING ABUSE.

The third assistant postmaster general has touched a sensitive spot in Washington in recommending the issue of stamps to congressmen instead of continuing the present franking privileges. The stamps will be free, but there will be this important difference between them and the frank: The government will gain exact information as to the cost of handling congressional mail. Which, as it happens, congress does not desire the government to have.

We recall that a year or so ago an Ohio candidate for re-election to congress denounced from the stump the tactics of an opponent who had campaign literature sent into the district under the postal frank. That same day a letter came to the Blade, from a member of this congressman's family, enclosed in an envelope marked: "Official Business. Penalty for Private Use, $300." It wasn't official business. Judging by the fact that other private mail matter has come to us in the same way, that congressman's indignation was merely for stage purposes. And doubtless, also, the practice of violating the law is not confined to the Ohioan. That it is general may be gathered from the fact that all attempts to get at the truth of the abuse of the franking privilege have been frustrated in congress.

The third assistant postmaster general will never be voted a loving cup by the house of representatives.

A HUNGRIER YEAR AHEAD.

The year 1911 will never be looked back to with fondness and longing by those who go down to Wall street for a livelihood. It was a gaunt and hungry year, featured by falling prices, troublous rumors, heart-breaking court decisions and the absence of the stranger who goes forth to "break" the world and departs from Wall street "broke."

Yet Wall street does not face the future with countenance sweetly illumined with hope. It expects as little of 1912 as it reaped from 1911. For this year is a campaign year—one which through custom has been given over to extreme thoughtfulness before venturing upon new enterprise, a season of putting forth money with strings to it, a time when no chances are to be taken with fate and the fickle habits of voters.

Wall street is the American symbol of Mammon. But now a disconsolate Mammon with belt drawn to the last buckle hole and mind fixed upon the dulcet melody of two fried eggs and a slice of ham.

MARINE PROSPECTS.

The United States geological survey estimates that between 39,250,000 and 42,000,000 tons of iron ore were mined in the United States last year, of which five-sixths was produced in the Lake Superior region. This is a decrease of between 25 and 28 per cent from the production of 1910.

Owing to the activity in pig iron at the close of 1911, the survey argues that very little of the surplus production of 1910, either at the mines or in the yards of the furnaces, remains. Lake navigation in 1912 may experience a reawakening if the pig iron trade continues to improve, for it can require no vast activity to clean up the stores of ore brought down in the light season of 1911.

WHERE RESPECT IS DUE.

An Indiana dairyman was arrested upon the charge of selling dirty milk the evidence having been gathered by state inspectors. In court, the attorney for the dairyman contended that the milk preserved as an exhibit had not been purchased for human food, but for purposes of analysis. The judge before whom the case was tried sustained the motion and the dairyman was discharged.

If any respect is to be paid to the persons concerned in the case, it should go to the lawyers who devised that forelorn defense and succeeded with it. Surely there's none due the judge.

GENIUSES IN THE ART.

The first Friday in January was private bill day in the national house of representatives. The house met at noon. After some preliminary formalities, the clerk was directed to read a bill, reported favorably from the committee on public lands, which would give a water power company a pipe line right of way for three-quarters of a mile through an arid and stony section of the Mono national forest of California.

As the clerk ceased reading, Mr. Mann, of Illinois, made a point of order. Then the house began a more or less acrimonious discussion of a hair-splitting interpretation of the rules. The report of the discussion occupies nearly five columns of the Congressional Record. The bill which was of no importance and to which no opposition is likely to be raised, was shifted to another calendar to be passed some other day—unless Mr. Mann should make a point of order. Forty-six minutes after meeting the house adjourned.

In the art of doing nothing with a solemn air, Uncle Sam is prepared to match his congress against any other parliamentary body on the face of the globe.

We make the prediction that Chinamen will be wearing red neckties and purple socks within a year or two. Civilization makes rapid strides, once it gets a good start.

WHEN ARMIES FLY.

Hudson Maxim, in a lecture upon the warfare of the future, said that an army of 100,000 Canadians could be landed from aeroplanes in the suburbs of Buffalo, take the city, and then, mounting the skies again, fly on to Cleveland before it could be halted by any American force not supplied with aerial machines.

It is one thing to take a city in warfare. It is another to hold it. And war is not very disastrous to a nation whose enemies merely make raids. The enemy must gain position from which it can operate. It must subdue not only the organized forces, but also it must intimidate the non-combatants and be able to prevent reprisals on the part of hastily gathered volunteers and patriots obeying no rules of war and bent only on gaining temporary victories such as the destruction of provision stations, the cutting off of communications and the crippling of transport means.

There is no present prospect that the aeroplane will revolutionize war, for war must be conducted by masses. Yet a mobile army smaller than Mr. Maxim pictures, might prove of tremendous service when operating in advance of an army able to hold as well as to frighten.

HEALTH OF THE ARMY.

The new school of medicine, which has the word Prevention as its slogan, has scored a triumph in the camps of the regular army soldiers on the Texas frontier.

Among 15 organizations, having a total strength of 12,801 men, there were 11 deaths from all diseases. Only one case of typhoid fever was under treatment throughout the period in which there were 49 cases of typhoid in San Antonio and 19 deaths. While the second division of the seventh army corps was encamped at Jacksonville, Fla., during the Spanish war, a total of 10,759 men, there were 1,729 cases of typhoid and 248 deaths from the disease. Also there were nearly 900 other cases listed as "probable typhoid." The total death record at Jacksonville was 281.

The contrast not only makes a splendid showing for the efficiency of the army surgical corps; but it also indicates once more that the maintenance of an adequate force of regular soldiers means a saving of life in the event of war. For the great terror of war is not bullets, but disease.

The assertion is often made that this country has nothing to fear from a foreign enemy; the whole nation will arise when its arms are called for. But while armies are being drilled and disciplined and taught their science, death does most of its reaping. Of the 349,944 deaths among the Union troops in the Civil war, 199,720 were from disease, which does not include the deaths from that cause among the soldiers in the Confederate prisons.

It does cost an immense amount of money to maintain a large standing army. Yet in keeping the army down and pinning our faith in the patriotism of the country we balance dollars against lives. Which is nothing else except murder.

SEEKING FACTS ABOUT CROWS.

Even if the crow wore a Mount Zion tie he could scarcely deceive the farmer into the belief that his clothes of Sunday black stood for piety. For the farmer knows him—his trick of "lifting" chickens, tearing up sprouting corn, terrorizing the farmyard and carrying off the housewife's washing wherewith to soften and ornament the nest.

But the department of agriculture at Washington nourishes a doubt as to the original sin which popularly is supposed to be composed wholly of crow. It suspects that, after all, the bird is not so bad as his color might indicate. Yet it is cautious about expressing such an opinion. It first asks for public views, setting down seven questions which it desires answered by all who have judged for themselves and not merely taken their grandsires' word for Jim Crow's wickedness. It asks if the damage to corn by his depredations is serious, if tarring the seed proves efficacious in keeping him out of the field, if the habit of destroying poultry and eggs is a universal trait, or only confined to a few individuals, how much the crow is responsible for the reduction of game and if bounties bring about a noticeable lessening of numbers.

The first inclination is to say, loudly and with conviction, that the crow is guilty of everything that might be charged against him. For he looks guilty, from beak to tail. Yet it may be that when the farmer thinks of the way the crow has protected him against field mice, how he's dug up the grubs that eat at the roots of grain and followed the plow for the larvae of insects, it may be decided that the crow is welcome to the few grains of corn and the occasional pullet he pillages.

STRIKES AND CHAOS.

The president of the Scottish Miners' Federation was asked what would happen if the mine-owners failed to yield to the demands of the British coal-diggers, who are now engaged in voting upon the recommendations to strike.

"Every colliery in Great Britain," he answered, "will cease work. The railways, gas works, electric works and mills will be stopped within a month and the fleet within six weeks will be so much scrap iron."

The strike of the railway workers last year paralyzed industry, brought London close to the verge of starvation and for a time threatened to render the government absolutely incapable and futile. Such a strike differs from those of the postal and railway employes in France since it does not constitute a direct strike against the nation, though having exactly the same effect.

These immense labor disputes are of special interest, not only because they carry with them the menace of civil war, but also because they point to ways by which the entire social and political structure of a nation may some day be brought toppling down, like an undermined factory chimney.

The greater problem of such a strike is the reconstruction that may, or may not, follow.

CHANGING TIMES

The testimony of Andrew Carnegie at the steel hearing in Washington is particularly interesting as indicating that captains of industry, while engaged in exploiting the public, never overlooked a chance to exploit one another.

The "canny Scot" told how he had obtained a contract from John D. Rockefeller for ore on a royalty basis of from 15 to 20 cents per ton, whereas the United States Steel corporation now capitalizes that ore at $1 per ton. The day before last Christmas Mr. Carnegie called on Mr. Rockefeller. "I tell you the old gentleman is positively delightful," said Mr. Carnegie at Washington, "but I didn't refer to that ore purchase of mine."

In the days when the Indies and the Spanish Main were infested of buccaneers, these gentlemen adventurers recognized certain divisions of spheres of pillage. They scrupulously avoided crossing their allotted territory. They would not prey upon each other.

It is different nowadays.

MORE TRUST CONFUSION.

The turpentine trust is not a producer, but a middleman pure and simple. It buys 90 per cent of all the turpentine and resin produced in this country, fixing its prices, it is said, not by the demands of its customers, but by purely arbitrary methods, changing from day to day as seemed to correspond with the state of digestion of the managers.

The government has so far not dealt with a trust of just this particular form. But the fact that it is now bringing action against the turpentine combination indicates that it might at some time soon take another step and attack selling associations controlled wholly by producers. The case is highly interesting because of its novelty and the questions that complicate it.

The Sherman anti-trust law is getting more and more involved with perplexities and threatening possibilities. If only for the purpose of relieving the country and the courts of a vast puzzle and business of infinite confusion, we shall have to take refuge behind federal regulation.

TWO INCOME TAXES.

The state of Wisconsin forestalled the federal government by establishing an income tax for the benefit of its own treasury. The state supreme court has just decided that the tax is constitutional, overruling the argument that its provisions came into conflict with the United States constitution.

There remain only a few state endorsements of the federal constitutional amendment to place it within the power of congress to levy an income tax. Should these be given by legislatures meeting this winter, congress may establish the tax at this session, since it would prove excellent campaign material. Once the federal income tax is put in force, a loud cry will be raised in Wisconsin against the double levy. The state may annul its own law, though it is not likely to. Ohio clings to its own corporation tax in spite of the fact that the federal government levies upon corporations also.

The government at Washington might have had the rich pickings of inheritance taxes, if it had not been dilatory. It should have "beat" Wisconsin to the income tax. But as it hasn't, the well-to-do people of Wisconsin face the unpleasant prospect of answering the ring of two collectors, neither of which will be in the mood to be denied.

THE ELECTRICAL AGE.

The report of the Interstate Commerce commission shows that in the period that the gross earnings of railroad companies increased 50 per cent. and the value of industrial manufactures increased 40 per cent., the electric light and power companies of the United States made a gain of 105 per cent. in gross earnings.

While electric light and power companies demonstrated their value years ago, it has not been until the last half-decade that the industry has developed past the stage of infancy. It is now, however, making tremendous strides, expanding in communities where it has ceased to be a novelty, making use of hydraulic power and reaching out for custom beyond the limits of the larger cities. Its best stimulant has been the interurban electric lines, light and power being sold in connection with the transportation business. Some credit may be due also to the anti-smoke campaigns that many cities have conducted, forcing the abandonment of individual power plants and recourse to the product of power sellers.

Once the present financial depression is overcome, the expansion of the electrical business is likely to prove one of the remarkable features of the age.

FLEXIBLE BEAUTY.

At the meeting of the Tailors' association in Chicago, the announcement was made that 1912 would be another season for the tube skirt. The ideal figure of the forthcoming season would be, as in 1911, that which fitted most easily into a length of stovepipe. She will be most in fashion who resembles the old-fashioned spyglass, cylindrical, drain-pipish, wall-paper-rollish—like a steamer funnel in form, though more strictly limited as to circumference.

It has been noted that where universal suffrage prevails, the women are markedly conservative. But when it comes to dress, women are so radical and progressive they leave men gasping by the roadside. There is no keeping up with them. Their ideas of beauty are no slow moving, creaking, dim-witted formulas based upon training and precedent, but are flexible and untrammeled "as the free heaven which rains fresh light and dew on the wide earth." In comparison man is as reactionary as a hermit crab.

The flag-pole ideal will have its reign. Men will get used to it and even begin to concede its fairness and charm. Then lo, the aspect of womanhood will change in a single, swift hour. There will be another fashion for men to be educated to.

SOCIALISM GROWN SOBER.

The new mayor of Schenectady, the first Socialist to be placed in control of a New York municipality, has outlined the labors which he will endeavor to perform saying:

> We must guard and promote the health of the community
>
> We must enlarge the scope of education until it includes men and women in a continued process of increasing enlightenment.
>
> We must do what we can to establish economic security.
>
> We must have efficiency clearly distinguished from red tape.
>
> We must have true economy—a thing which is not the equivalent of mere expense cutting.

The Socialism to be observed in this program is the broad Socialism which all communities have tried to practice with more or less earnestness and not the political Socialism of Debs, Haywood et al. The great industrial companies of Schenectady are not the least likely to feel disturbed. Capital will not shy away from the city. Nor at the same time is the proletaire who has been informed that he has but to vote "right" in order to have his burdens lifted miraculously away likely to discover that he is any nearer the dawn of the millennium than he was before election.

The mayor of Schenectady cannot be quarreled with because he has put the soft pedal upon Socialism. Rather he should be congratulated for his good sense. As a wise man he knows that mere phrases will not overturn the world. As one who profits by the experience of his fellows he does not pledge himself to achievements but he attempts to achieve. His administration is likely to prove the more notable because of the realization that fiery pronouncements do not cure social and political ills.

One Texan killed another in a quarrel over religion. How much better it would have been for both had they entered into a contest to see which could take up the largest collection for the good of the cause.

Colonel Watterson says he would regard the nomination of Mr. Underwood as a dispensation of Providence. Mr. Bryan will regard such a remark as sacrilege.

Mr. Bryan played into the hands of the cartoonists when he allowed his hair to fall out.

Sunday School

GOING BACK TO BEGINNINGS

International Sunday School Lesson for January 21 Is, "The Birth of Jesus." Luke 2:1-20.

By William T. Ellis.

The real scholar is differentiated from the average man by his ability to see causes as well as effects. Most of us are content to be like the birds living in today for today, with little thought of the future and less of the past. We take things as we find them, never looking back to beginnings. The persisting tendencies which have been at work throughout the centuries do not interest us.

That our country is in a period of general insurgency, and that a new ethical era seems to be dawning, is patent to the most superficial observers. As one of the quiet, average men said the other day, "The people are doing a lot of unsuspected thinking for themselves nowadays. This ferment and unrest are so obvious that he is blind who does not perceive them. Nevertheless, few persons are thinking things through, and discovering the relation of present movements to eternal forces.

There is a direct relationship existing between today's universal social and political restlessness and the birth of the Babe in a Syrian khan, two thousand years ago. The world got more than new calendars on that still night. As there is a pathway of light over the ocean's surface straight from the feet of every observer by the sea shore to the moon itself, so there is a direct line of influence going back from our own bettering times to the new Force which then came into the world so wondrously.

Back to the Babe.

It is but a few weeks since Christendom stilled its activity long enough to celebrate the birth of Jesus. Throughout Christmastide some persons never thought behind the pleasant cares and expense of the occasion, the "shop early" injunctions, and the local accessories of the holiday. The Cause was forgotten in the celebration of the effect.

A clear look back through the changing centuries to the Babe himself reveals just such a tiny, warm, pink, soft and helpless little creature as every day comes to thousands of homes as God's best gift. The elemental humanity of it is one of the big truths of the story not to be overlooked in the simplicity of the narrative. As we contemplate the scene in the manger, civilization and its fashions, history and its clamour, our days heaped up appliances and appurtenances of life, all slip away and we behold in awesome simplicity only the Babe, the mother, the patient donkeys, the wondering peasants and the eternal stars.

Back of the Babe is the fact of God. The ultimate verity that God is, looms large above the birth of Jesus. In his eternal majesty, the Supreme Being is not unmindful of man. He cares for man's affairs, and takes thought for his progress and happiness. He is eager, above all things else, for the welfare of his children on earth. Marvelous as it may be, the great God is also hungry for human love. All this we read clearly written in the advent of the Babe as Revealer and Reconciler.

The New Impulse.

Men's thought concerning God has been changed by Jesus. The angels proclaimed a new social order as they broke into song above the Bethlehem plains, where once had sounded the singing voices of David and Ruth and Boaz. We may conceive of this Bethlehem Babe as a new Samson who has been pulling down the pillars of the old order.

In our new mood of insurgency and ethical discontent, let us not be heedless of the wonders already wrought. Thanks to the impulse of the life and teaching of Jesus, practically all the slaves of earth have been freed. New doctrines of human rights and liberty and brotherhood have been firmly established upon the earth. The claims of the woman and the child have come, or are coming, to universal acceptance. The lot of the prisoner has been transformed. Forms of oppression which have existed unchallenged for millenniums are now retreating in perpetual defeat. The weak, the overborne, the aged, the people with no fair chance are all feeling today the championship of the Hero born amid the lowly cattle in a wayside in. One is utterly lacking in the historical instinct, and in plain common sense, who does not see the relationship between our great today and the starry night of which we study.

The Champion of the East.

"Brother of all the world" the poet acclaims Jesus. He is the champion of all the world's woes and needs; the acepted Teacher and Redeemer of the West. Yet the Babe was born in the East. This is the day of the revealing of the Orient, and the West is discovering anew the wondrous East, with its teeming millions and its solid human worth, as well as its fundamental weaknesses. The attention of the present day is directed as never before to the new old world that is comprehended within the borders of Asia. All this interest should be hallowed by the thought that the Christ was born in the East, and that the ultimate emancipation of the people is to come through him.

This great truth may be further localized. The very place of the birth, the little town of Bethlehem, is today beset with unrest and problems because the spirit of the Christ has returned to his native land to impart new aspirations and purposes. I have been haunted by the memory of the weeping women of Bethlehem, as they saw their sons and daughters set out for the new promised land of America. Syria's present predicament, like that of all Turkey, elicits the sympathy of every cosmopolitan heart. As we watch the warring creeds and the struggle of bigotry, terror and corruption to maintain their hold, we realize that only the principles of Jesus can solve the oriental problem.

Getting the Facts.

While musing over the meaning of things, let us not fail to get a clear grip on the things themselves. Facts come first; moralizings take their force from the facts. It would be interesting to know how far the hazy-minded public is able to locate the time and place and circumstances of the supreme event of all time, the birth of Jesus. These details should be clearly in every mind, and related to the present events, so that the day's news dispatches will be illuminated by them.

Bethlehem is a town in Turkey, and in that part of Turkey today called Syria, bordering the eastern side of the northern end of the Mediterranean. The seaport is Jaffa, when a railroad runs to Jerusalem. The little town of David, which is now noted for its workers in mother of pearl and olive wood, is but five miles southwest of Jerusalem.

No machinery is too important to be created in order to accomplish God's purpose. Thus, the wheels of the Roman government were set into motion that a carpenter up in Nazareth, —which is a town in the hills of northern Syria about half way between the Mediterranean Sea and the Lake of Galilee,—might bring his wife Mary down to her ancestral town of Bethlehem, there to be enrolled in the Jewish fashion. They travelled just as the plain people of the East travel today, with one donkey for the two of them. Sometimes the man walks and sometimes the woman; but in this case we may be sure that the patient little beast bore only the beautiful young bride.

They found the town overflowing with travellers gathered for the same purpose as themselves. Even the elastic inn was full, so that they had to make for themselves a place in one of its limestone grottoes where the animals fed. There was no special hardship in this for them, as now, the plain people of Syria were used to living in intimate relations with their domestic animals; and, besides, the room would enjoy the warmth of the beasts' bodies. Doubtless Joseph's own donkey stood close by the spot which the careful husband had reserved for Mary.

An Open Air Message.

Within the inn there was the usual bustle and exchanging of news over the evening fires. Out in the fields, even as today, the shepherds were huddled about a little fire, in their abayehs, or cloaks, keeping watch over their flocks. The nights were cool, though the days might be warm even in December. Cool or warm, the shepherds were out in the open, keeping ward above their sheep. For the oriental is not so soft as his Western brother, and better understands how to endure.

Wondrous still, wondrous beautiful, in the light of the soft Syrian stars, the little village lay. The people were heedless of the great event occuring in their midst, but the hosts of heaven could not keep silence. So the astonished shepherds found themselves irradiated by celestial light, while an angelic chorus brought to them the message of "Peace on earth, good will to men," and the news of a Saviour King born in Bethlehem.

The great truth gave them speed, and these humble men, first bearers of the new message, that has ever since been making over human nature, hastened to the village and found all things as the angels had said. They told the wonder they had witnessed, and which daily would be repeated about camp fires far and near, for long years to come. It was merely a shepherd's marvel for these people; but Mary, motherlike, kept all the sayings, pondering them in her heart.

There is revolution in China, sedition in India, war in Turkey, and discontent over the whole earth; but the real revolution, of which these are but incidents and phases, had its beginning that night in the inn of Bethlehem in the miracles of Immanuel, "God with us."

Varieties

South America is nearly twice as large as the whole of Europe.

Arkansas has the largest fruit distillery in the world at Bentonville.

Arkansas has more mineral springs than any state in the union.

Two-thirds of the tin used in the world is supplied by the Malay states.

In 1911 foreign countries invested $100,000,000 in American farming machinery.

Our grandmothers preserved the color of the hair by using a shampoo of sage tea.

A Cincinnati packer has invented a way to cure hams in 30 days instead of 90.

A healthy horse eats nine times its weight in food in a year; a sound sheep six times.

French army authorities are disturbed over the great decrease in the number of horses in Paris.

The first trial for breach of promise was held in England during the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

Of all the nations, the United States alone allows the use of white phosphorus in making matches.

As to wages in Italy, the highest paid workmen are smiths, who get from 77 cents to $1.35 a day.

The imperial Chinese postoffice has imported 100 bicycles for the use of postmen at Shanghai.

A patent has been granted for an attachment to rocking chairs, which operates a fan to cool the occupant.

For some years the use of wheat flour in Germany has been increasing, and the use of flour decreasing.

About 2,500 years ago the first taxes were levied on the Athenian people by tahe legislator, Solon.

Two centuries before Christ, fires had been lighted on a tower near Alexandria ,Egypt, as a warning to mariners.

A condor can exist without food for 40 days, the eagle under the same circumstances will exist 20 days.

The coronation of King George was commemorated in one English village by the erection of a public grindstone.

Rubber boots and overshoes are now made with an inner heel of leather, which prolongs their period of usefulness.

The forest area of Canada, which aproximate 1,657,000,000 acres, is more than double that of the whole of Europe.

St. Louis has a concrete building 57 feet high, which has no windows. Light comes only from glass in the roof.

A train of 134 empty gondolas recently passed over the tracks of the New York Central road at Batavia. It was 5,360 feet long.

Taking the United Kingdom as a whole, the marriage rate is about 10.5, the birth rate 25.3 and the death rate 13.9 a thousand.

In the south boys' corn clubs are popular, and they made 600 exhibits at the recent corn show at Atlanta, Ga.

The Wall Street Journal asserts that the reclamation of swamp lands would add $1,500,000,000 to the land values of the United States.

Two Italian engineers living in New York have designed a parachute to life an aviator from a falling aeroplant and lower him to earth unharmed.

For purposes of ventilation they make in France a kind of porous glass. The holes are so small that they are proof against both draft and dust.

Seattle is grading its steep hills. The work is done by hydraulic sluicing. The present plan calls for the removal of 34,000,000 cubic yards of material.

No loss of life was caused by the eruption of Mt. Etna on September 10, 1911. The entire damage to property and crops is estimated at $2,316,000 to $2,895,000.

A mosquito census or survey has just been completed at Georgetown, British Guiana, where 2,500 back yards or premises were examined by health officials.

Even if a house is not wired for electricity a woman may use a motor to drive her sewing machine, for a storage battery driven motor for the purpose has been invented.

The English postal authorities have adopted a novel method of selling stamps, a strip of sixty being rolled within a small metal box, for which no additional charge is made.

A siren for motorcyclss that a New Yorker has patented is so arranged that it can be pressed against the side of the front tire of a machine to obtain power to operate it.

A species of white ants, called termites, is noted for its high hills or dwellings. If the houses of men were proportionately high, size for size, the humblest cottage would be a mile in height.

In most public libraries all books are disinfected when they are returned. They go into all sorts of places, and are read by sick people in their homes and in hospitals. Hence the precaution.

Water freezes every night the year round in Alto Crucero, Bolivia; while at noon each day the sun is hot enough to blister the flesh. Above all others, it is the place where extremes meet.

The record amount of sunshine for London in August is 266 hours, which was attained in 1899, while the least occurred three years previously when only seventy-three hours were registered.

Recent statistics show that there are now 9,500,000 wage earning women in Germany, an increase of 57 per cent during the last twelve years. These women are exercising a great influence upon politics.

The use of tobacco is universal in the orient. The word cheroot comes from Madras. The first cigars seen by Columbus in the new world were wrapped with corn shucks.

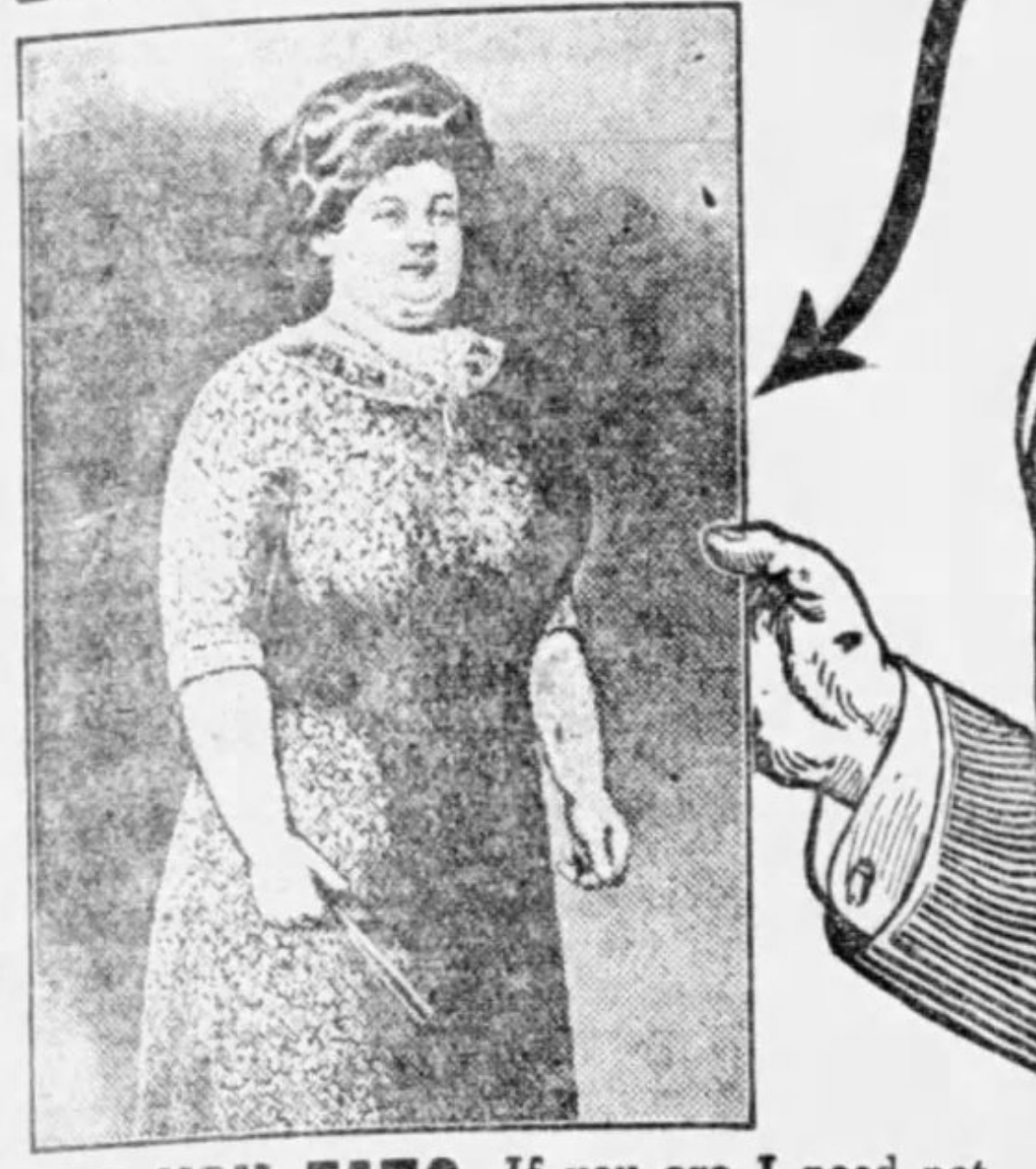
An insane asylum in Jerusalem is one of the latest philanthrophic conceptions. The father of this Christian movement is the Rev. J. Berendt, who is now pastor of a similar institution in Berlin.

An Indiana woman has invented a kitchen table which, among many conveniences, has a mirror set in one leaf, which can be turned up against a wall to convert the table into a sideboard.

The patrons of the Orpheum music hall in Sacramento have voted to cut out smoking. There were 3,320 votes in favor of extending the permission to smoke and 5,696 against a continuance of the practice.

In keeping others alive physicians appear to lose their own lives. Of all professional men their lives are the shortest. Between the ages of 45 and 65 doctors die on an average to one clergyman.

If You Are Fat Like This



I Can Reduce You So You Will Look Like This

ARE YOU FAT? If you are I need not tell you of the many discomforts the corpulent suffer, nor remind you of the dangerous risk they run. *You* know all this as well as I can tell you.

FAT IS DANGEROUS, because the corpulent are liable to sudden death from Heart Disease or Apoplexy. Besides this risk it hinders the breathing, destroys the health and spoils the appearance of either man or woman.

I CAN SAVE YOU FROM OBESITY, and reduce you to normal weight safely, easily and pleasantly, and as your excess of fat is taken off, Rheumatism, Asthma, Kidney and Heart troubles leave you.

CONSULT A SPECIALIST if you want safe, sure and permanent reduction, because only the qualified physician who has made a specialty of Obesity can give *your* individual case the skilled attention it needs and *must have.*

THE TESTIMONY OF MY PLEASED PATIENTS shows that in many cases 5 to 7 pounds a week is taken off without starving and without exhausting excercises, and what is more *the fat does not return* when the treatment is completed.

E. A. Richards, Ex-Mayor of Holly Hill, Fla., says: "Your treatment cured me of Obesity, permanently. It is now three years since I stopped taking it and I have not regained a pound. It also cured my Dyspepsia, and I now enjoy the best of health."

Rev. Mary Kimball, 112 So. Jackson St., Janesville, Wis., says: "Your treatment for Obesity has cured me of violent choking fits and reduced my waist six inches and my hips eight inches. My garments now are all so large they seem as if made for another woman."

Mr. J. T. Harwood, Hartland, Vermont, says: "Your treatment reduced me from 242 down to 191 pounds and I have not gained a single pound up to this day, almost a year after."

Mrs. Harry V. Nichol, Treherne, Manitoba, says: "Your treatment reduced me from 210 to 157 pounds and never felt better in my life. I was a perfect burden to myself and never knew a well day for three years before taking your treatment. My weight is the same as when I stopped the treatment two years ago."

Mrs. John Bye, Minneapolis, Kas., says: "Your treatment reduced me from 203 to 145 and has also wonderfully improved my general health."

LET ME HELP YOU AT MY OWN EXPENSE.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER. My success as an Obesity Specialist has been so wonderful, and my patients are so grateful, that I feel ALL FAT PEOPLE ought to know of my treatment. So for a limited time I will send **Trial Treatments Absolutely Free.** However fat you are—I can help you. No matter where your excess fat is located, stomach, bust, hips, cheeks, neck, it will quickly vanish under my treatment. Mine is the Obesity Treatment endorsed by physicians. As well as being a Fat Reducer it is a Health Builder. **Don't just take my word for this; I will prove it at my own expense.** All you need to do is just send me your name and address and I will mail you the Free trial and some interesting and instructive literature about Obesity and how it can be remedied. **It costs you nothing** and places you under no obligation. Address

DR. J. SPILLENGER, Suite 221 F 72 Madison Ave., New York City.

SPECIAL NOTE: *Dr. Spillenger is known the world over as a successful and honorable Obesity Specialist, and his statements can be absolutely relied upon. He is a graduate physician, licensed and registered by the State of New York.*

MAN ATTRACTED GIRL TO NEW YORK

Violet Buehler, Missing Chicago Heiress, Discovered in Metropolis Monday

New York, Jan. 15.—Violet Buehler, the Chicago heiress, missing from home since November 25, was found today in this city, where for a month she has been employed as a domestic servant. A man, said to be Jack Clune, a waiter in a restaurant, and formerly of Chicago, is the admitted attraction for the girl in this city.

Miss Buehler was arrested at the corner of First avenue and Seventieth street this morning and was taken to the police station. She had been working in the neighborhood, the police said, taking care of a sick woman.

Miss Buehler admitted her identity and told the police she came to New York about a month ago with the idea of seeing the world.

Miss Buehler said that after her money began to get low she decided to get a position, and answered a newspaper advertisement for a nurse. She was employed by Mrs. Anna Brett, in East Seventieth street.

For more than three weeks, Miss Buehler, who is said to be worth more than $100,000, has been acting as a nurse for the mother of Mrs. Brett as well as doing light domestic work.

The Brett family was astonished when they found out who their servant was. The first news that the girl had been found came from Chicago, and a detective was sent to locate the girl. Miss Buehler said she was willing to go back to Chicago and the police in that city were wired for instructions.

Tells of a Man.

Later the girl made a longer statement to the police. She said she had told her foster mother she was going to visit an aunt, Mrs. P. Davidson, in Wisconsin, but instead she boarded a train for this city. Her idea in coming here was to earn her own living and see life. Miss Buehler said that she was unaccompanied when she left Chicago, but immediately afterwards commenced to tell about a friend who, she said, was Jack Clune, a restaurant man whom she had known in Chicago and whom she met in this city soon after her arrival.

Miss Buehler said that Jack was a fine fellow and she hoped to marry him some day when they saved up money enough.

"Jack left Chicago some time ago," she said, "and then he came on to New York. I wrote Jack when I got here, and I can tell you he was surprised to hear from me. Tell him they've got me, and that will be another surprise for him. I'm sorry for him, for I suppose they'll send me back home."

The Man Appears.

After the girl had been taken to the children's court, Clune appeared. In passing through the corridor, the heiress saw Clune, and running to him threw her arms around his neck. Clune bent forward as if to kiss her when Detective Mulligan pushed him away.

"None of that," exclaimed the sleuth. Then he added, "Who are you?"

"I'm a friend of her's," said Clune.

"You wait here; you may be wanted," said the detective, as he passed on with Violet Buehler.

Clune was found soon after the arrest of the girl. He said he had nothing to fear and declared his intention of going voluntarily to the children's court.

APPEAL TO FOSS FOR RICHESON

Father of Fiancee and Others to Fight for Commutation.

Boston, Jan. 11.—It is expected that within the next two weeks an appeal will be sent to Governor Foss and the legislative council in an effort to save the life of the Rev. Clarence V. T. Richeson, condemned to death for the murder of Avis Linnell. The fight for a commutation of the sentence will be financed by Moses Grant Edmands, father of Miss Violet Edmands, the former fiancee of Mr. Richeson. He has retained faith in the minister, believing him mentally unbalanced when he gave Miss Linnell the poison which caused her death.

You Don't Need a New Stomach

You Can Now Look Any Meal Square in the Face, and Then Just "Go For It," if You Take Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Trial Package Sent Free to Prove It.

The stomach will go on patiently for years enduring abuse, overwork and general ill-treatment. So we're apt to think it can stand anything. But when the stomach does rebel, look out.

"Every Meal Smiles at Me Now Since I've Been Taking Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets."

The minute the stomach ceases to perform its functions properly the whole body begins to suffer. The food is only half-digested, the body only half-nourished. And the undigested portion of the food ferments and decays, generating nauseating gases which derange the whole system. The eventful result is chronic dyspepsia, heartburn, bad breath, dizziness, flatulency and sick headache.

Stuart's Dsypepsia Tablets instantly relieve all ailments of the stomach and digestive tract. They act quickly safely and naturally—just like Nature herself. They contain in themselves the elements which go to make up the natural gastric juices. They actually digest the food, relieving the stomach of all the hard work. Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are the stand-by of many a doctor in the worst cases of stomach trouble, and they never fail him.

All druggists carry and recommend Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. They are sold at 50 cents a box. If you want to try them first, we will send you a trial package free on receipt of your name and address. F. A. Stuart Co., 332 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

PSYCHIC WAVE SWEEPS U. S.

Doctor Declares Confessions Are Bases of Contention.

Peoria, Ill., Jan. 15.—Dr. George A. Zellar, superintendent of the Illinois State hospital at Bartonville, expressed the belief in a lecture here last night that a great psychic wave of conscience and remorse is sweeping the country. He was led to believe this, he said, by the confessions of hundreds of Adams county, Ohio, voters, the McNamara brothers, Henry Clay Beattie, Rev. C. V. T. Richeson, and Dr. Harry E. Webster.

DO YOU WANT TO MAKE MONEY?

A reservation of fertile valley land is now open in Mexico. Homesteads Free. Only requirement is to have five acres planted within five years. An authorized Improvement Co. will plant the bananas and market them on shares. Your share should bring $200 per acre annually. Apply immediately. Address the Rio Tonton Land Co., Block 414, Greensburg, Pa. They are distributors for the U. S. The land lies between the river and railroad. Climate fine, eternal spring, never hot—never cold. Abundant rainfall. Three crops a year. You need not go to Mexico.

WED TWINS — TWINS BORN

Sisters Wed Brothers and Parents Gain Another Pair.

Wichita, Kan., Jan. 11.— Twin brothers married twin sisters at Longdale, Okla., and a few hours after the double wedding, twin boys were born early today, to the parents of the bridegrooms.

Wilfred and Vivian Wilson married Martha and Mary Schaefer. Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Wilson, parents of the babies, are admirers of Theodore Roosevelt and say they hope to have the ex-president select names for the boys.

SCHUMANN-HEINK TO ASK DIVORCE

Great Singer Says Children Are Dearer to Her Than Husband.

St. Louis, Jan. 15.—When Mrs. William Rapp, known to the music loving world of two continents as Madame Schumann-Heink, files her suit for divorce, as she will soon, she will have demonstrated in real life the theme of the only comic opera in which she ever appeared in America —"Love's Lottery."

Mme. Schumann-Heink and her husband, William Rapp, 12 years her junior, separated some time ago, but neither, until last night, acknowledged there was an estrangement.

The great contralto, in her apartments at the Planters' hotel, after appearing in two concerts at the Odeon Saturday, where it was noted she was in better voice than on any former appearance in St. Louis, admitted the separation and said the divorce petition would be filed soon, but where she could not say.

"No Quarrel, No Scandal."

The marriage of the great singer to a man not a professional, and a dozen years younger than she, was not a happy one. With as much feeling and expression as she ever put in any of the songs that have made her famous, she spoke of the alliance and said she had endured it as long as she could, and while she dreaded having the name of Schumann-Heink in the divorce courts, there was no other alternative.

MME. SCHUMANN-HEINK, Whose Name in Private Life is Mrs. William Rap.

"I have no word to say against Mr. Rapp," said the diva. "He is a gentleman, cultured and refined. But it is best that he should go his way and I go mine. He is in New York, where he has an office, and I—I am on the road, singing.

"There were no ugly quarrels nor any scandal—please say that for both of us. It was just for the best that I have acted as I have.

Children Cause Breach.

"It is my children that caused the separation. He could not understand. And I shouldn't blame him too harshly for it. He has no children of his own, while I have eight—and some of them are grown.

"When it came to a question whether it should be my children or my husband, to whom I have been married six years, I clung to my children. And what good woman wouldn't?

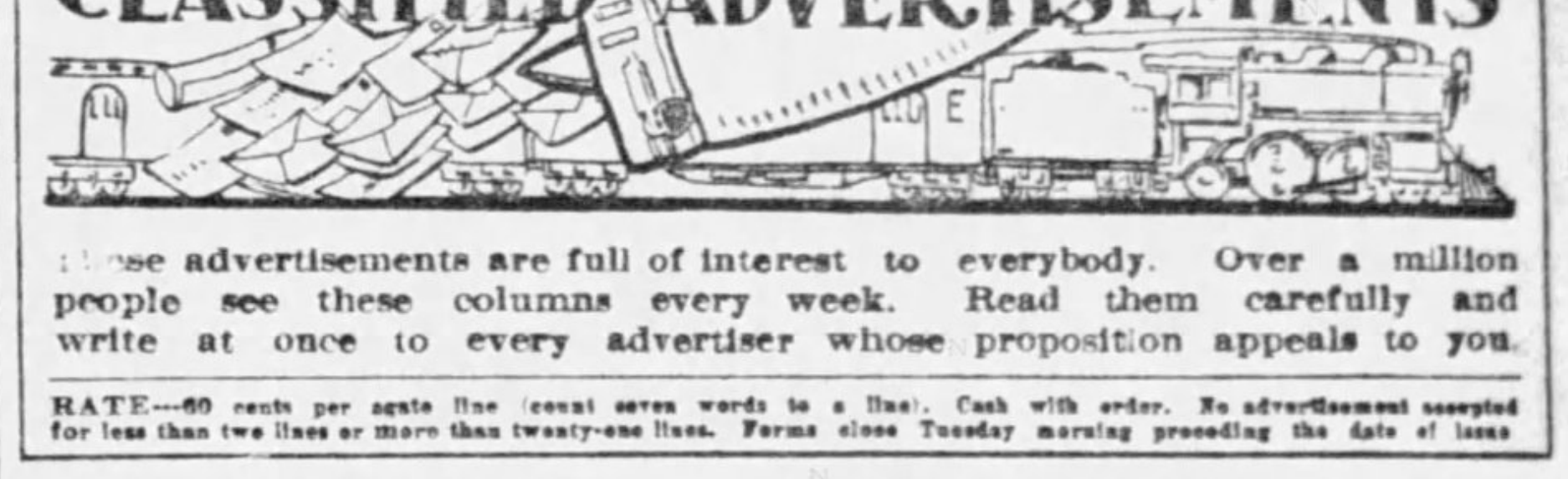
"They are my life and I love them with every breath I draw.

"It is my children that have been my inspiration in life. It was they who gave me the ambition to achieve what I have achieved. I have given my life for them, and I never have regretted it, and I don't regret it now."

CARTRIDGE IN HIS APPENDIX

Hunter Stricken, Dies During Operation for Appendicitis.

Lawrenceburg, Ind., Jan. 13.—Stricken with appendicitis while on a hunting trip Benjamin Kremer died during an operation today and the surgeons found a loaded cartridge in his appendix, which was distended to 11 inches in length. Kremer, 19 years old, hunted rabbits with a rifle and it is supposed he held a cartridge in his mouth for quick reloading and swallowed it.



MAIL ORDER MARKET

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

These advertisements are full of interest to everybody. Over a million people see these columns every week. Read them carefully and write at once to every advertiser whose proposition appeals to you.

RATE---60 cents per agate line (count seven words to a line). Cash with order. No advertisement accepted for less than two lines or more than twenty-one lines. Forms close Tuesday morning preceding the date of issue.

HELP WANTED.

500 MEN 20 to 40 years old, wanted at once for electric railway motormen and conductors; $60 to $100 a month; no experience necessary; fine opportunity; no strike; write immediately for application blank. Address Box 500, care of Weekly Blade, Toledo, O.

LOCAL representative wanted. Splendid income assured right man to act as our representative after learning our business thoroughly by mail. Former experience unnecessary. All we require is honesty, ability, ambition and willingness to learn a lucrative business. No soliciting or traveling. This is an exceptional opportunity for a man in your section to get into a big paying business without capital and become independent for life. Write at once for full particulars. Address E. R. Marden, Pres. The National Co-Operative Real Estate Co., L 508 Marden Building, Washington, D. C.

WANTED--Railway Mail Clerks, $90.00 month. Every other week off—full pay. Spring examinations everywhere. Previous examination questions sent free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. S-32, Rochester, N. Y.

FREE Illustrated Book tells about over 360,000 protected positions in U. S. service. More than 40,000 vacancies every year. There is a big chance here for you, sure and generous pay, lifetime employment. Easy to get. Just ask for booklet A1035. No obligation. Earl Hopkins, Washington, D. C.

FEMALE HELP WANTED.

LADIES, make supporters, $12 per hundred; no canvassing; material furnished; stamped envelope for particulars. Wabash Supply Co., Dept. W-62, Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED.

AGENTS wanted everywhere for quick-selling 15c household article; good repeater; large profits; territory to good canvassers. A. Merit Co., West Park, Philadelphia.

FOR SALE—FARMS.

FOR SALE—Splendid 225-acre dairy and stock farm in Ashtabula county, Ohio. 95 acres cultivated, 30 acres woodland, balance tillable pasture. Good house, barns, silo and outbuildings. Owner lives in distant city and cannot oversee it. Price will be set to make a prompt sale. This is a bargain. Write T. Griswold, Midland, Michigan.

FARMS in Virginia as low as $10.00 per acre. Lands for grasses, grain, fruit and vegetables. Easily worth double the listed price. Abundant rainfall, convenient markets, mild, sunny climate, no blizzards, no droughts. Write for full information about choice farm lands for sale. Pyle & Co., Inc., Box E. Petersburg, Va.

FOR SALE—43 acres, house, barn, stock and tools, $1,200. Louis Zalabak, Dickson, Tenn.

NORTH CAROLINA FARM LANDS.

WANTED;--Men to become independent farmers in Eastern North Carolina—the "Nation's Garden Spot." Leads for large profits on small capital. Write for booklet. C. Van Leuven, 817 Southern Bldg., Wilmington, N. C.

MALE HELP WANTED.

MEN Wanted for Government Jobs, $80.00 month. Write for free list of all positions open. Franklin Institute, Dept. S-32, Rochester, N. Y.

WANTED--Hustling man in each locality. To join this Society. Sick, accident, death benefits. And introduce our Memberships. Spare time to start. $50 to $300 a month. Write for plans. Box DH-293, Covington, Ky.

MISCELLANEOUS.

OUR Perfume, 10c size, Sheet Bluing, Mending Soaps and Circulars are sellers. Rubber stamp catalogue free. Sample Herb Tablets free. Your name on 100 cards 35c. W. M. Stuart, Marshall, Mich.

FARMERS: Write Prof. M. M. Lipps, Bluff City, Tenn., for particulars and testimonials regarding his famous $5 per ton fertilizers. They excel all others.

LADIES! Gents! Learn my "Easy Course" of piano tuning at home. Send stamp for special offer. Prof. Porter, Sisterville, W. Va.

MEDICAL.

PILES--Sure cure. I suffered for years, paid hundreds of dollars; I finally cured myself. Persons suffering with this painful disease address with stamp, Thomas Watts, Peoria, Ill.

PERSONAL.

LADIES---When delayed or irregular use Triumph Pills, always dependable. "Relief" and particulars free. Write National Medical Institute, Milwaukee, Wis.

MARRY---Best plan on earth, sent free; photos of every lady member. THE PILOT, Dept. 39, Marshall, Mich.

Marriage paper mailed free, reliable, best published. Eastern Agency, 69, Bridgeport, Conn.

GET MARRIED—Matrimonial paper containing hundreds of advertisements marriageable people from all sections, rich, poor, young, old, Protestants, Catholics, mailed sealed free. THE CORRESPONDENT, Dept. A. Y., Toledo, Ohio.

IMMORTALITY CERTAIN. Swedenborg's great work on the other life, 400 pages, postpaid only 15 cents. Pastor Landenberger, Windsor Place, St. Louis, Mo.

MARRY—500 ladies and gentlemen will marry; highest characters. Send 25c for 500 names and addresses. Write direct to them; mailed sealed. Dr. Hutchison, Dept. 39, Sedalia, Mo.

MARRY: Many Wealthy Members. Will marry soon, all ages, nationality; description free. Reliable Club, Dept. 56, Box 26, Oakland, Cal.

HEIRS—Thousands of families are wanted to claim fortunes. Many now living in poverty are rich and don't know it. Our index entitled "Next of Kin, Heirs at Law," contains authentic lists of unclaimed estates and heirs wanted and advertised for in America and abroad to claim fortunes. Also contains Chancery court of England and Ireland lists. Thousands of names in book. Your or your ancestors names may be among them. Send stamp at once for booklet TW. International Claim Agency, Pittsburg, Pa.

WANTED—More advertisers to know that TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE is a big business getter. Use its columns every issue and get big results. Advertising rates reasonable, circulation guaranteed. Address, Weekly Blade, Toledo, O.

A five-line advertisement, same size and style as the above, will cost only **$3.00** for one insertion in the

Mail Order Market Column of

The Toledo Weekly Blade

You can place your proposition in a Quarter Million Homes, from Maine to California, and before over a Million Readers every week.

A new business can be started or you can buy, sell or trade by using the Mail Order Market of The Toledo Weekly Blade.

FILL OUT THE COUPON BELOW.

MAIL ORDER MARKET.

Figure 7 words to a line, each line costing 60c. Send cash with order. Address your letter to Toledo Weekly Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

Gentlemen—I enclose copy of an advertisement to measure...... lines, which I desire you to insert in the MAIL ORDER MARKET. I am sending remittance of $...... to cover the cost of same.

Name ....

Street ....

City and State ....

ECZEMA CAN BE CURED. My mild, soothing, guaranteed cure does it and FREE SAMPLE proves it. STOPS THE ITCHING and cures to stay. WRITE NOW---TODAY. DR. CANNADAY, 243 Park Square, Sedalia, Mo.

ASTHMA CURED TO STAY CURED No relapse. No return of choking spells or other asthmatic symptoms. Whetzel system of treatment approved by best U. S. medical authorities as the only system known to permanently cure the disease. **FREE TEST TREATMENT** including medicines, prepared for any one giving a full description of the case and sending names of 2 asthmatic sufferers. Address **FRANK WHETZEL, M. D.** Dept. 8, American Express Building, Chicago.

MARRY Book of descriptions mailed sealed free, many wealthy. THE EXCHANGE, Box 325 D. H., Kansas City, Mo.

Wise Women & discreet men use our remedies, toilet necessities, rubber goods, appliances, etc., "HINTS and HELPS," illustrated catalog 2c. Address Webster Specialty Co N 39 Chicago

BED WETTING Completely cured, all ages. Box Penine, full directions FREE. MISSOURI REMEDY CO., Block 12 St. Louis, Mo.

LIABILITY LAW IS UPHELD

Supreme Court Says Federal Act Is Constitutional.

Washington, Jan. 15.—The constitutionality of the employers' liability law, passed by congress in 1908, was today upheld by the supreme court of the United States in all cases before it. The court also decided that state courts may enforce that act when local laws are appropriate.

The decision was unanimous and a complete victory for the government on every point. The case had been under advisement since last February.

Justice Vandevanter declared that congress had the right to regulate the relation of interstate railroads to their employes. Congress has not gone beyond its power by abrogating the common law rule that an employer is not liable for the injuries resulting to employes by the negligence of fellow servants.

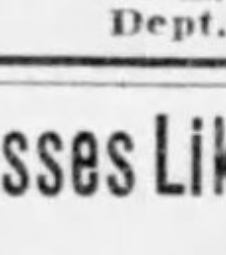
WILL TRY BEING WEALTHY

Wilkesbarre, Pa., Jan. 11.—In order to see how it feels to be rich, John J. McDevitt the other day paid over to the Lehigh Valley Railroad Co. $600 for a special train to carry him to New York and back. McDevitt will be surrounded by a force of trained Pulman attendants and he has promised to be liberal with his tips.

McDevitt will smoke the best of cigars, read current literature, dine at the Waldorf-Astoria and attend the theatre. A taxi ride and luncheon and sleep on his special train will conclude his "fling."

SPIRE PIERCES CHURCH ROOF

New Hartford, Conn., Jan. 11.—The historic Congregational church here, built 100 years ago on Town Hill, presents an unusual sight to the passerby today. The spire, blown off by last night's gale, is embedded point downward in the roof.



NO HAIR NO PAY We grow hair on baldest heads. Only requires a short time to stop falling hair and cure any scalp disease. Enclose stamp. Particulars free. E. B. JACKSON & CO., Dept. X 14, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Trusses Like These Are a Crime

Get rid of Straps and Springs and be CURED. Simply write for our free cloth-bound Book of Advice, containing facts which took us **40** years of day-after-day experience to learn. It tells how **290,000** people were benefited and cured in a simple and inexpensive way. Book explains why drugstores should not be allowed to sell their misery-making trusses. Explains the dangers of operation and why it is no longer necessary. Exposes the humbug "discoveries," "appliances," "plasters," etc., and puts you on guard against throwing money away.

Books tells how the wonderful Cluthe Self-Massaging Pad cures rupture by strengthening the weakened muscles while holding continuously with ease--**Sent on 60 days' trial to prove it**--how it is waterproof--no leg-straps--no body-spring--how it ends all expense on account of rupture. 4000 Public Endorsements sent with the book.

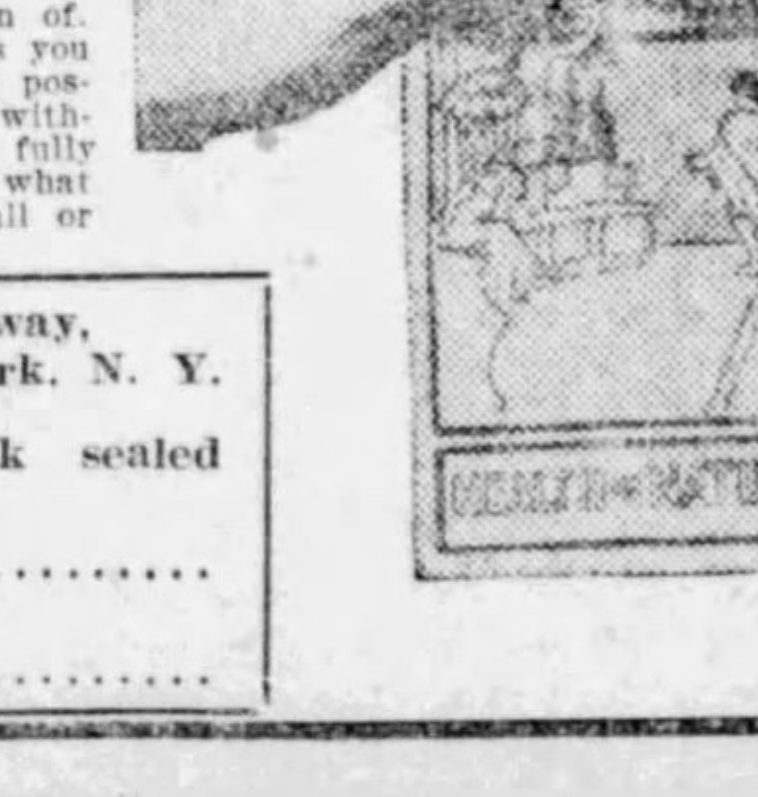
After you have read this book you'll know more about your condition than if you had gone to a dozen doctors. You'll know how to get immediate relief without risking a penny. When writing, please give our box number.

Box 14—CLUTHE COMPANY, 125 East 23rd Street, New York City.

Any Man May Easily Regain LOST VITALITY

Any man, young or elderly, who finds himself becoming weakened or unmanly as a result of some past folly, indiscretion or excess, who would care to learn of an easy, common-sense, plain, natural method by which he himself may treat his own weakness and lost vigor, without anyone but himself knowing it, without the assistance of a doctor, without the use of a single drug or medicine, a self-cure which is now being used and has been used secretly by tens of thousands of men all over the civilized world. To any man who would like this full information I shall be pleased to furnish same free of all cost or obligation of any kind whatsoever, if he will but fill in and send the below coupon. Manly strength and vigor mean more today than ever before in the history of the world, because about everything that is worth accomplishing requires a foundation of VITAL VIGOR. Do you know, reader, if I can give you a new and abundant supply of this marvelous VITALITY or VITAL FORCE I take you out of the half-man class and show you all the joys of a vigorous, manly, healthy, rugged existence? What I have used for these tens of thousands of men and what I would use for you is a little belt-shaped appliance of my invention, which you place comfortably around your waist nights upon retiring to bed. Use it two to three months. It generates a great flow of VITALITY, which you feel as it passes into your blood, organs and nerves. I believe it is the most marvelous revitalizer in the world. I call it a HEALTH BELT because its flow of VITAL VIGOR means new health and strength. Remember, I have nothing for you to buy now, nor even in the future, unless you so decide from your own free will. I am simply asking that you send for my free book; then if you conclude to try out my Health Belt I will make you some special offer by which you can have a new one to use as long as you need it. Thousands have said my HEALTH BELT cured after all other treatments failed. Benefits (especially where there is a weakness or pain in the back) are often felt from the very first night's use. With special attachments my Health Belt is a fine remedy for rheumatism, kidney, liver, stomach disorders and debility of any of the organs. If you live near by drop in at my office and test the current which my BELT generates.

Use Coupon to Get Free Book



Let me send you my little free book in plain sealed envelope. It is full of helpful information, and would easily sell for $1 if more handsomely bound and sent by mail from a book store. This little publication has been a complete revelation to thousands upon thousands of men. It is fully illustrated. It brings you face to face with certain private truth which every man should be in possession of. It helps you diagnose your own case and tells you private truths which every man should be in possession of. You can know all about yourself without consulting a doctor. One part of the book fully describes my HEALTH BELT, and shows just what it has accomplished and will accomplish. Call or write today.

Dr. T. B. Sanden Co., 1151 Broadway,
New York, N. Y.

Please send me your free book sealed

NAME..

ADDRESS..

$3.50 Recipe Free, For Weak Men

Send Name and Address Today ---You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains, or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So I have determined to send a copy of the prescription free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow men to send them a copy in confidence so that any man anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest-acting restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, [illegible] Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid recipe in a plain ordinary envelope free of charge. A great many doctors would charge $3.00 to $5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this—but I send it entirely free.

ITALIANS SMASH SEVEN TURK GUNBOATS IN RED SEA FIGHT

Rome, Jan. 12.—The first important naval battle in the Turco-Italian war occurred in the Red Sea on January 7, with the result that an Italian cruiser squadron sank seven Turkish gun boats after a sharp conflict. A large number of Turkish seamen went down with their ship, but others were rescued by boats from the Italian warships.

A Turkish yacht was captured and is being brought to Italy.

The division of Italian cruisers which has been scouring the coasts of the Red sea in search of Turkish war vessels and ships conveying contraband goods and soldiers destined for the Turkish garrisons in the Yemen province in Arabia, encountered the flotilla of Turkish gunboats and at once opened fire. The Turks replied, but their feeble armament succumbed to the superior weapons of the Italian war vessels. The fight was stiff, but soon ended in the victory of the Italians.

Cruising Long Time.

The Italian warships cruising in the Red sea since the beginning of the war include the cruiser Piemont, Calabria and Puglia and a flotilla of destroyers. Massowa is the base from which they operate. Several weeks ago they bombarded the towns of Sheik Said, Mocha and Akabah.

The Italian warships which took the principal part in the battle were the cruiser Piemont and destroyers Garibaldino and Artigliere. The commander-in-chief had received orders to destroy or capture the Turkish gunboats, as advices had been received that they were transporting from Arabia Turkish troops destined to reinforce the Turkish army in Cyrenaica by way of Egypt.

Where it Happened.

The action occurred outside the Bay of Kunfida, a small walled town with a garrison and two forts, about 500 miles north of Aden, on the east coast of the Red sea.

During the brief combat the Turkish gunners displayed utter incompetence, their small guns being fired wildly.

The shells from the Italian ships were not directed at the Turkish yacht Fauvette, which accompanied the gunboats, and she was the only unit of the Turkish flotilla which was not destroyed during the fight. The Fauvette is being brought to Rome under convoy.

TELLS ABOUT

50,000 BOOKS FREE BY MAIL

THE HOME CURE OF MEN'S AILMENTS

WORTH $10 TO ANY MAN

Every afflicted man, suffering from any **man disease,** should write quick for his copy of this **Wonderful Free Book.** It tells in plain, strong, simple words how any man can **privately cure himself at home,** of such diseases as Blood Poison (Inherited or Acquired), Vital Weakness, Loss of Power, Nervous Debility, Indiscretions, Organic or Contagious Disease, the After-effects of Fast Living; Stomach, Liver, Kidney and Bladder Troubles. No matter how long you have suffered; how old or stubborn your case; how often you have failed to find relief or how discouraged and down-hearted you are—**this book will be a revelation**—give you new hope—a new lease on life. It is chuck full of good, sound logic and advice—just the things you should know and follow. If you want your **old-time health, strength and manhood** restored, send **RIGHT NOW** for your copy of this **Great Guide to Health**—mailed **FREE,** postpaid in plain, sealed envelope.

DR. JOS. LISTER & CO. 903 Northwestern Bldg. Chicago, Ills., U. S. A.

ALEXANDER'S REMEDY FOR ASTHMA

"The One Sure Remedy"

If you have asthma and have never tried this Remedy,

We will give you a full sized Two-Dollar Bottle

Write, giving full address, also nearest express office. This offer expires January 25th.

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SHE ELOPES WITH JAPANESE

Wealthy Baltimore Girl Runs Away With Student.

York, Pa., Jan. 11.—Ja Ja Val, a Japanese student of Gloucester, Mass., and Miss Nina Mudd, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Mudd, of Baltimore, eloped to this city yesterday and obtained a license to wed. Whether or not they were married here is unknown. Miss Mudd is said to be wealthy.

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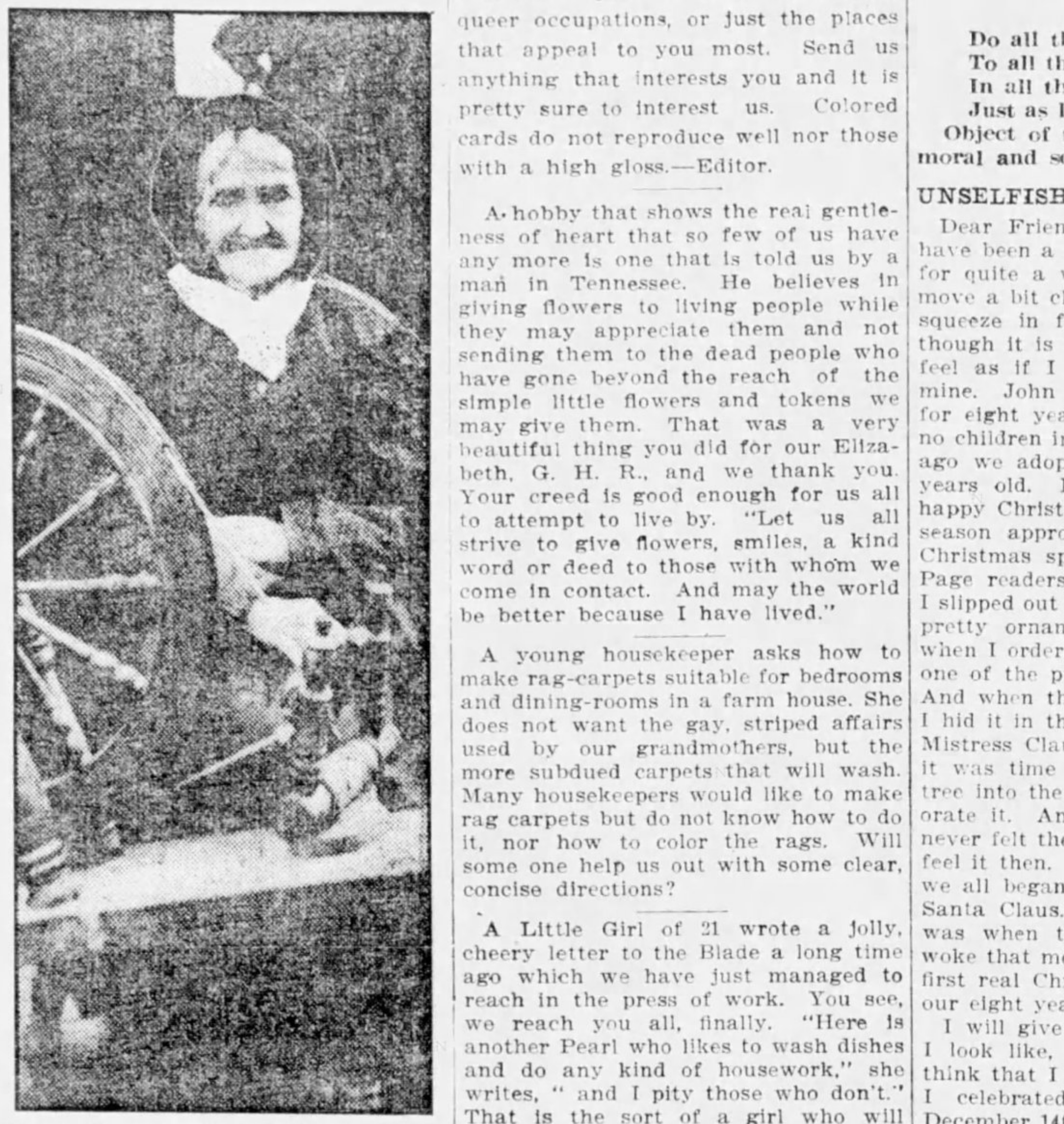
This Home Recipe Cures Weak Men

Men Weakened and Discouraged by Effects of Early Errors and Excesses Send Name and Address For This FREE RECIPE.

I want this message to reach every man who is discouraged and disheartened by repeated failures; the result of early indiscretions, past excesses, carelessness, disease and neglect and let him know that I have a recipe that reaches the seat of the trouble and sets it bubbling with new life. And I want him to know that I will send this effective and invigorating prescription free to him, without cost, charge or obligation, in a common every-day plain sealed envelope, so he can receive and use it privately at home and thus banish all his troubles. All he has to do is to send his name and address to me—Dr Franklin Roberts, No. 138 Butler Building, Marshall, Michigan.

The Peace Page.

A Pennsylvania Pioneer



Not many of us live to a "ripe old age." The nervous demands of today drive people so swiftly that they encompass the experiences of a lifetime in a very few years and slip silently to their rest before they have even a touch of gray in their hair. But among The Blade readers there is one dear old lady who has just reached the hundredth milestone.

Harriett Wildman was born March 8, 1812, in Greene county, Pa., near the mouth of Dunkard's Creek. Her parents moved to the head of the creek later and here she grew to womanhood. She was married to John Ott March 1, 1836. Her husband died in 1860, leaving a family of 11 children, 6 girls and 5 boys. She gave her sons willingly to the service of her country and rejoiced when they returned to her safely at the end of the civil war. One son, Henry Ott, was one of Sherman's boys and went with his commander from "Atlanta to the sea."

Mrs. Ott has living 70 grandchildren, 209 great-grandchildren, 53 great-great-grandchildren and one great-great-great-grandchild, Ernest Ott King, of Bellaire, O., who is 3 months old. The dead are 32 grandchildren, 36 great-grandchildren and 11 great-great-grandchildren. If the members of the Ott family could be gathered, it would form a total of 412 lives, almost enough to form a little colony.

Mrs. Ott has been a consistent Christian all her life, having joined the Methodist church when she was a girl. She has lately transferred her membership to the Church of God. She is now residing with one of her daughters, Polly Ott Earnest, of West Virginia. While she is in rather feeble health at the present time she retains all her faculties and has an excellent memory. She has never worn glasses in her life and her eyesight for one of her age is very good. Her industry throughout her life has been remarkable, and even in the last few years she has spun and knit socks for some of her family. Mrs. Ott is one of the last of the pioneers of Greene county, who with stout hearts and willing hands subdued the wilderness and she has already lived to see her children to the fourth generation.

Our Correspondents

Send us some views of the places that have queer stories, that display queer occupations, or just the places that appeal to you most. Send us anything that interests you and it is pretty sure to interest us. Colored cards do not reproduce well nor those with a high gloss.—Editor.

A hobby that shows the real gentleness of heart that so few of us have any more is one that is told us by a man in Tennessee. He believes in giving flowers to living people while they may appreciate them and not sending them to the dead people who have gone beyond the reach of the simple little flowers and tokens we may give them. That was a very beautiful thing you did for our Elizabeth, G. H. R., and we thank you. Your creed is good enough for us all to attempt to live by. "Let us all strive to give flowers, smiles, a kind word or deed to those with whom we come in contact. And may the world be better because I have lived."

A young housekeeper asks how to make rag-carpets suitable for bedrooms and dining-rooms in a farm house. She does not want the gay, striped affairs used by our grandmothers, but the more subdued carpets that will wash. Many housekeepers would like to make rag carpets but do not know how to do it, nor how to color the rags. Will some one help us out with some clear, concise directions?

A Little Girl of 21 wrote a jolly, cheery letter to the Blade a long time ago which we have just managed to reach in the press of work. You see, we reach you all, finally. "Here is another Pearl who likes to wash dishes and do any kind of housework," she writes, "and I pity those who don't." That is the sort of a girl who will never find life too big for her to handle. She isn't afraid of the work that hasn't any romance. The promise of a story of the silk mills will be very interesting. When you have time in your busy life write it for the Peace Page.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO:
Here we meet for
Health, happiness and
Good cheer.

THE DAYS OF THE WILD WEST

To the Readers of the Peace Page—When I read in The Blade of western life I think of early days that were spent in the saddle. They were good old times, too, in the new world. Cow-punching then was a hardship and not a picturesque pastime and a pleasure. When a man was supposed to ride the range on an Indian pony he used his saddle-blanket for his bed and his saddle for a pillow. In those days we knew nothing of fence riding or goose-hair pillows. We would leave the home camp with the snow in the spring, and sometimes our grub would be pretty short. We would usually get through the spring round-up by the 4th of July, and then we used to have great times for about two weeks, for as a rule we did not have a pay day after we left the winter camp until then. Our spring work was to round up and brand calves and our territory was from 100 to 200 miles square. And on that range we would brand perhaps 50,000 calves. Some other time I will tell how this was done and the fun and hardships.—Old Dad from Colorado.

(Let us hear the story of the cattle-branding, and a story of the hardships of the men who did it. We shall be very glad to hear more from you, Old Dad.—Editor.)

DOES NOT WANT TO VOTE

Dear People—I have been a reader of The Blade for two years and have always thought I would see if I could write anything of interest. I am just a little mother living among the hills that guard the Alleghany river, and you don't know how beautiful the hills are in summer when the honeysuckle and the laurels are in bloom. This is mostly a farming country and all the farmers are the best of neighbors and friends. I am contented and don't care about voting. I will care for my home and my husband can go to the polls. I have enough to do to attend to the babies and the home. I think if this is printed I shall be very much surprised. Best wishes to the dear old Blade, from—Mother McGinnis, from Pa.

AN OLD TOLEDO BOY WRITES

Dear Friends—Through the columns of this paper I write you all. Always having a desire to see the south, where winters are unknown, I came to Mobile, Ala., about December 1, and was happily surprised. I, like a great many northern people, thought the southern states were mostly swamps, inhabited by crocodiles, alligators, snakes, mosquitoes and malaria. But instead I found the finest climate and water in the world, and the swamp lands are being drained and will soon be the best farm lands in the south. The gulf and bay region of lower Alabama would be the paradise of the south if northern capital and ambition were more predominant. After the land has been made ready for the plow three crops can be raised in 15 months, and every article has a ready market at a handsome prce. Northern buyers are always on the ground as soon, or sometimes even before, the crop is ready to harvest. Oranges, if cared for like the northern orchards, would be the most valuable crop. Dr. Scott, of Mobile, shipped to a Mr. Manning, of Pittsburg, 2,285 oranges from one tree, at 2 cents each, or $45.70. He has 478 trees that had an average this year of 1,527 oranges. This is an orchard of four acres. The Sakima oranges are mostly raised in Alabama, as they stand the changes of climate better than other kinds. They sell for less, but yield double. Sweet potatoes are the most profitable vegetable crop, as you can get two crops a year, or about 500 bushels per acre, at an average price of 85 cents per bushel. A farmer near Foley, Ala., raised 1,120 bushels from one acre, and the price ranged from $1.10 to $1.60 per bushel. Northern farmers are coming south rapidly, and in a few years southern Alabama will be the garden spot of the south.

I have written more than I thought I would. I am ready to write more on this subject if I do not bore you with this letter, filled with facts and figures—H. L. M. of Alabama.

A WORD OF BRAVERY

Dear Friends of the Cozy Corner—Will you allow a stranger to enter your midst? I am a widow of two months and I have gotten a great deal of help and comfort from the Cozy Corner. I was married for six years, and they were the happiest of my life. We were far too happy for it to last. We had built ourselves a dear little home, and the days we spent in it were almost perfect. My husband had heart disease and he suffered for 12 weeks before he died. I am trying now to make the best of what is left of life, for, after all, this is a beautiful world. I am a great lover of nature and the seasons. I live in northern Pennsylvania, and the seasons seem to have rarer and richer charms here than I can imagine anywhere else. I live with my people just across the road from where I lived when my husband was alive. My own people are still living, my mother, father and brother. Both the men are great hunters, and they taught me to shoot a gun when very young.

The weather this morning is 8 below zero. It has been a mild winter until now, with very little snow but a great deal of wind. I have a nice flock of hens, Rhode Island Reds. They are so tame I can pick them up any place. I take lots of comfort with them. I also have two yearlings, three cats and a foxhound, and I keep bees. So, you see, I have a lot to take my time and attention. I am very lonely, but I am hoping to make friends in the Cozy Corner. If I don't bore anyone I shall come again:—A Keystoner.

It takes a great deal of courage to find the world livable still, and to take comfort in the little blessings that are left. Let the loneliness be a little helped in the knowledge that the friends of the Cozy Corner sympathize with you.—Editor.

A HAPPY WIFE AND MOTHER

Dear Cozy Corner: Here I come from Tennessee. I am a farmer's wife. We live on a farm of 160 acres, at the head of one of the prettiest little creeks in the country, where my geese and ducks spend much of their time. I have one of the sweetest little blue-eyed girls in the world. She is six months of age this day. She laughs while I go about my work singing. Guess she thinks I am talking to her. Maybe I have solved the problem of keeping baby girls in good humor. Anyway, it won't hurt other mothers to try. My hobby is embroidery, but with many other things to do I haven't much time to devote to it. We live three miles from Estill Springs, which is a summer resort.—Merry May Lady.

"I am a boy nearly 70 years old and have seven girls all away from home. We try to meet every Christmas, all of them that can come and have a good dinner. I have 14 grand children, seven boys and seven girls," writes "A Blade Booster from Tenn." It is the boys of 70 who have the young hearts after all and who keep the world running without so many clouds of illtemper. Write us again, some of the stories of the old days.

THE BLADE BOYS AND GIRLS

A Promised Story.

Dear Peace Page—I am going to tell the story that I promised sometime ago:

A long time ago, when the Indians dwelt on my papa's farm, two little Indian boys quarreled about a butterfly and their fathers took up the trouble and had a battle in which there were many Indians killed. They were called Tuscaroras. They were buried in a mound near the Tuscarora creek. The spot is marked today by a clump of wild plum bushes. My father helped to raise the hearthstone that belonged at the fort. The field is called today the fort field. At the present time you can find Indian stone steps down the bank to the water. This little branch belonging to the Tuscarora creek furnished the Indians with drinking water. Spruce and birch grow on this bank and the loveliest ferns and moss grow high on the precipice. In working the soil we often find arrow heads and Indian relics. Our church at Academia is called Lower Tuscarora and there is a township called Tuscarora, bordering along the creek. Creek, church and township derived their names from the Indians. There is a grove near the mound where two Sunday schools hold their annual harvesthome; it is called Indian Mound Harvesthome.—Belva Lockwood, Pennsylvania.

Good Times in Illinois.

Dear Boys and Girls of the Peace Page—Will you let me join your happy band? I have enjoyed all your letters so much that I want to be one of you. I live in a small city in the northwestern part of Illinois. It is just the right size for the young people to have jolly good times. I have a sister just a year younger than I am and we belong to the same sorority. Christmas night the Delta Pi Phi girls, that's the name of our sorority, had a party at the home of one of the members. We exchanged gifts which we had made. We had a Christmas dinner and then, when it was late enough, we went out serenading. We meet every two weeks and certainly have good times.

"Babe" of Indiana, I enjoyed your letter very much. You and I have the same hobby, but I think sometimes I like to paint almost as well as I enjoy music. And say, "Scrub," I can hardly wait to hear about your trip to Yellowstone Park, and while you are writing won't you tell us some more about the cowboys? I just love to hear them. I shall soon have to write my graduating oration. Can anyone suggest a good subject? I shall stop now for fear I shall become tiresome and I'll sign myself "Robin," of Illinois.

THE BLADE TWINS—VIVA AND VADA LILLY.

Not Late Nor Absent Once.

Dear Cousins of the Peace Page—I am a little girl from sunny Kansas, 9 years old and in the fifth grade at school. I went to school every day last year. When school was over I didn't have any absent or tardy marks against me. And my brothers didn't, either.

I have a new baby sister, and we think of calling her Elizabeth. She is the dearest black-haired little baby, and I wish you all could see her. I have often wanted to write to you when our fields were green with wheat, but instead I have written when they are white with snow. I want to tell you about our trees when they are in bloom, some other time, if you want me to.—Sunny Kansas Girl.

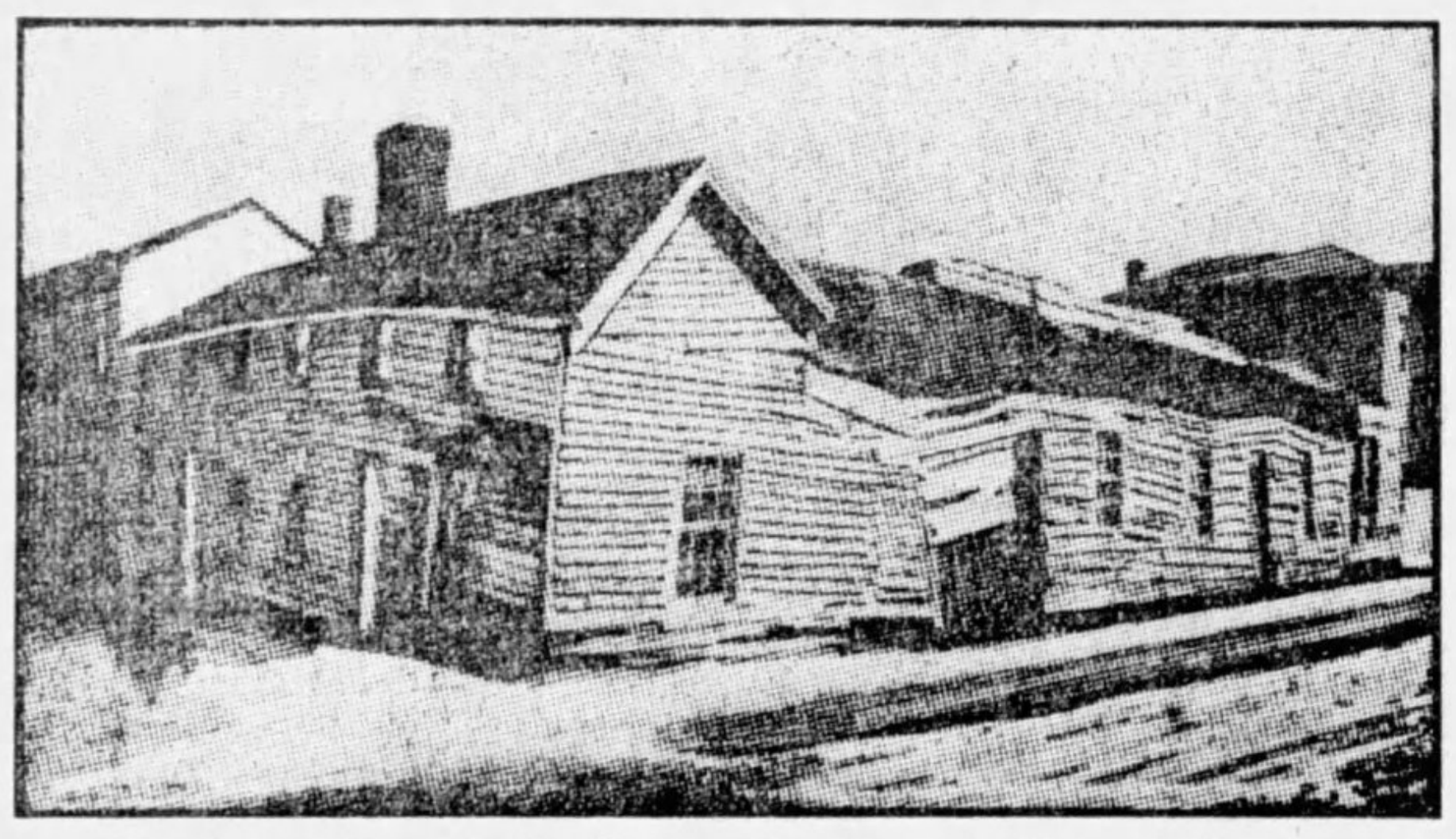
Little Girl by the Sea.

Dear Readers of The Blade—I am a girl 13 years old and I live at Corrallis, Oregon, but I am in Newport spending my vacation with my grandmother. I am having a fine time. The ocean is so rough that no ships can get over the bar. The tide hasn't been very low yet. I take a walk on the beach every day and see the big breakers come in, and watch the sea-gulls go over the water. The gulls are thick down around the docks, because they can get something to eat there. Sometimes I go down with bread to throw to them and they swoop down and get every piece as fast as it falls. If I don't tire you with this letter I shall try next time to tell you about the agates and stones you find on the beach, after the tide.—Mabel M., Corrallis, Oregon.

A Lucky Little Girl.

Dear Blade Readers—I am a girl 12 years old, and I live in the country on a farm of 160 acres in Pike county, Ohio. It is very hilly country here. I have two brothers, one 8 and the other, only a baby 3 years old. My one sister is older than I am. We raise corn and sugar-cane, tomatoes and potatoes, and in our garden we have cabbages, turnips, watermelons and canteloupes, and in the fields we raise wheat, oats, rye and buckwheat. There is a great big orchard, too, with apple, pear, peach and cherry trees in it. I like the Cozy Corner of The Blade, but I like the children's letters best of all. I wish they would write more. My pets are two little pigs, three cats, two dogs and three chickens. Just think what a list of pets to have. The oldest dog is nine years of age.—Florence H., of Ohio.

MERRY-GO-ROUND



The above picture is the first wooden house built in California. It is in Monterey, in the county of Monterey, and on the bay of Monterey. Monterey was the capital of California until 1847. This house was built sometime after the establishment of a mission at Monterey in 1770. It has endured the numerous earthquakes and is still in such good condition that families live in it.—Mrs. C. R., Calif.

TRY TO:
Do all the good you can,
To all the people you can,
In all the ways you can,
Just as long as you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

UNSELFISHNESS IS KEYNOTE

Dear Friends of the Peace Page—I have been a silent reader of the Blade for quite a while, and if you will all move a bit closer I shall have room to squeeze in for a minute's talk. Although it is a little after Christmas I feel as if I ought to tell you about mine. John and I had been married for eight years and over and we had no children in our home. A few months ago we adopted a little lady about 2 years old. I wanted her to have a happy Christmas, but somehow as the season approached I didn't have the Christmas spirit. Most of you Peace Page readers know what that is. So I slipped out to town and selected some pretty ornaments for a tree. And when I ordered my groceries I selected one of the prettiest trees I could find. And when the grocer brought the tree I hid it in the coal-house, till time for Mistress Claus to go to work. When it was time I brought the Christmas tree into the parlor and began to decorate it. And I tell you if you have never felt the Christmas spirit you will feel it then. After the work was done we all began to feel there was a real Santa Claus. And such joy as there was when the little mischief-maker woke that morning. Really, it was the first real Christmas we had known in our eight years of married life.

I will give you a little idea of what I look like, for I don't want you to think that I am as old as Methuselah. I celebrated my 23rd birthday on December 14th. I have one of the best Johns in all the world and I think now our home is complete. I love children and I always have a number of children visiting me. I play school with them, and sometimes I make taffy for them. As my letter is getting too long I shall stop.—Bridget, of Pennsylvania.

A PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

Dear Friends—Every week I feel that I should say something to the Blade readers of this page. I read it constantly and I feel that everyone should, for it brings nothing but good to anyone. The word Peace Page is worthy of deep thought and much comment, were we allowed the space. It stands for so much that we ought to try to live up to. The letters every week make me realize more and more that life is what we make it. We all derive different impressions from the world. To some the earth appears only as a collection of blind, obdurate, inexorable elements and powers. They look upon the mountains that stand fast forever and on the seas. Everything is fixed and solid. But the mind spreads its own hue over all these scenes. The cheerful man makes a cheerful world and the sorrowful man makes a sad world. Every mind makes its world. Does it not seem as if a portion of divinity were imparted to it to create the scene around it? Its power in fact scarcely falls short of the theory of those philosophers who have supposed that the world had no existence at all but in our own minds. In regard to human life it seems to many, unconscious as they are of the mental and moral powers which control it, as if it were made up of fixed conditions and of immense and impassable distinctions. But upon all conditions there is one impartial law. To all situations and to all fortunes the mind gives their character. They are not what they are in themselves, but what they are in the feelings of their possessors.

The eyes of the cheerful and the melancholy man are fixed on the same world, but to the one it is all beauty and gladness and life rejoices on every bright wave and every shining bough shaken in the wind. The other man sees a world with a pall upon it. He sees a great train of seasons passing before him, but he sighs and turns away and he wonders at the sentimental rhapsodies lavished upon a world so miserable. Here then are two different worlds in which these two classes of beings live, and they are formed out of the very same scene, only by different states of mind.

I am thinking a great deal more could be said on this subject, but being a thinker and not a very good writer, I will close as I may be taking too much time and space. Good wishes to all.—E. J. S., Colorado.

A CREED FOR THE NEW YEAR

Dear Friends—I noticed that my letter to the Peace Page (that I wrote some time ago) was printed and that has encouraged me to write again. I think that I shall enjoy writing to my new friends very much. We can help each other to make this new year before us the happiest and most profitable we have ever spent. We have the power in us to make our lives very profitable, not only to ourselves but to those around us. We should improve every opportunity to help others and in so doing we will receive many blessings. Instead of courting the friendship of proud and popular people, the fashionable people, we should rather be kind to the humble and unpopular ones. Any popular person who slights someone in humble circumstances is not the kind of a friend that I want. It is my motto to take the part of the weaker ones. There was a time in my life when I was almost entirely without friends. But I kept on trying to live right and to be kind to everyone and I now have many friends. Not the careless, hard-hearted fashionable people, but those who are kind and Christ-like. I value their friendship ten times more than the people of the other sort. If we live good, true lives we will gain good, true friends. We may have to wait for some time before we get them, but they will be our friends finally.

It pays to do right. Sometimes it is hard but it is the only road to real success. In all of the history of the world there is no life that has been a complete success unless it was prompted by righteous motives. I want people to say to me, not that I acquired great wealth and fame, but that my life was a beautiful example of gentleness and truth.—Your Buckeye Friend.

THINKS THE COUNTRY BEST

Dear M. G. R.'s—Will you admit a stranger just a few moments? I am a country girl and help in the fields with my father and in the house with my mother. I have no brothers nor sisters but I keep so busy that I do not get lonely. I have seen one letter from this part of Ohio and I know who wrote it but it was the only one I have known. My hobbies are music and flowers and those two absorb all the time and thought I can devote to hobbies. I agree with Ernest Meadows about country life. I have been simply wild to live in the city and have all the city life; but when I once did get a chance to go and I lived in a town, I was just as desperately eager for home and longed for it all the time. Regards to you all.—Peach from Ohio.

"A BUMTOWN GIRL"

Dear M. G. R.'s—How is the health today? Mine was never better than at the present time. I am enjoying what I call real life What is everyone doing nowadays? I have been a silent reader of The Blade for some time, but have never written before. I am a Bumtown girl and am proud of it. Don't think because this place is called Bumtown that the people "bum" around. The majority of the people are very industrious. Of the good we are justly proud. Of the bad we say nothing. You must excuse me if my letter is not very interesting, for this is my first attempt. And I am bashful, too. I suppose I had better describe myself. I am five feet four inches tall; have brown hair and blue eyes; am 18 summers old and have had fun and trouble enough to be 50. I am usually good-natured when I am not cranky.

Everything on the Peace Page is fine. I especially enjoy reading the letters from all parts of the globe, as I learn something new in nearly every one. I love nature and would make a careful study of the work of nature had I the opportunity. Anyone out in the country will never get lonesome if they look at nature as I do, where her magnificent products abound on all sides. I think the hills of West Virginia with their splendor and beauty afford a climate that the most exacting person should enjoy. But perhaps everyone thinks his own state the best of all.

As this is my first letter I will not make it too long, for I don't want to wear out my welcome. Trusting that some of you will enjoy my letter I will sign myself—M. C., of Clay County, W. Va.

STORY OF A POEM

Editor Blade—A letter from Litchfield, Michigan, informs me of the recent publication in your columns of my father's poem, Whistling in Heaven, attributed to the wrong author. The poem was published in the Editor's Drawer of Harper's Magazine in June, 1877. The incident described occurred in Litchfield in pioneer days. There are people now living there who recall the quaint saying of Mrs. Blair, that unless she could hear a boy's whistling in heaven the music would not be complete. Alexander Stuart, the young hero of the story, was my mother's brother.

There is an added interest in the fact that my father had never heard the story until one night my mother began talking of it in her sleep, and in response to his questioning related the entire tale. A short time afterwards he read the poem to her and she corroborated the incidents, but had no idea where he had learned of them until he told her she herself had made them known to him a few nights before. The poem has been copied in many publications, sometimes anonymously. My father's name was Walter Scott Ralph. He was a clergyman of the Universalist denomination and died at Osage, Iowa, in 1907.—Agnes Clarissa Ralph, California.

A Paragraph or Two

Mr. Roosevelt's mail now averages five hundred letters a day. It seems to be human nature to try to tell prominent men things.

A Michigan man has invented a "back scratcher." However, people who cling to tradition will not desert their old friend, the door jamb.

One paper suggests that Dr. Wiley look into pumpkin pie. Once more let us herald the information that pumpkin pie, made of squash, is above suspicion.

When bloodhounds lose a trail they are as useless as men who bark up the wrong tree.

Thirteen children born in three years to one Oklahoma couple is a record, though not as spectacular as winning the world's series or making an altitude flight.

We can't understand why Indiana should boast because she has discovered a cave bigger than the Mammoth. One can think of a thousand things a cave is not good for.

"Queen Victoria has been photographed darning Alfonso's socks." And she with so many children at her knee. One is inclined to think that a monarchy like Spain could afford to support a Sock Darner to the King.

"'Back to the farm,'" says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, "will make a stronger appeal when every farm has its automatic cow-milking machine." Don't know about that. Milking time is a bewitching hour on the farm, except in the fly season; then it is a beswitching hour.

Hope whispers that the new waists are to be hooked where the women can do the hooking herself. Man never is but always to be blessed.

OUR COOK BOOK

By BLADE HOUSEKEEPERS

Dutch Apple Cake.

Two cups of flour, four level teaspoons of baking powder, one-half teaspoon of salt, and one-third cup of sugar. Sift these together and then add one beaten egg, one cup of sweet milk and four tablespoons of melted butter. Mix this and spread in a pan putting slices of apples over the top and sprinkling with sugar and flour, butter and pepper with a sprig cinnamon.—Mrs. G. E. S., Colorado Springs.

Boston Brown Bread.

Here is something different from the many cake recipes that have been published. For Boston brown bread take one pint of sweet milk, one-half cup of molasses with one-half cup of water, one-half teaspoon of soda, a pinch of salt, one tablespoon of melted butter and three cups of Graham flour. Make a batter of this, place in well greased baking powder cans and boil in a kettle for two hours.—Mrs. Armstrong of South Dakota.

Split Pea Soup.

One pint of split peas, four quarts of water, one-half pound of salt pork, one large onion, two tablespoons of celery, and one tablespoon each of flour, butter and pepper witha sprig of parsley.

After picking the peas over so as to get rid of the bad ones wash the rest and allow them to remain in water over night. In the morning put the peas in a soup pot with fresh cold water and salt pork. Allow the soup to simmer gently for seven hours, making sure that it does not burn. When it has cooked six hours add the seasoning, stirring with a large wooden spoon. When done it should be thin enough to pour. By boiling it may become too thick; if so, add boiling water. When thoroughly cooked, the soup is smooth and rather mealy. If not cooked enough, after standing a few minutes the thick part will settle, and the top look watery. At the end of seven hours strain the soup through a sieve and return to a soup pot. Beat the flour and butter together until creamy, then stir into the soup and simmer half an hour longer. If the salt pork has not seasoned the soup sufficiently add a little salt. For some tastes the soup would be improved by the addition of a quart of hot milk.—Mr. S. W., Oriole, Ind.

Butterscotch Pie.

Mrs. Killgore of Virginia wants The Blade housekeepers to try this recipe for butterscotch pie: Bake a crust for pie. Mix together one cup of brown sugar, one tablespoon of butter, the yolk of one egg, and two tablespoons of flour. Stir this in one-half pint of milk. Cook until thick, then add flavoring and put into pie crust. Beat the white of one egg, adding two teaspoons of white sugar. Spread this over the top of the pie and let brown delicately.

Bread Pudding.

Butter a quart basin, an enameled one is best, and in it beat one egg. Put in one pint of cold water, one cup of sugar, a little nutmeg, a pinch of good cinnamon, and a pinch of salt. Butter two slices of bread, cut in small squares, and put in with the rest. Then nearly fill the basin with warm water and stir the contents well. Sprinkle a few spices on top and place at once in a hot oven, baking until brown. One-half a cup of raisins will improve the pudding. Two yolks of eggs may be used, and the whites well beaten with half a cup of sugar and a little vanilla makes an excellent iceing. Brown slightly. A layer of jelly under the iceing improves it.

This recipe will make a bread pudding that will be juicy with a rich brown top and not the customary dry pasty kind.—Marietta of Ohio.

POETS' CORNER

SILVER THREADS AMONG THE GOLD

By Eben C. Rexford.

Darling, I am growing old,
Silver threads among the gold,
Shine upon my brow today,
Life is fading fast away;
But, my darling, you will be,
Always young and fair to me,
Yes, my darling, you will be
Always young and fair to me.

Chorus.
Darling, I am growing old,
Silver threads among the gold,
Shine upon my brow today,
Life is fading fast away.

When your hair is silver white,
And your cheeks no longer bright
With the roses of the May,
I will kiss your lips, and say:
Oh! my darling, mine alone,
You have never older grown;
Yes, my darling, mine alone,
You have never older grown.

Love can never more grow old,
Locks may lose their brown and gold,
Cheeks may fade and hollow grow;
But the hearts that love will know
Never winter's frost and chill,
Summer warmth is in them still.
Never winter's frost and chill,
Summer warmth is in them still.

Love is always young and fair,
What to us is silver hair,
Faded cheeks or steps grown slow,
To the hearts that beat below,
Since I kissed you, mine alone,
You have never older grown,
Since I kised you, mine alone,
You have never older grown.

KATIE LEE AND WILLIE GRAY

Author Unknown.

Two brown heads with tossing curls,
Red lips shutting over pearls,
Bare feet white and wet with dew,
Two eyes black and two eyes blue;
Little boy and girl were they—
Katie Lee and Willie Gray.

They were standing where a brook,
Bending like a shepherd's crook,
Flashed its silver, and thick ranks
Of green willows lined its banks;
Half in tho't and half in play—
Katie Lee and Willie Gray.

They had cheeks like cherries red,
He was taller—most a head;—
She with arms like wreaths of snow,
Swung a basket to and fro,
As she loitered half in play,
Chattering to Willie Gray.

Pretty Katie Willie said—
And there came a dash of red
Through the brownness of his cheek;
Boys are strong and girls are weak,
And I'll carry, so I will,
Katie's basket up the hill.

But she answered with a laugh,
You shall carry only half.
And then, tossing back her curls,
Boys are weak as well as girls;
Do you think that Katie guessed
Half the wisdom she expressed?

Men are only boys grown tall
Hearts don't change much, after all,
And when long years from that day,
Katie Lee and Willie Gray
Stood again beside the brook,
Bending like a shepherd's crook.

Is it strange that Willie said—
While again a dash of red
Crossed the brownness of his cheek—
I am strong and you are weak;
Life is but a slippery steep,
Hung with shadows cold and deep.

Will you trust me Katie dear,
Walk beside me without fear?
May I carry, if I will,
All your burdens up the hill?
And she answered, with a laugh—
No, but you may carry half!

Close beside the little brook,
Bending like a shepherd's crook,
Washing with its silver hands,
Late and early at the sands,
Is a cottage where today
Katie lives with Willie Gray.

On the porch she sits, and lo!
Swings a basket to and fro,
Vastly different from the one
That she swung in years agone:
This is long—and deep—and wide—
And has—rockers at the side.

TWILIGHT IS STEALING

Author Unknown.

Twilight is stealing over the sea,
Shadows are falling dark on the lea,
Borne on the night wind, voices of yore
Come from that far off shore.

CHORUS.
Far away, beyond the star-lit sky,
Where the love-light never, never dies,
Gleameth a mansion filled with delight,
Sweet, happy home so bright.

Voices of loved ones, songs of the past,
Still linger around me, while they shall last,
Lonely I wander, sadly I roam,
Seeking that far-off home.

Come in the twilight, come, come to me,
Bringing some message over the sea,
Cheering my pathway while here I roam,
Come from that far-off home.

THE PRIDE OF BATTERY B

Author Unknown.

South Mountain towered upon our right, far off the river lay,
And over on the wooded height we held their lines at bay.
At last the muttering guns were still; the day died slow and wan;
At last the gunners' pipes did fill, the sergeant's yarns began;
When, as the wind a moment blew aside the fragrant flood
Our brierwoods raised, within our view a little maiden stood,
A tiny tot of six or seven, from fireside fresh she seemed,
(Of such a little one in heaven one soldier often dreamed).
And as we stared, one little hand went to her curly head
In grave salute. "And who are you?" at length the sergeant said,
"And where's your home?" he growled again. She lisped out, "Who is me?
Why, don't you know? I'm little Jane, the pride of Battery B.
My home? Why that was burned away, and pa and ma are dead,
And so I ride the guns all day along with Sergeant Ned,
And I've a drum that's not a toy, a cap with feathers too,
And I march beside the drummer boy on Sundays at review.
But now our 'bacca's all give out, the men can't have their smoke
And so they're cross; why even Ned won't play with me and joke.
And the big colonel said today—I hate to hear him swear—
He'd give a leg for a good pipe like the Yanks had over there.
And so I thought when beat the drum, and the big guns were still,
I'd creep beneath the tent and come out here across the hill,
And beg, good Mister Yankee men, you'd give me some Lone Jack;
Please do! When we get some again I'll surely bring it back.
Indeed I will, for Ned, says he, if I do what I say,
I'll be a general yet, maybe, and ride a prancing bay."
We brimmed her tiny apron o'er. You should have heard her laugh,
As each man from his scanty store shook out a generous half.
To kiss the little mouth stooped down a score of grimy men,
Until the sergeant's husky voice said, "'Tention' squad," and then
We gave her escort, till good night the pretty waif we bid,
And watched her toddle out of sight—or else 'twas tears that hid
Her tiny form—nor turned about a man, nor spoke a word,
Till after awhile, a far hoarse shout upon the wind we heard.
We sent it back and cast sad eyes upon the scene around,
A baby's hand had touched the tie that brothers once had bound.
That's all; save when the dawn awoke again the work of hell,
And through the sullen clouds of smoke the screaming missiles fell,
Our general often rubbed his glass and marveled much to see
Not a single shell that whole day fell in the camp of Battery B.

SWEET LETTER FROM HOME

(Author Unknown.)

My heart dawns with light, and is beaming with joy;
My thoughts are now happy and free,
Good news I've received from that cottage so dear,
My home far away o'er the sea.
Dear friends of my youth wish remembered to be,
They're well, and they wait me to come;
Their blessings and love they have all sent to me,
In that sweet little letter from home.

Though distant from loved ones, in climes far away,
It should be my lot long to roam,
Kind thoughts will go back o'er the wild bounding wave
To many sweet faces at home.
I know they are waiting and looking for me,
All anxious that back I should come;
So I'll tell them tonight when that day it shall be,
As I answer their letter from home.

My heart now is happy, and brightly doth burn,
My grief and my sorrow are gone,
There's nothing to cheer a lone heart that is sad
So much as a letter from home.
They say that they ever are thinking of me,
And praying that soon I will come,
I'll tell them tonight, when the answer I write,
That the absent one's coming back home.

THE BASKETMAKER'S CHILD

Author Unknown.

Where the green willows swayed by the brook,
And the sweet waters danced and smiled,
In a cottage nestled in a quiet nook,
Dwelt the basket-maker's child.
'Twas the holy Sabbath eve,
The stars twinkled bright in the sky,
The hills re-echoed the night birds' song,
When they told me she must die.

Chorus:
The green willows waved by the brook,
The stars glittered bright in the sky,
The wind's low moan, the dry leaves shook,
On that stilly night by the murmuring brook,
When they told me she must die.

"Oh, weep not for me," she said,
"Tho' the death damp has dimm'd my eye,
My Saviour's hand is beneath my head,
I do not fear to die.
I go to my happy home,
My earth work is almost done,
And I hear my blessed Saviour's words,
Let little children come."

"Let me rest beside the brook,
Where the sweet waters flow so mild,
And carve on the tree where I used to play,
The Basket-Maker's Child."
Where the green willows wave by the brook,
And the sweet waters played and smiled,
We have laid her to rest and carved on the oak—
"The Basket-Maker's Child."

POEMS REQUESTED

An old school song published about 1880 is desired. The opening line "Listen to the distant music of the bells sublime," and a part of the chorus, "Of the green hedge, the hillside flowers; Of rosy cheeks and sunny hours, much of the past your music tells," will give some clue.

Blade readers desire these poems: "Phantom Footsteps," opening with the line, "Phantom footsteps just behind me, patter on the green;" the poem, "Little Pilgrim," and the song with the opening words, "Going down to the grave with no hope in thy heart."

The words of the following song are desired, "There's a New Way to Woo, I Am Told."

A poem containing the following lines is wanted, "We are the school that's gay and happy, In our places always found, When the bells ring out their welcome, 'Tis to me a merry sound."

There is a poem in which these words occur: "Two little kittens one stormy night began to quarrel and then to fight." If anyone remembers the entire poem he is requested to send it in.

"JUST NATURALLY" GOING TO HAVE A WAR HERE IN 1930

New York, Jan. 10.—In spite of the movement for universal peace the United States probably will find itself engaged in another war about 1930, according to Prof. Brander Matthews, head of the department of dramatic literature at Columbia. Prof. Matthews is an ardent supporter of the arbitration movement and he declares his influence in its behalf, but he says the law of a succession of events will count more than all of the arbitration movements put together and for that reason believes the country naturally will find itself at war at the time he predicts.

Prof. Matthews believes that if such a war occurs the United States is apt to be in the wrong. "With the rapid increase in wealth and population," he says, "our nation is likely to take the part of the bully. The people, in recognition of their strength, may display a public opinion in favor of war, and unless the work of the arbitrators is effective unnecessary slaughter will result."

SPANKED WIFE WITH A STRAP

Hoosier Thought He Could Do That in Free Country.

Hammond, Ind., Jan. 11.—Charles Bulouis began a jail sentence of 100 days here today for spanking his 16-year-old wife with a strap. Bulouis told Judge Green, who sentenced him, that he thought this was a free country and he believed he had a right to spank his wife if he wanted to.

TO ABOLISH COTTON EXCHANGE

Jackson, Miss., Jan. 12.—A resolution urging the Mississippi congressional delegation to work for a law abolishing the New York cotton exchange was passed by the state senate late yesterday.

STEM WIND SET WATCH RING & CHAIN FREE FOR SELLING POST CARDS. We positively give FREE a STEM WIND, STEM SET, BEAUTIFULLY ENGRAVED, Plated WATCH, equal in appearance to Solid Gold Watch, American made, guaranteed 5 years, and a beautiful Ring set with an Im. Diamond, for selling only 20 packages of beautiful high grade art post cards at 10c a package. Order 20 packages, and when sold, send us $2, and we will positively send you the Watch, Ring & Chain. WILLARD WATCH CO., Dept 180 Chicago

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A Miniuature Railway.

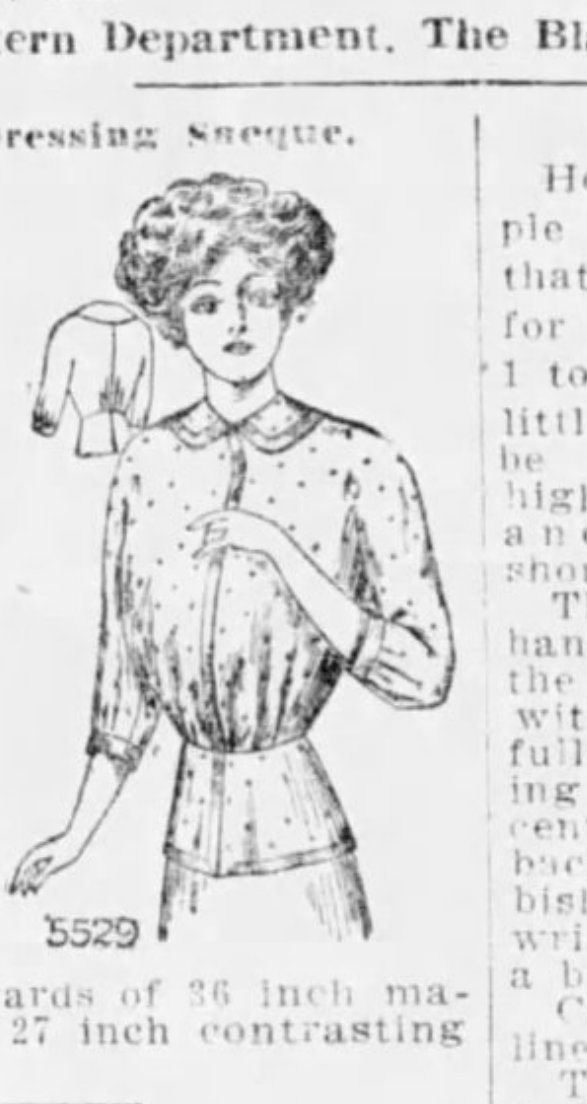
Eaton, where the Duke of Westminster has been entertaining King Alfonso, possesses one of the most wonderful toy railways in the world. It was built in 1896 by the grandfather of the present duke, under the superintendence of Sir Arthur Haywood, for the purpose of carrying coal and other supplies in Eaton hall from the Great Western station, four miles away; but it is now used as a passenger line for conveying the duke's guests from one part of the estate to another. The gauge is only 15 inches, and the rolling stock, comprising two engines and a half hundred trolleys, wagons and passenger coaches, is constructed on a proportionate scale. The initial cost of the railway was £6,000, and it is said to be worked at a weekly expense of £5. King Edward traveled many times on this Eaton railway.

BLADE PATTERNS---LATEST FASHIONS

The Blade will supply its readers with patterns of these designs at the rate of 10 cents for each pattern. The patterns are perfect fitting. All seams allowed. Full directions for making. In ordering give size, number, age, etc.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

5529—Ladies' Dressing Sacque.

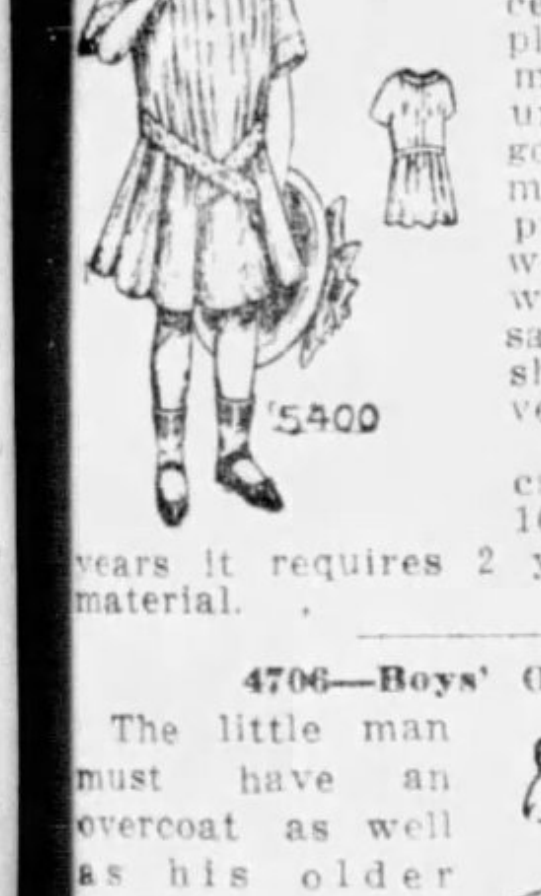


This charming dressing sacque is one of the very newest models, and sure to be popular. The sleeves are of the ¾ length and a circular peplum finishes the lower edge of the sacque.

This sacque may be made of any of the crepe materials.

The pattern is cut in sizes 32 to 44 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 2½ yards of 36 inch material; ¾ yard of 27 inch contrasting goods.

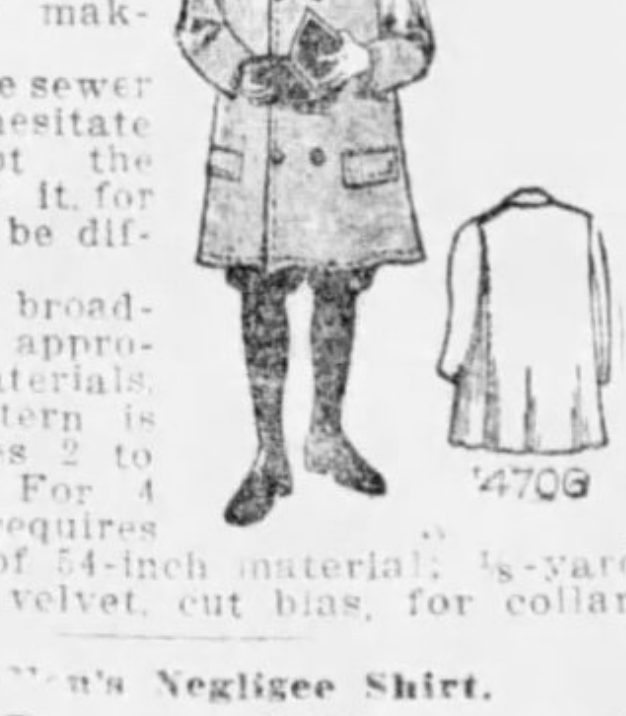
5400—Simple Dress to Make.



Another of the popular one-piece dresses. This one is daintily tucked both front and back and is made to close at the center back. Any plain color wash material with figured contrasting goods to trim, makes a very pretty dress. Dark woolen materials with bands of satin in the same shade are also very pretty.

The pattern is cut in sizes 4 to 10 years. For 8 years it requires 2 yards of 36-inch material.

4706—Boys' Overcoat.



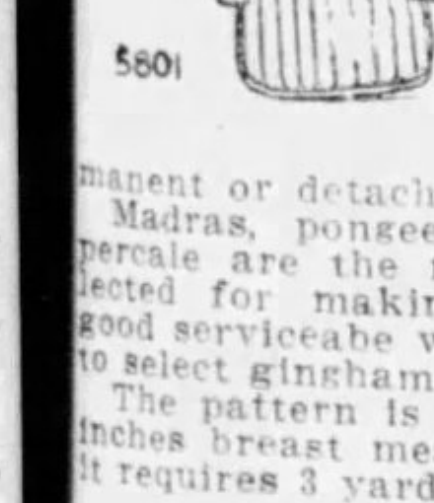
The little man must have an overcoat as well as his older brother and here is an excellent design for making one.

The home sewer need not hesitate to attempt the making of it, for it will not be difficult.

Serge and broadcloth are appropriate materials.

The pattern is cut in sizes 2 to 8 years. For 4 years it requires 1⅝ yards of 54-inch material; ⅛-yard of 20-inch velvet, cut bias, for collar.

5801—Men's Negligee Shirt.

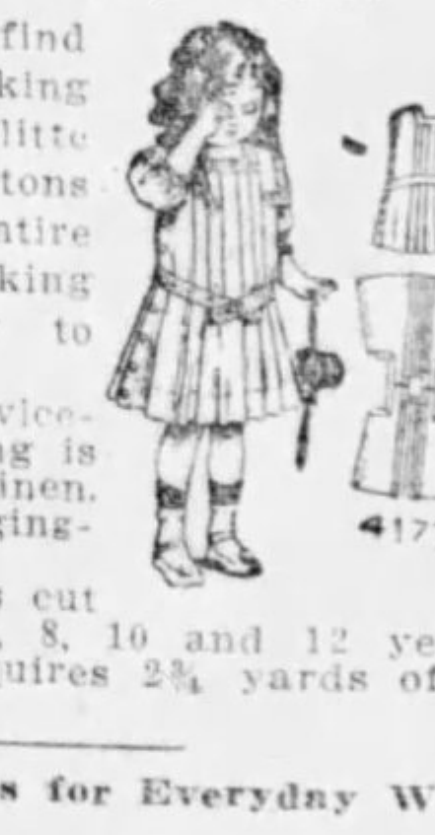


With a good fitting pattern, nothing could be more simple to make than the negligee shirt. The model illustrated above is made with detachable collars and with cuffs that may be permanent or detachable.

Madras, pongee, silk, gingham and percale are the materials usually selected for making shirts, but for a good serviceabe wear it would be wise to select gingham or percale.

The pattern is cut in sizes 32 to 50 inches breast measure. For 36 breast it requires 3 yards of 36-inch material.

4177—The Envelope Dress.

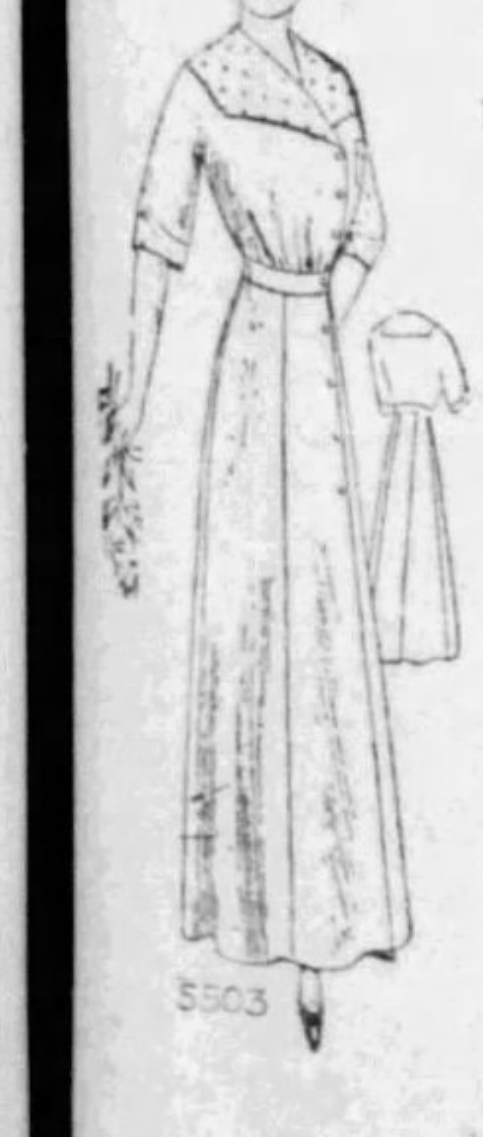


Everyone will find pleasure in making this simple litte dress. It buttons each side the entire length, thus making the dress easy to launder.

For a good serviceabe frock nothing is better than linen, chambray or gingham.

The pattern is cut in sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Medium size requires 2¾ yards of 36 inch material.

5503—Good Dress for Everyday Wear.

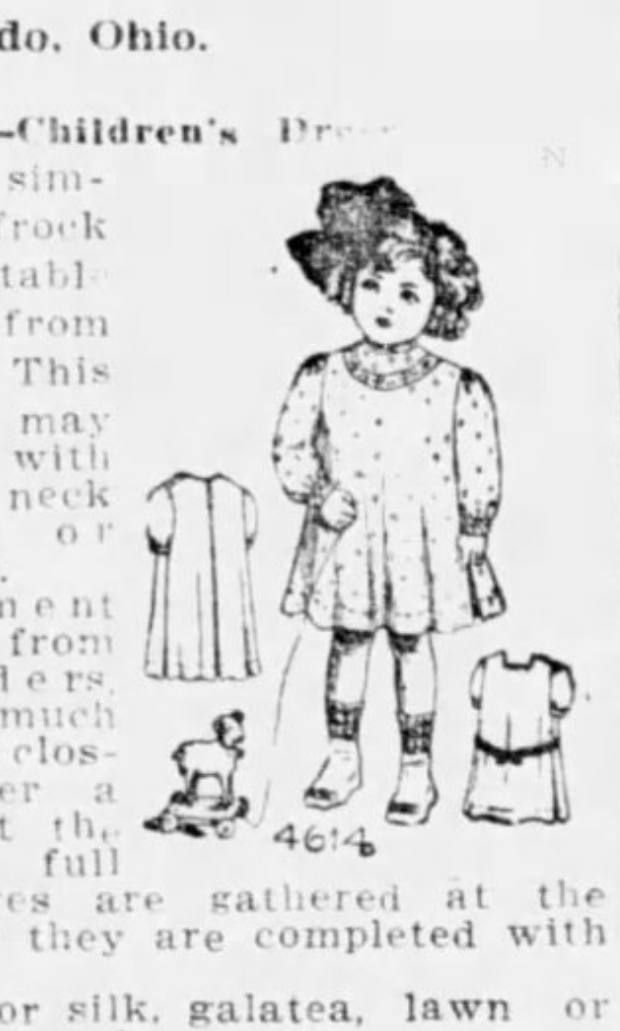


This dress is sure to be a favorite. It is simple in outline and yet has a certain amount of style that fascinates.

It can be made of serge, cheviot, challis or cashmere.

The pattern is cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 5⅝ yards of 36 in. material.

4614—Children's Dress.



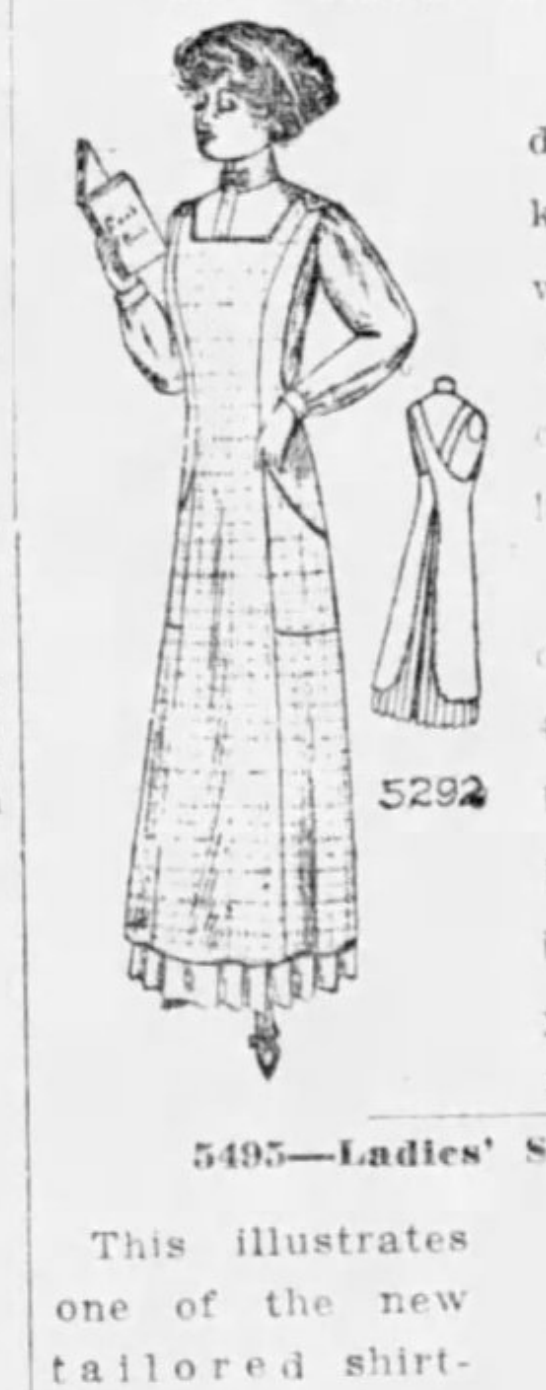
Here is a simple little frock that is suitable for the child from 1 to 5 years. This little dress may be made with high or low neck and long or short sleeves.

The garment hangs plain from the shoulders, with not too much fullness. The closing is under a center plait at the back. The full bishop sleeves are gathered at the wrist, where they are completed with a band cuff.

Cashmere or silk, galatea, lawn or linen may be used.

The pattern (4614) is cut in sizes 1, 3 and 5 years. The 3-year size requires two yards of 36-inch material.

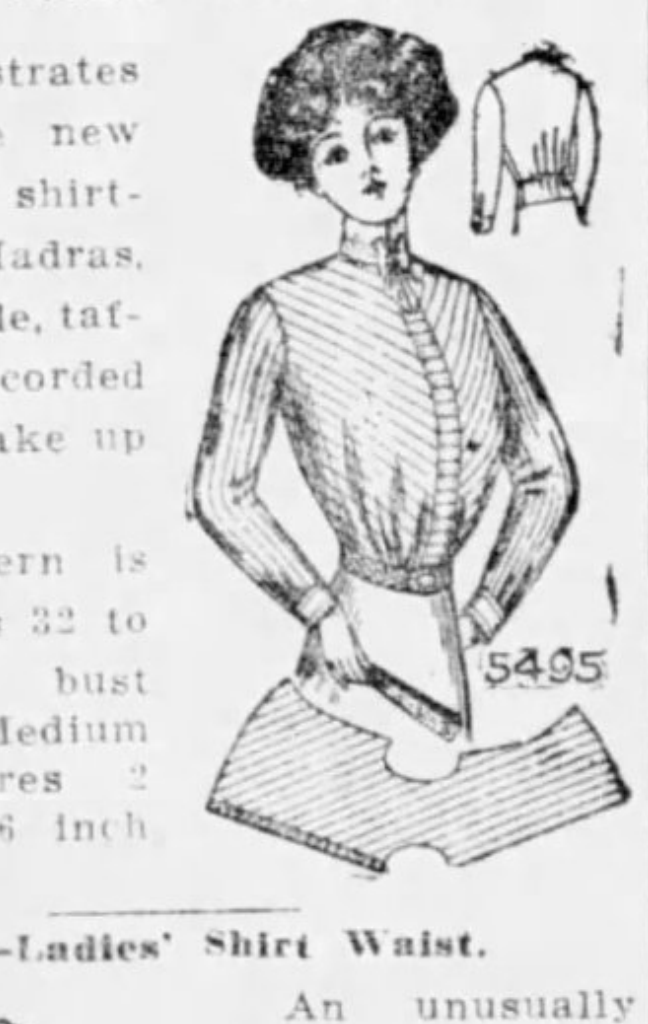
5292—Ladies' Work Apron



This is a splendid apron for kitchen or studio wear. It can be made of striped or checked ginghams.

The pattern is cut in sizes 32, 36, 40 and 44 inches, bust measure. For medium size it requires 4¾ yards of 27-inch material.

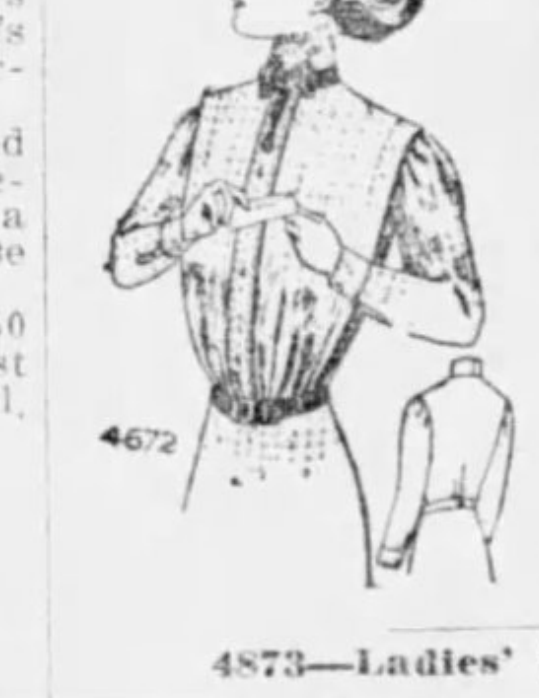
5495—Ladies' Shirt Waist.



This illustrates one of the new tailored shirtwaists. Madras, linen, percale, taffeta and corded silk will make up nicely.

The pattern is cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 2 yards of 36 inch material.

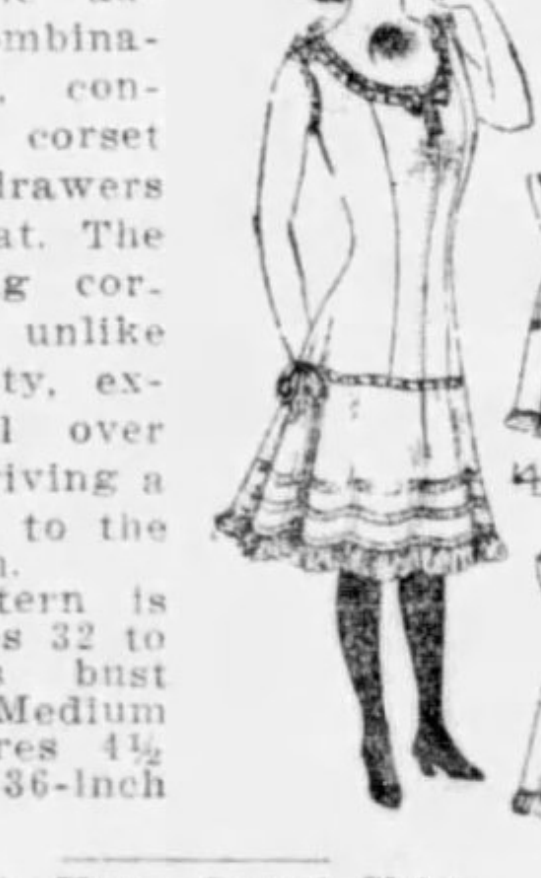
4672—Ladies' Shirt Waist.



An unusually smart shirtwaist is pictured above. It is just the style waist for the business woman and should be worn with one of the up-to-date skirts.

The pattern is cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 2¾ yards of 36 inch material.

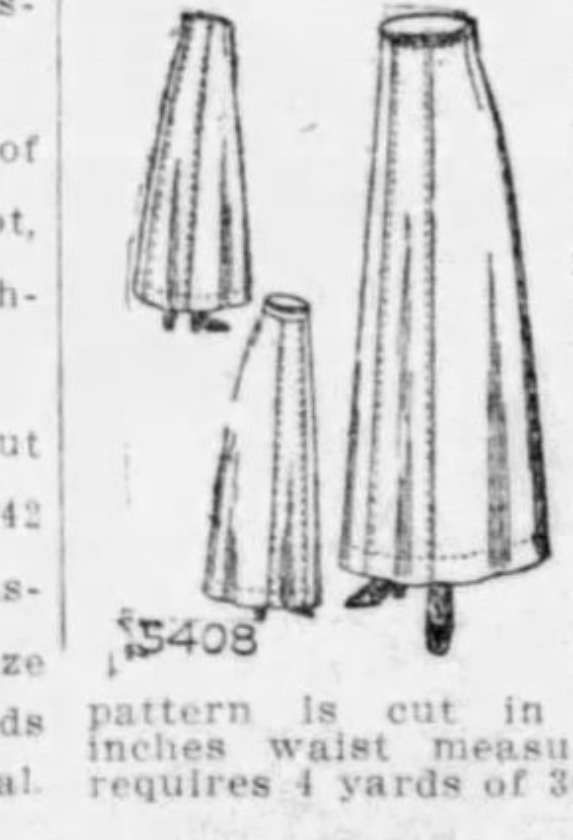
4873—Ladies' Combination.



In this illustration we have one of the advance combination suits, consisting of corset cover, drawers and petticoat. The tight-fitting corset cover, unlike the majority, extends well over the hips, giving a perfect fit to the outer gown.

The pattern is cut in sizes 32 to 44 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 4½ yards of 36-inch material.

5408—Four Gored Skirt.



This stylish skirt with panel front and back cannot fail to please. Darts at the sides fit it snugly over the hips. It has the slightly raised waistline, but if this si not desired, the skirt provides for cutting off for regular waistline. materials can be used for making this skirt. The pattern is cut in sizes 22 to 30 inches waist measure. Medium size requires 4 yards of 36 inch material.

FREES BURNS OF KIDNAP CHARGE

Judge Holds Removal of McNamara From Indiana Was Not an Offense.

Indianapolis, Ind., Jan. 11.—Detective W. J. Burns was not guilty of the crime of kidnaping when he captured John J. McNamara here and took him to California last April. Federal Judge A. B. Anderson indicated today that such would be his ruling. The judge said the case against Burns was without merit.

Argument on the charge that the convicted dynamiter was kidnaped by Burns, when he was arrested here April 22, was begun today. The action came up on Detective Burns' petition in a habeas corpus proceedings for permanent release from an indictment by the Marion county grand jury, charging him with kidnaping.

W. A. Ketcham, former attorney general of Indiana, counsel for Burns, described how the detective and James Hosick, representing the Los Angeles authorities, captured McNamara, presented him before a police court for identification, and then took him to California.

Attorney Ketcham contended all the requirements of the federal laws regulating extradition were complied with, and said the indictment against Burns was based on provisions of the Indiana law which imposed restrictions not contemplated by the federal statutes.

Judge Anderson's formal decision as to the permanent release of Burns is to be announced later. Burns was unable to appear on account of having been delayed on a train.

Sees Signal Service.

Because Burns was delayed on a train and could not reach Indianapolis until 4 p. m. today Judge Anderson withheld the formal record of his decision until that time. He stated to the attorneys, however, that the fact alone that McNamara had pleaded guilty in California wiped away any faults, if there were any, as to the manner in which the dynamiter had been taken out of the state. He said he did not wish to be understood as holding that Burns violated any regulations whatever in taking McNamara.

Judge Anderson described Burns as "... man who has done signal service for his country," and said it was improper that an indictment and a threat of having to go to the penitentiary should stand against him.

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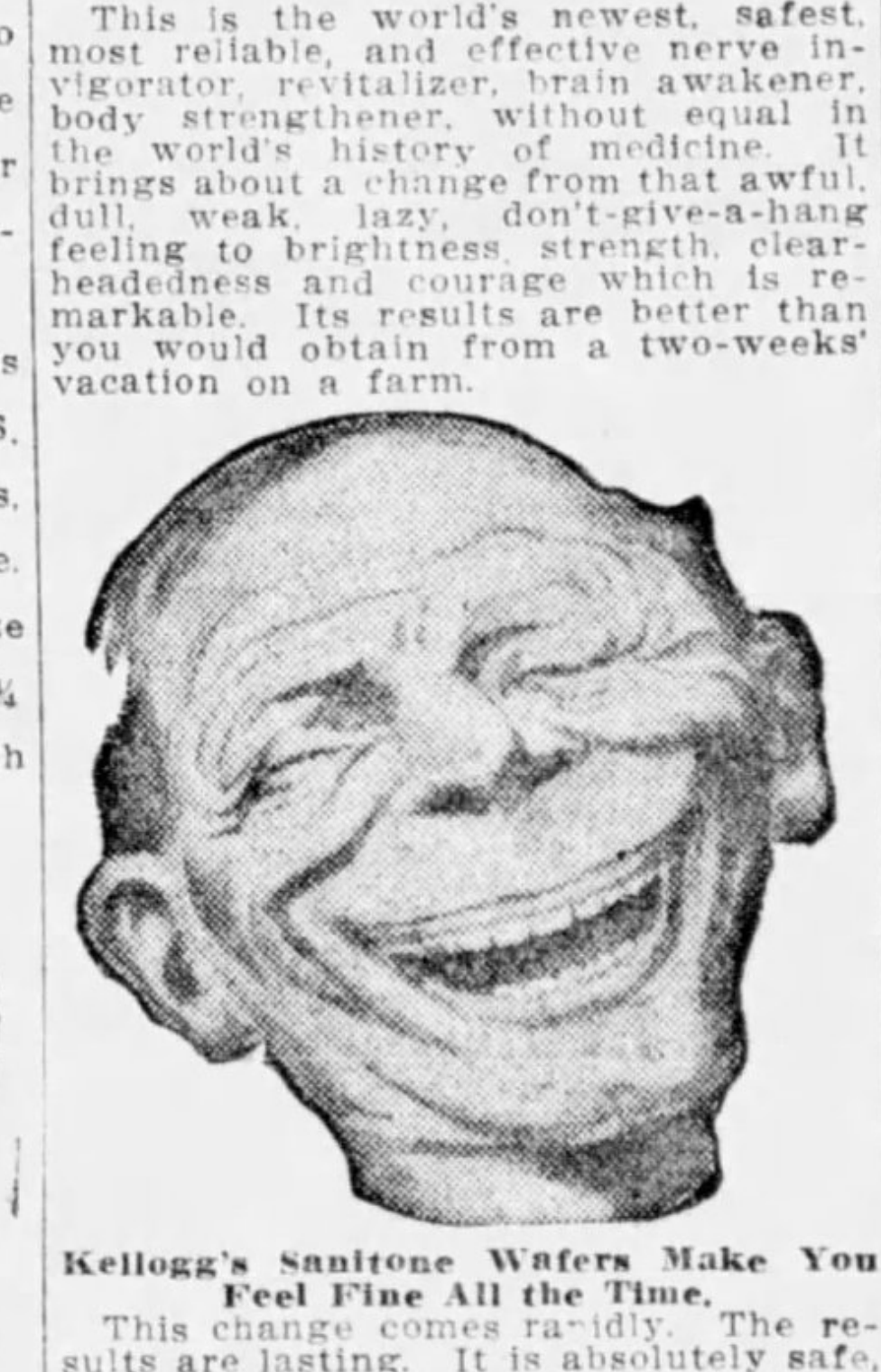

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Prove the results of this great discovery for nerves, FREE. It speaks for itself. A 50c trial package of this great nerve awakener will be sent free in sealed wrapper, by return mail to every man or woman who sends his or her name and address, as instructed below. Do it today. A revelation is in store for you.

FOR MEN.—Nerve force gone! You are what your nerves are, nothing else. If you feel all run-down from overwork or other causes, if you suffer from insomnia, "caved-in" feeling, brain fag, extreme nervousness, peevishness, gloominess, worry, cloudy brain, loss of ambition, energy and vitality, loss of weight and digestion, constipation, headaches, neuralgia, or the debilitating effects of tobacco or drink, send for the free trial package of Kellogg's Sanitone Wafers.

FOR WOMEN.—If you suffer from nervous breakdown, extreme nervousness, "blue" spells, desire to cry, worry, neuralgia, back pains, loss of weight, or appetite, sleeplessness, headaches, and constipation, and are all out-of-sorts, Kellogg's Sanitone Wafers will make you feel that there is more to life than you ever realized before. Send today for the free trial package.

No more need of dieting, diversion, travel, tiresome exercises, dangerous drugs, electricity, massage, or anything else—Kellogg's Sanitone Wafers do the work for each and all, give you nerve-force and make you love to live.

A 50c trial package of this great discovery will prove that they do the work. They are guaranteed — every Wafer. Send your name and address today for the free 50c trial package of Kellogg's Sanitone Wafers, to F. J. Kellogg Co., Hoffmaster Block, Battle Creek, Michigan, in the city of peace, happiness and health.

FREE PACKAGE COUPON.

F. J. KELLOGG CO.,
484 Hoffmaster Block,
Battle Creek, Mich.

Send me by return mail, free of charge, a 50c trial package of the wonderful discovery for nerves, Kellogg's Sanitone Wafers. I enclose 6 cents in stamps to help pay postage and packing.

Name ....
Street ....
City ....

CRIMINAL NEGLECT OF SKIN AND HAIR

Cuticura soap and ointment do so much for poor complexions, red, rough hands, and dry, thin and falling hair, and cost so little that it is almost criminal not to use them. Think of the suffering entailed by neglected skin troubles—mental because of disfiguration—physical because of pain. Think of the pleasure of a clear skin, soft white hands and good hair. These blessings are often only a matter of a little thoughtful, timely care, viz:—warm baths with Cuticura soap, assisted when necessary by anointings with Cuticura ointment. Sold by druggists and dealers everywhere. A liberal sample of each, with 32-p. book on the skin, free on application to "Cuticura," Dept. 16N, Boston.

ROCK-A-BY BABY IS UNDER BAN

Chicago Nurses Admonish School Girls to Stop It.

Chicago, Jan. 13.—City nurses who took charge of the "little mothers' classes" in 32 public schools in Chicago yesterday decreed that the "Rock-a-By stuff" must be barred in the care of infants.

"Even if baby does gurgle with delight, don't excite it," said the nurses in a uniform lecture all over the city.

"Don't throw baby over the shoulder like a sack of flour. Don't lay baby face downward across your knees and beat a drum call on its back. Don't rock baby to sleep at night."

Playing with their toes was recommended as a healthy sport for the youngsters.

Washable dolls were used in nearly all the schools in demonstrations in dressing and bathing, but in one school a real baby was obtained from a nursery.

KNABE PIANO PLANT BURNED

Loss Is $200,000, Covered by Insurance—Cincinnati Gives Aid.

Cincinnati, Jan. 12.—The piano manufacturing plant of the Knabe Bros. Piano Co. in Norwood, a suburb, was entirely destroyed by fire today with a loss of $200,000, covered by insurance.

When the fire began to spread to neighboring homes the Cincinnati fire company was asked for assistance and relays of engines prevented further destruction.

There were no serious accidents, but the firemen suffered severely in fighting the fire, the thermometer being close to zero and a high wind blowing.

PICTURESQUE FIGURE IS GONE

Tom Rooney, One of the Early Gold Diggers, Dead.

San Francisco, Jan. 10.—Thomas H. Rooney, one of the most picturesque figures of the old bonanza days and uncle of Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt and Mrs. Herman Olerichs, died today of heart disease.

Mr. Rooney was one of the few survivors of the romantic Comstock mining days. He was born in New York in 1846 and came to the Pacific coast with his parents when a child. A widow, three sons and three daughters survive him.

YOU CAN BE A CAPITALIST

A capitalist is one who makes his money work for him. You can buy the same high class stocks and bonds which he buys, and at exactly the same price. Such securities are the acknowledged standard of safe, profitable investment.

You can invest as little or as much as you like. Under our installment plan you can buy on easy monthly payments if you prefer.

A circular describing our plan, together with a list of the most attractive current offerings will be sent you on request. Write for it today.

Shoemaker & Co.
BANKERS & BROKERS
235 Hippodrome Bldg., Cleveland, O.

1912 ART CALENDAR FREE

I will send a handsome 1912 wall calendar in 8 colors and gold, and a big assortment of Valentine and Easter and other post card novelties for 4c postage if you say you will show the cards I send to 4 of your friends. A. S. Foglesanger, 233 So. 5th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

MARRY, Rich, congenial and anxious for companions. Interesting particulars and photos free. The Messenger, Sta. D, Grand Rapids, Mich.

MARRY WEALTH AND BEATY. Marriage Directory FREE. Pay when married. New Plan. Box 314, E. E., Kansas City, Mo.

Marry RICH Big List of Descriptions and Photos Free (sealed) Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

MARRY Catalogue, with hundreds of photos and descriptions FREE. Pay if suited. SELECT CLUB, Dept. 46, TEKONSHA, MICHIGAN

PARALYSIS Locomotor Ataxia Conquered at Last Chase's Blood & Nerve Tablets does it. Write for Proof. Advice Free. Dr. CHASE, 224 North 10th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Needham's Extract Red Clover
A Great Blood Purifier

Regulator of the bowels and kidneys. Pure blood means perfect health. Get well and stay well by using Pure Clover Extract.

Let us send you free booklet giving experience of people who have used Needham's Extract for Rheumatism, Salt Rheum, Eczema, Constipation, Whooping Cough, etc. Druggists sell it or can get it for you.

D. Needham's Sons, 91 Lakeside Bldg., Chicago

To Women Who Dread Motherhood!

Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely Without Pain—Sent Free.

No women need any longer dread the pains of childbirth, or remain childless. Dr. J. H. Dye has devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proved that all pain at childbirth may be entirely banished, and he will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye, 27 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and he will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without pain; also how to cure **sterility.** Do not delay but write today.

THE MARKETS

Money and Stocks.

New York, Jan. 16.—(Wall Street)—Fluctations in stocks were irregular when trading was begun. The weakest point in the list was the Interborough-Metropolitan stocks; the common stock fell ¾ and the preferred 4½. Reading, Union Pacific and Baltimore & Ohio rose ⅝ and Canadian Pacific 2⅜.

Fluctuations in the important stocks were unusually narrow during the trading in the first hour. Selling orders were encountered when the bulls bid up Union Pacific and Reading, and when the latter relapsed to a partity with yesterday's closing, the whole list became dull and drooping.

Lehigh Valley and the securities of the tobacco companies almost monopolized speculative interest during the morning. The demand for the tobacco stocks and bonds was unusually heavy, the advance in prices being ascribed to pool operations. The peculiar situation in Lehigh Valley arising from the distribution of the extra dividend kept alive speculative interest in the block, although its fluctuations were narrower than recently. The usual market leaders were lifeless, and price changes in most cases were nominal.

Liggett and Meyers jumped 158 to 164½, the preferred 4 to 111, and Lorillard 3 to 174. American Tobacco, preferred, rose a point and the bond issues of the various companies were also higher. At noon most of the favorite stocks ruled unchanged from yesterday's closing. Bonds were firm.

Large blocks of New York canal bonds of 1951 were absorbed, carrying the price to 102⅝. The demand was in large part by institutions which cannot find profitable employment for idle funds in the stock market. Central Railroad of New Jersey also reflected an investment demand, the price jumping several points between transactions until it reached 331, the highest figure on record, and 11⅛ above yesterday's closing. Meanwhile the active stocks were strong, falling slightly below yesterday's final figures, with partial recoveries afterward.

New York Stocks.

New York, Jan. 16, 1912.

Stocks.	Open.	High.	Low.	Close.
Atl. Coast Line	133¾	133¾	133⅜	133¾
Am. Loco. com	33⅞	33⅞	33⅞	33⅞
Atchison	105	105¼	105	105⅛
Am. Car & F. Co	52½	53	52¾	53
Anaconda	35¾	36	35⅝	36
Amal. Copper	64¼	65½	64¼	65⅛
Am. Smelters	70⅞	71½	70½	71⅛
Am. Ag. Chem. com	60¾	60¾	60¾	60¾
Am. Tel. & Tel	141¼	141½	141¼	141½
Am. Tobacco pfd	103⅝	104⅝	103⅝	104
Am. Cotton Oil	46½	46⅞	46¼	46⅜
Am. Beet Sugar	56⅝	57¼	56⅝	57¼
Balt. & Ohio	104¼	104¼	104	104¼
B'lyn R. Trans	78¾	79¼	78⅝	78¾
Cast I. Pipe com	16	16	16	16
Beth. Steel com	30⅞	31	30⅞	31
Chicago & G. W	18	18½	18	18¼
Chicago G. W. pfd	36	36	36	36
Canadian Pac	231	232½	230½	232½
Clover Leaf	13¼	13¼	13¼	13¼
Clover Leaf pfd	33⅝	33⅝	33⅝	33⅝
Colorado Fuel	26½	26½	26½	26¼
Ches. & Ohio	72¼	72¾	72⅛	72¾
Consolidated Gas	141½	143	141½	142⅞
Can common	11⅞	12	11⅞	12
Can pfd.	92	92⅝	91⅞	91⅞
Chino Copper	25¼	25¼	25¼	25¼
Corn Product com	10¼	10¼	10	10¼
Del. & Hudson	168	171¾	168	171
Erie com	30⅞	31½	30⅝	31¼
Erie 1st pfd	50⅞	51⅝	50¾	51¾
Gt. Northern pfd	126¾	127¼	126⅝	127
Gt. Northern Ore	39¾	40¼	39¾	40
Ill. Central	140	140	140	140
Int. Harvester com	108	108	107⅞	107⅞
Interborough com	16¾	17	16⅛	16⅞
Interborough pfd	54	54½	53½	54¼
Lehigh Valley	183¾	185⅝	184⅝	184⅝
Louis. & Nash	155¼	155¼	154½	155
Laclede Gas	106¾	106¾	106¾	106¾
Missouri Pacific	39¾	39¾	39¾	39¾
M. S. M.	131½	131½	131½	131½
M. K. & T. com	28	28	28	28
Miami	24	24	23⅜	23¾
Nor. Pacific	115½	116⅜	115½	116
Nat'l Lead	53	53	53	53
Nevada Con's	19⅜	19½	19¼	19½
North Am. Co.	75	75	75	75
N. Y. Central	107	107¼	107	107¼
N. & W. com	108¾	109⅜	108¾	109⅜
Ont. & Western	38⅜	38½	38⅜	38½
Penn. Ry	122⅞	123½	122⅞	123½
Pacific Mail	32	32⅜	32	32⅜
People's Gas Co.	105¼	105⅜	105¼	105¾
Ray Con's	17⅝	17⅝	17½	17⅝
Reading com	153⅝	154⅜	152½	154⅛
Rock Island	24⅜	24½	24¼	24½
Rock Island pfd	51¾	52	51½	52
Rep. I. & S. Co.	26	26	25½	25½
Rep. Pref	85	85	85	85
Ry. Steel Spgs	30½	30½	30½	30½
So. Ry.	28	28⅛	28	28⅛
So. Ry. Pref	70	70	69¾	69⅝
St. Paul	107½	108¼	107¼	107⅝
Southern Pacific	109⅝	110¼	109½	109⅝
So. Pac. Con. 4's	96⅝	96⅝	96½	96½
Texas Oil Co.	81	81	81	81
Texas Pacific	21⅝	21⅝	21⅝	21¼
Southern Pacific	109⅝	110⅛	109½	109⅝
Union Pacific	168¾	168¼	167	167¾
Un. Pac. Con. 4's	102	102	102	102
U. S. Steel	66⅞	67¼	66¼	66⅝
U. S. Steel pfd.	110⅝	110¾	110⅝	110⅞
U. S. Steel 5's	102¼	102⅜	102¼	102⅜
U. S. Rubber com.	46¾	46¾	46⅝	46⅝
Utah Copper	55¾	56⅜	55⅝	56⅜
Western Union	83¼	83¼	83⅛	83¼
Westinghouse	73½	73½	73	73½

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, O. Jan. 16.—After opening firm with high early cables and the effect of the strike on Argentine offerings, wheat eased off on scattered selling. Reports indicate that while the Argentine crop is practically made, favorable weather is needed in some sections to insure harvesting of the full yield. Estimates on the exportable surplus range from 80,000,000 bu. to 90,000,000 bu. It is not believed winter wheat has damaged much by extreme cold. Most of the district has been well blanketed with snow during nearly all the extremely cold period. Toledo cash opened at 97⅞c, at $1.01¼ and July at 96⅛c, the market being ⅛c higher at the outset and ⅛c to ¼c below the opening level a half hour later.

Cash wheat closed at 97½c, May at $1.01¼, July at 96⅛c.

Corn open unchanged to May and July at 66¼c but eased off about ⅛c early in the day with wheat. Movement about the same as a year ago.

Closing corn values: Cash 64c, May and July 66½c, Sept. 67c.

Oats followed other grains. May starting at 52 1-8 and July at 47 1-4c. The early market was dull and rather weak.

Cash oats closed at 51¼c, May at 52¾c, July at 47⅜c, Sept. 42c.

Clover seed opened firm at yesterday'se closing prices. Receipts wer only 10 bags against some 300 odd a year ago. Cash, Jan. and Feb. started at $13.05 and March at $13.00. The market was firm and showed a rising tendency early in the day.

At the following closes clover stood at new record levels on the crop. Cash, Jan. and Feb. $13.20. March $13.15. Alsike also made good gains. No clover expected Wednesday

TOLEDO.

Wheat—	Open.	High.	Low.	Close Jan. 16.	Close Jan. 15.
Cash	97⅞	....	96¾	97½	97¼
May	1.01¼	....	1.00⅛	1.01¼	1.01
July	96⅛	....	96	96⅛	96
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	64	63¾
May	66¼	....	65⅞	66½	66¼
July	66¼	....	65⅞	66½	66¼
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	51¼	51
May	52⅛	....	52	52¾	52¼
July	47¼	....	....	47⅜	47¼
Clover Seed—					
Cash	13.05	....	....	13.20	13.05
Jan.	13.05	....	....	13.20	13.05
Feb.	13.05	....	....	13.20	13.05
March	13.00	....	....	13.15	13.00
No. 2	....	....	....	12.70@12.75	....
No. 3	....	....	....	12.45@12.55	....
Rejected	....	....	....	12.25@12.30	....
N. E. G.	....	....	....	8.00@11.60	....
Rye—					
No. 2	....	....	....	95	95
Timothy—					
Cash	....	....	....	7.25	7.22½
Jan.	....	....	....	7.25	7.22½
March	....	....	....	7.30	7.30½
Alsike—					
Cash	....	....	....	11.25	11.10
Jan.	....	....	....	11.25	11.10
March	....	....	....	11.45	11.30

CHICAGO.

Wheat—	Open.	High.	Low.	Close Jan. 16.	Close Jan. 15.
May	99⅛	99¾	98⅞	99⅝	99⅝
July	94⅛	....	94	94⅝	94⅝
Sept.	92⅝	....	92½	93	92⅞
Corn—					
May	64⅞	....	64⅝	65⅜	64¾
July	64⅞	....	64⅝	65¼	64¾
Sept.	65¼	....	65	65½	65¼
Oats—					
May	49⅛	....	49	49½	49¼
July	44⅝	45¼	....	45	44⅝
Sept.	40⅛	....	....	40⅝	40¼

NEW YORK.

Wheat—	Open.	High.	Low.	Close Jan. 16.	Close Jan. 15.
May	1.03½	1.03¾	1.02⅝	1.03⅝	1.03⅝
July	....	....	....	99⅝	99⅝

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—	Open.	High.	Low.	Close Jan. 16.	Close Jan. 15.
May	99⅛	....	98⅞	99⅜	99¼
July	....	....	....	93½	92¾

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—	Open.	High.	Low.	Close Jan. 16.	Close Jan. 15.
May	....	....	....	1.05	1.05¼
July	....	....	....	1.05¾	1.05⅛

DULUTH.

Wheat—	Open.	High.	Low.	Close Jan. 16.	Close Jan. 15.
May	....	....	....	1.03⅞	1.04¼
July	....	....	....	1.04⅝	1.04⅞

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—	Open.	High.	Low.	Close Jan. 16.	Close Jan. 15.
Jan.	15.80	....	15.75	15.80	15.82
May	16.30	....	16.25	16.30	16.30
July	16.45	....	16.37	16.42	16.45
Lard—					
Jan.	9.55	....	9.52	9.55	9.55
May	9.65	....	....	9.65	9.67
July	....	....	....	9.77	9.80
Ribs—					
Jan.	8.55	....	....	8.57	8.60
May	8.75	....	....	8.80	8.77
July	8.80	....	....	8.85	8.85

Toledo Live Stock

Toledo Union Stock Yards, Jan. 16.—Hog receipts were fair and the market ruled steady at yesterday's closing prices. Other live stock held steady.

Hogs—Selected heavies, $6.30@6.35; good mediums, $6.25@6.30; heavy yorkers, $6.25@6.30; light yorkers, $6.00@6.25; good pigs, $6.00@6.10; bulk of sales, $6.25@6.30; good mixed, $6.25@6.30; roughs and stags, $4.50@5.60.

Cattle—Prime steers, 1,250 lbs. and up, $7.00@7.25; good to choice, $6.00@6.50; good fat, 1,050 to 1,200 lbs., $5.50@6.00; fair to good, 900 to 1,100 lbs., $5.00@5.50; common and light steers, $4.00@4.50; choice fat cows, $3.75@4.50; common cows, $2.50@3.00; canners and cutters, $2.00@2.50; prime export bulls, $4.25@4.50; good butcher bulls, $3.75@4.20; fair to good bologna, $3.50@3.75; common, $3.00@3.50; choice fat heifers, $5.00@5.50; fair to good, $4.50@5.00; common and light heifers, $3.50@4.00; good to choice feeding steers, $5.25@5.50; fair to good feeders, $5.50@5.75; stockers, good to choice, $4.50@5.00; stockers, common to fair, $4.00@4.50; milkers and springers, $25@60.

Sheep and lambs—Prime wethers, $4.25@4.50; good to choice mixed, $3.75@4.25; fair to good, $3.00@3.50; culls and common, $2.00@3.00; lambs, choice, $6.75@7.10 down; fair to good, $5.50@6.25; culls and common, $4.00@5.00; yearlings, common to fair, $3.75@4.25.

Calves—Choice to extra, $10.00@10.25 down; fair to good, $9.00@9.50; common to light, $7.50@8.00; heavy and feed, $4.00@5.00.

Pittsburg Live Stock.

Pittsburg, Pa., Jan. 16.—Cattle—Receipts, 500. Hogs—Receipts, 5,500; heavy Yorkers, $6.50; light Yorkers, $6.20; pigs, $6.00. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 1,500; top sheep, $5.00; top lambs, $7.25. Calves—Receipts, 200; top, $10.50.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, Jan. 16.—Cattle—Receipts, 9,000; market easy; beeves, $4.85@8.60; Texas steers, $4.40@5.90; western steers, $4.80@7.25; stockers and feeders, $3.50@6.00; cows and heifers, $2.10@6.70; calves, $6.50@10.00. Hogs—Receipts, 33,000; market quiet, 5c lower than yesterday's average; light, $5.85@6.30; mixed, $6.05@6.45; heavy, $6.05@6.45; rough, $6.05@6.15; pigs, $4.50@5.60; bulk of sales, $6.20@6.40. Sheep—Receipts, 20,000; market slow; native, $3.35@4.90; western, $3.65@5.00; yearlings, $5.35@6.15; lambs, native, $4.80@7.20; western, $5.25@7.25

Cleveland Live Stock.

Cleveland, Jan. 16.—Cattle, receipts 160; market steady. Veal calves, receipts 250; market steady. Sheep and lambs, receipts 1,200; market steady; choice spring lambs, $6.85@7.00. Hogs, receipts 3,000; market heavy, 10 cents lower; extreme heavies, $6.30; mediums, $6.30; yorkers, $6.40; light yorkers, $6.40; pigs, $6.05; roughs, $5.50; stags, $4.75.

Toledo Produce.

Quotations are based on what is charged the grocery trade. Retail necessarily are higher.

Butter—Fancy Elgin creamery, 1 lb. prints, 41½@42c; solid pack, 40½@41c.

Process Butter—Per 30 lb. tubs, 28c; rolls and prints, 29c; prime, 30c; packing stock, 21c; oleo, 17@21c.

Cheese—Choice Michigan, 16@17c; New York state, 16@17c; brick, 18c; limburger, 16@18c; Swiss, domestic, 20c; imported, 32c.

Eggs—Candled, fresh, 30c; strictly fresh, 35c; current receipts, 28c; storage, case count, 24c; candled, 25@27c.

Onions—Home-grown, 100 lbs., yellow, $2.65; red, $2.40; Valencias, large case, $4.25; garlic, 8@10c.

Celery—Michigan, small bunches, doz., 25c, 40c and 50c; Cal., 80c@$12.00.

Lettuce, 13c; head hamper, $3.00; Cal., case, $5.00.

Cucumbers—Doz., $1.50.

Brussels Sprouts—Quart, 25c.

Tomatoes—Fla., 4-basket crate, $6.00.

Mango Pepper—Crate, $4.00.

Egg Plant—Case, $4.00.

Potatoes—Michigan, 150-lb. sack, 2.85@3.00; bu., $1.15@1.20; Bermudas, bbl., $4.75.

Sweet Potatoes—Delaware, hamper, $1.85.

Turnips—Bu., 35@40c.

Cabbage—Home-grown, lb., 2@2½c; ton, $40.00.

Cauliflower—Doz., $2.00.

Onions—15@18c.

Vegetable Oysters—Dozen, 30c.

Hot House Radishes—25@30c.

Carrots—Bu., 65c.

Cranberries—Oak Bog, basket, $3.00; bbl., $8.50; late Howes, $9.00.

Bananas—Bunch, $1.25@1.75.

Oranges—Florida, $2.50@2.75; Cal., $2.25@2.75; Indian River, $3.75@4.00.

Tangerines—Half doz., $2.50.

Lemons—California, $3.50.

Grape Fruit—$4.50@5.00; Atwood, $5.50@6.00.

Limes—100, $1.25.

Apples—Greenings, $3.50; Baldwins, $2.75@3.50; Russets, $3.00; Kings and Spies and Bellflowers, $3.50@4.00.

Grapes—Malaga, $5.00@6.00.

Figs—California, white, whole, 50-lb. box, 8½c pound; Turkish, 13@16½c.

Boston Wool.

Boston, Jan. 16.—The demand for domestic wools by the mills has fallen off slightly owing to the heavy purchases last month. A steady trade is noted, however, in small lots with prices holding very firm. Fleeces are selling in smaller volume than for the past fortnight, but a fairly brisk trade is reported in Michigan three-eighths. Washed Delaine brings 32@32½c with 26@26½c for nearby one-quarter blood. The demand for territory is scattered over nearly all grades and finest brings 61@62c clean. Trading in Texas 12 months and California Northern is not so active. Pulled wool remains dull.

THE SICK MADE WELL
THE WEAK MADE STRONG

GREATEST BLESSING OF THE AGE

Secret Recipe of Famous Specialist Now Being Given Away Free to All Who Write.

Men of today should live as long, full of life, snap and sparkle, with hearty appetite, rosy complexion, able, vigorous and healthy as people of the olden times. If you are sick, if you lack energy, ability, vim and force, send for this free recipe at once and begain again to enjoy a youthful zest in life, in people, and in things.

Be a part in the stirring march of events. This is the greatest age the world has ever known. Do not be left behind, unnoticed—cast aside like a broken-down vehicle—do not let the procession of life pass you by, as of no importance.

You are on earth for a purpose—you belong in the race—be well and strong—be up and doing, hearty and wholesome—able and willing to hold your own—a welcome guest, a cheerful friend, favorably known, a valuable part in the affairs around you.

Realize your hopes, your ambitions, regain the brightness of health, strength and vigor. It is simple—it is easy—far easier than you ever dreamed and it is FREE.

Thousands of weak, despondent, broken down, nervous men have been restored to Vigorous, Forceful, Energetic activity, full of the Snap, Vim and Strength that make life worth living.

Do not hesitate, do not doubt, do not wait. Time is precious—ACT NOW. The opportunity of a lifetime is here before you—it is at your hand—grasp it while you may. You cannot keep this free chance of health waiting forever. Such good fortune may never be offered to you again.

Remember, it costs you nothing, not even return postage. You have everything to gain. You cannot lose. A two-cent stamp on a letter will prove it once and for all. Write today describing your case to Dr. Jas. W. Kidd, A-90, Ft. Wayne, Ind., and **ask** him to send you a free copy of the famous recipe to make you well and strong.

Don't Wear A Truss!

After Thirty Years' Experience I Have Produced An Appliance for Men Women or Children That Cures Rupture.

I Send It On Trial.

If you have tried most everything else, come to me. Where others fail is where I have my greatest success. Send attached coupon today and I will send you free my illustrated book on Rupture and its cure, showing my appliance and giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it and were cured. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember I use no salves, no harness, no lies.

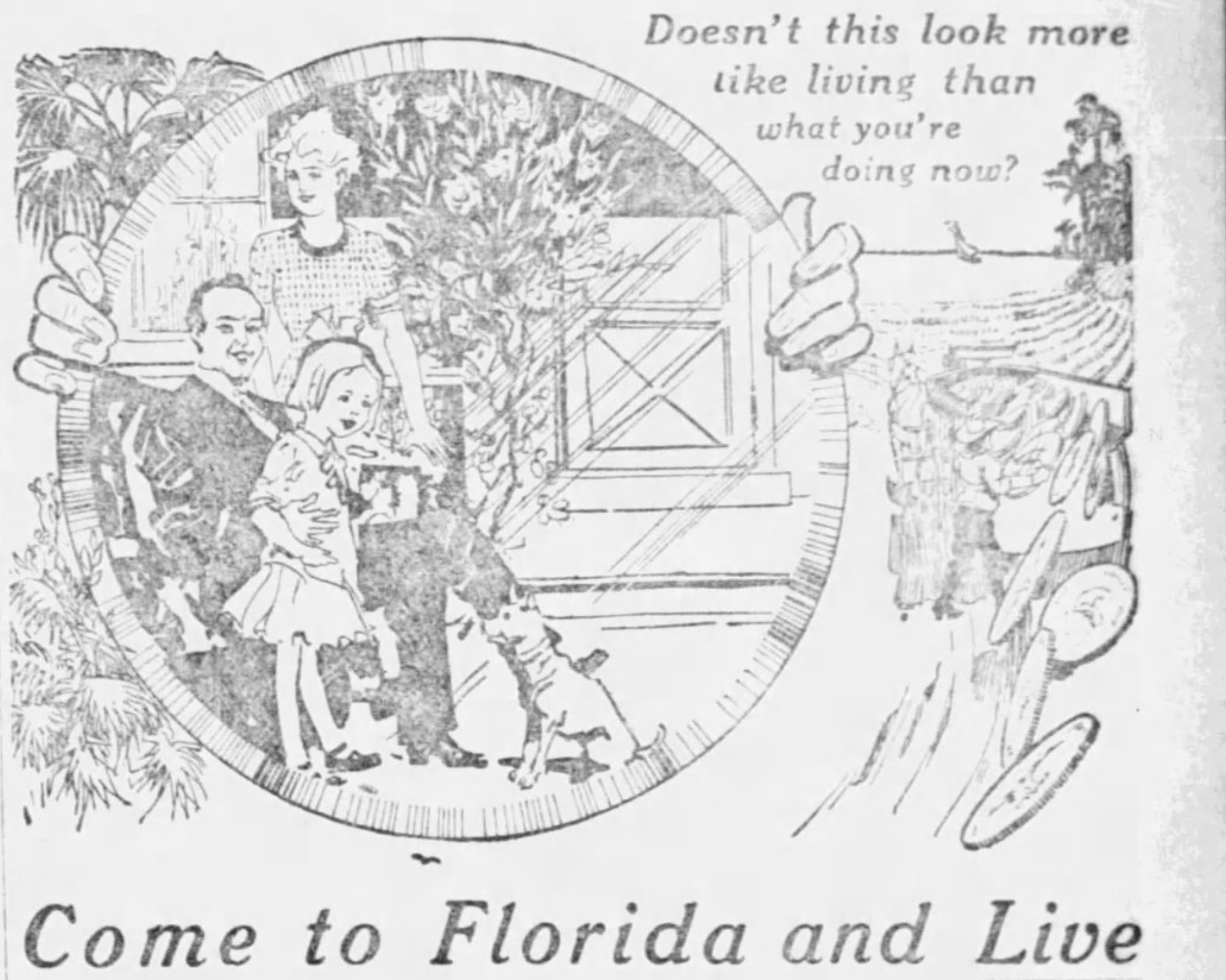
I send on trial to prove what I say is true. You are the judge and once having seen my illustrated book and read it you will be as enthusiastic as my hundreds of patients whose letters you can also read. Fill out free coupon below and mail today. It's well worth your time whether you try my Appliance or not.

FREE INFORMATION COUPON

C. E. Brooks, 102 State St., Marshall, Mich.

Please send me by mail in plain wrapper your illustrated book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture.

Name ....
Address ....
City .... State ....


Doesn't this look more like living than what you're doing now?

Come to Florida and Live Like a Prince

on a 10-acre fruit or truck farm all your own within easy walking distance of the swiftly growing city of Tampa itself.

Right here in North Tampa where you can pick out a model 10-acre farm for $1 an acre per month—that's only 3⅓ cents a day on each acre, less than a single Northern carfare!

Right here in North Tampa, where soil, climate, water, schools, churches, transportation to local and Northern markets—where all these vital features are exceedingly inviting, enjoyable and favorable. And this is equally true whether your purchase is made purely as an investment or for the sake of living like a prince.

Right here where Grapefruit alone is yielding a return on the money invested that will simply open a Northerner's eyes! This county alone, as the U. S. Government report shows, produces over $680,000 worth of grapefruit in a year. Can you wonder that North Tampa is universally known as a most remarkable grapefruit district, and that many a winter-weary Northerner is living like a prince—

Right here where fruit, vegetables and poultry thrive so abundantly, four big crops of fruit and vegetables every year! Turn to the big double page in our book on Florida (the coupon will bring it, free) and read what you can do with a single acre in Hillsboro County, Florida. This shows you just what you can raise here most profitably, tabulates the average yield of each crop, shows actual cost of clearing, planting and harvesting; and even includes a valuable calendar of dates for planting and marketing. With this accurate information before you, you can select any number of crops that will yield you a princely income—

Right here where 8 railroad stations are already on our North Tampa tract, three important railroads cross it, and Uncle Sam gives daily free delivery of mail. Get the point? Practically a suburban proposition, but at country acreage prices.

Socially, from the investment standpoint, and from that of a constant hungry market, these features are invaluable to you. Tampa, already over 50,000 population, is shut off by Tampa Bay from southward growth—its logical trend is right toward our townsites. That's why it's a case of buy now if you want to live like a prince—

Right here where hunting and fishing in this sportsman's paradise add their zest to the joys of outdoor work and outdoor life—to say nothing of their contrast to the meat bills of the shivering, struggling North!

Your money back if you want it. Take ample time for investigation, but make your reservation first, while the best land is available to choose from. The terms we will offer you are a striking evidence of our policy of satisfying every buyer through and through.

These letters from your future neighbors tell the story. When you send for our Florida Book we'll enclose you complete copies, if you like, so you can get the full benefit of their experience. Then, if you wish, we can give you the addresses of hundreds of happy purchasers, many of whom have already moved to their new North Tampa homes.

Listen to this extract from the **Mayor of Tampa's** letter: "I consider the property of the North Tampa Land Co. to be worth all they are asking for it, and I also consider it adapted to growing Grapefruit, Oranges, etc. It is conveniently near Tampa, is dry and healthy. I have recently purchased some land in the same section myself."

And here's what a **Railroad President,** the head of the Tampa & Gulf Coast Ry., says of our land: "In buying **this large** tract the North Tampa Land Co. has, in my opinion, acquired the very best lands in South Florida. Located so very near to Tampa itself, these are beyond doubt the best properties now being offered to settlers. I know of no lands so splendidly adapted to growing Grapefruit, Oranges and all kinds of Citrus fruits. I feel this section of the country, with its excellent transportation, its good roads and nearness to the city, will populate it rapidly. Both my Railroad and my Mill Co. will extend the North Tampa Land Co. every facility at our command."

"My extensive Florida trip and my investigation of the 10 acres purchased from you," writes Mr. L. S. Meyers, of 5914 Winchester Ave., Chicago, "convince me your tract is the very best it's possible to buy. I'm more than pleased."

"Merchandise right here in our general store," writes Dr. W. J. Hood, now of Stemper, Fla. (one of our thriving towns), "is cheaper than in the North. My new cottage is about completed. This place looks very promising."

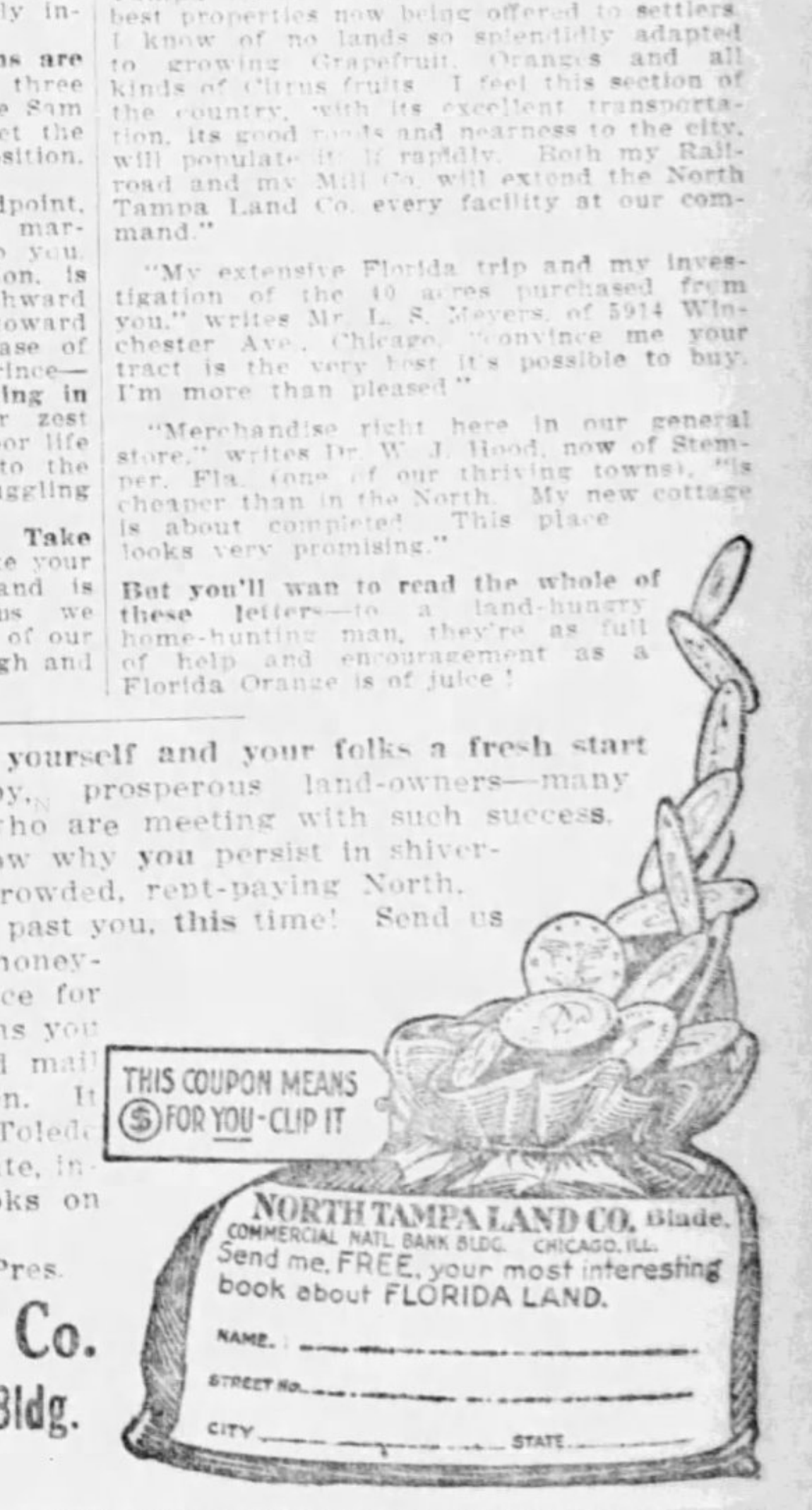
But you'll wan to read the whole of these letters—to a land-hungry home-hunting man, they're as full of help and encouragement as a Florida Orange is of juice!

Now's your chance to give yourself and your folks a fresh start in life. Florida is **full** of happy, prosperous land-owners—many new settlers from the north—who are meeting with such success, they're utterly at a loss to know why **you** persist in shivering and slaving away in the crowded, rent-paying North.

Don't let your chance slip past you, **this time!** Send us TODAY (protected by our money-back guarantee) your remittance for $1 per acre on as many acres as you think you want. Or fill in and mail the attached money-bag coupon. It entitles you, as a reader of the Toledo Blade, to one of the most accurate, interesting, up-to-the-minute books on Florida ever published.

C. E. THOMAS, Pres.

North Tampa Land Co.
1129 Commercial Nat'l Bank Bldg.
CHICAGO



THIS COUPON MEANS $ FOR YOU—CLIP IT

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COMMERCIAL NAT'L BANK BLDG. CHICAGO, ILL.
Send me, FREE, your most interesting book about FLORIDA LAND.
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STREET No. ....
CITY .... STATE ....

Her Hearing Has Been Restored.

This illustration hypothetically represents a lady who has been deaf and who has been troubled with those awful buzzing or ringing noises in the head. Her hearing is restored and unnatural noises have ceased. She takes a walk in the open and is entranced by the singing of the birds, the chirping of the crickets, the humming of the bees, and other sweet sounds of Nature. It is as if paradise were opened to her, for she realizes the ecstacy of the moment, and appreciates the full meaning of being able to hear perfectly. Truly, joy has entered her life. A very interesting book has been written by a noted aurist in which he shows how deaf persons may be soon rid of their infirmity by a safe, simple home treatment. A copy of this book will be mailed free, by the author, Dr. George E. Coutant, 135 B, Station E, New York, N. Y. Write to him and he will cheerfully send it. His is a genuine method by which any man or woman may be cured at home. No drugging, no electric apparatus.

109 RUSSIAN FISHERS DROWN

Are Blown Out to Sea on an Ice Floe.

Astrakahan, Russia, Jan. 15.—By the breaking away of an ice floe 109 fishermen have been driven out to sea in the neighborhood of the village of Ganjusceiau. Nothing has been heard of them since, and no trace of them has been found by the small boats which went out to their rescue. It is believed that they all have been drowned in the Caspian sea.

USE ABSORBINE, JR. LINIMENT FOR IT

Swollen, Varicose Veins, Bad Legs, Goitre, Wen, Gout and Rheumatic Deposits, Sprains and Bruises respond quickly to the action of ABSORBINE, JR. A safe, healing, soothing, antiseptic liniment that penetrates to the seat of trouble assisting nature to make permanent recovery. Allays pain and inflammation. Mild and pleasant to use—quickly absorbed into tissues. Successful in other cases, why not in yours? ABSORBINE, JR., $1 and $2 per bottle at druggists or delivered. Book 1 G free. W. F. YOUNG, P.D.F., 127 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

FITS CURED NO CURE NO PAY—in other words you do not pay our small professional fee until cured. [illegible] American Institute, 321 [illegible]

189961A

Glasses Absolutely Free

Now look here, all you weak-eyed, spectacle-wearing readers of this paper, you've just got to quit wearing your dim, scratchy, headache-producing, sight-destroying spectacles at once, for this is what generally causes cataracts and other serious eye troubles. You must lay aside those old spex right now and I'll send you a brand new pair of my wonderful "Perfect Vision" glasses absolutely free of charge.

—These "Perfect Vision" glasses will enable you to read the very finest print in your bible even by the dim firelight—

—These "Perfect Vision" glasses will enable you to thread the smallest-eyed needle you can lay your hands on—

—These "Perfect Vision" glasses will enable you to shoot the smallest bird off the tallest tree top on the cloudiest days—

—These "Perfect Vision" glasses will enable you to distinguish a horse from a cow at the greatest distance, and as far as your eye can reach—

Now please remember these wonderful "Perfect Vision" glasses are free—absolutely free to every reader of this paper—not a cent need you pay for them now and never.

I therefore insist that you sit down right now—this very minute—and write me your name and address at once, and I will immediately mail you my Perfect Home Eye Tester and a four-dollar cash certificate entitling you to a brand new pair of my wonderful "Perfect Vision" glasses absolutely free of charge—just as cheerfully as I have sent them to nearly all the other spectacle-wearers in your county.

Now, friend, please don't be lazy, but get out your writing paper or write me your name and address on the below coupon at once—that's all.

Address:—DR. HAUX—
—The Spectacle Man—
ST. LOUIS, MO.

Note:—The above house is perfectly reliable.

—DR. HAUX—
—The Spectacle Man—
—ST. LOUIS, MO.—
Please send your absolutely free offer at once.

Name..........
Postoffice..........
R. R..........State..........

Fertile Virginia Farms
$15.00 PER ACRE AND UP—EASY PAYMENTS.
N&W RY.
Productive soil, mild climate, fine water, good roads, close markets, unsurpassed school and social advantages. Yearly rainfall, 45 inches. Now, while you think of it, write for the latest issue of "THE SOUTHERN HOMESEEKER," other literature and low excursion rates. Address,
F. H. LaBaume, Agrl. Agt., Norfolk & Western Railway, Box 3,043, Roanoke, Va.

Virginia Grape Vineyard for Sale
20,000 vines, best varieties, firstclass condition. Planted and looked after by Frenchman who knew his business. 336 acres land. 200 acres cleared. Six-room house, three tenant houses, splendid barn 60 x 60. Will sell at a bargain. Write for particulars.

Virginia Farm for Trade for Farm Near Toledo
140 acres, quantity of fruit, some splendid trucking land, two miles city limits. Eight-room residence, 'phone and R. F. D. Selling price $11,-000; will trade for good country property near Toledo, Ohio. For sale by
VENABLE & FORD, Lynchburg Va.

From the Peanut Fields of Virginia To the Orange Groves of Florida
Thru the 6 Sou. States traversed by the S. A. L. Ry. You can be independent raising fruits and vegetables. Land cheap, easy terms. Ideal climate, plenty of water. 2 to 3 crops a year, net $500 to $1000 per acre in Manatee County, on the West Coast of Florida. Booklet free. J. A. Pride, Gen. Ind. Agt. Seaboard Air Line Railway, Suite 709, Norfolk, Va.

VIRGINIA FARMS Along the C&O Ry.
$15.00 PER ACRE AND UP.
Choice lands for alfalfa, grain, grasses, fruits, vegetables, stock and poultry, close to big eastern markets. Fertile 10 acre (adjoining) tracts of land suitable for poultry, truck and fruit, only $275. 20 acres $500. Mild climate, abundant rainfall, several crops a season. Write for booklet with map and low excursion rates. Free.
K. T. CRAWLEY, Ind. Agt., Chesapeake & Ohio Ry. Box 1-A-W Richmond, Va.

A farmer, well known in Cambridge, Ill., who owns 160 acres a short distance from Stuttgart, Ark., gathered 7,500 bushels of rice this season from 135 acres, and sold his entire crop for 83½ cents a bushel. This is what he says:

"We have in Illinois 400 acres of land that is worth on the market $200 per acre or $80,000. This year our returns from that tract are $2,000 in rentals—yet here in Arkansas my 160 acres (which is worth about $12,000) returns me a net profit of $2,100. The Illinois land pays $5 per acre rent and the Arkansas $15.55 per acre rent."

This is not a *picked* case—I could go down a list of *scores* of Arkansas rice farmers that could show equally good figures—some *far better*. Here's another report that I received recently:

"Dr. A. D. Bunn, Humphrey, Ark., had up to Sept. 28 threshed 40 acres of his rice field. 9½ acres made 1,000 bushels, and 30 acres brought 2,880 bushels—all selling for 92½¢ per bu. at the thresher, bringing him $89.72 per acre."

Let me tell you more

Write to me—*today*—then I can send you our 50-page book, filled to the brim with the experiences of corn and wheat farmers, who went to this wonderful Arkansas rice section to "experiment" and *stayed* there because they made *many times* more money than they did "back home." Scores of pictures. Write me today!

E. W. LaBEAUME,
General Passenger Agent
1616 Pierce Bldg., St. Louis
Low fares twice each month via Cotton Belt Route to the Arkansas rice fields—ask me.

Cotton Belt Route

FELLOW SERVANT DOCTRINE IS DEAD

Supreme Court Defines Liability Law Which Is Upheld.

Washington, Jan. 16.—After nearly a year's consideration, the supreme court of the United States yesterday gave its unanimous approval to the employers' liability law, enacted by congress in 1908 to take the place of a similar act declared unconstitutional. The decision marks an epoch in labor legislation.

Notable in the statute as approved is the abolition of the "fellow servant doctrine" and freeing the employe from "contributory negligence" in many instances. In many cases it liberates the employe from assuming the risk when he enters employment knowing the danger in his employment.

Justice Van Devanter, in announcing the opinion, held that congress had the power to regulate the duties of the interstate common carriers in respect to the safety of their employes and the liability of the former for injuries sustained by the latter.

Objections were refuted that the law prevented contracts whereby the railroad exempted itself from liability, and that the law improperly classified carriers into interstate and intrastate groups. The justice said that "now that congress has acted, the laws of the state in so far as they cover the same field, are superseded, for, necessarily that which is not supreme must yield to that which is."

Finally Justice Van Devanter declared: "The suggestion that the act of congress is not in harmony with the policy of the state, and therefore that the courts of the state are free to decline jurisdiction, is quite inadmissible."

Justice Van Devanter said the court was not disposed to believe that the exercise of jurisdiction by the state courts would be attended by any appreciable inconvenience or confusion.

Virginia Farms and Homes.
FREE CATALOG OF SPLENDID BARGAINS.
R. B. CHAFFIN & CO., Inc., Richmond, Va.

104 CARDS 10c Valentine, Easter, Gold, Silver views, Scenes, Art Colors, 10c Commercial Co. 808E Pontiac Bldg., Chicago

WANTED—MEN
Prepare as Firemen, Brakemen, Electric Motormen, Train Porters (colored). Hundreds put to work—$65 to $150 a month. No experience necessary. 500 More Wanted. Enclose stamp for Application Blank and Book. State position.
I. Railway C. I., No. 64 Indianapolis, Ind.

GUARANTEED MIXED PAINT $1.15 A GALLON
Direct from the Manufacturer
A Wonderful Paint Offer
If any of your buildings need painting, write at once for our free paint sample offer. We sell the best ready mixed paint in the world at lowest prices ever heard of—55c a gallon for the best Barn Paint, $1.15 a gallon for the finest House Paint in quantities. We pay the freight charges.
Guaranteed for Ten Years
We furnish full directions how to do any job, and just now we are making a surprisingly liberal offer. Write at once and get this great paint offer, free shade samples, strong testimonials and valuable paint information. Just say "Send me your latest paint offer." Address
CROSBY, FRANK & CO.
430 Peoria Street Chicago, Illinois

TAFT PLAYS WITH FIRE TRYING TO SHOW STEEL TRUST AIDED ROOSEVELT

By J. A. MATHEWS.

Washington, D. C., Jan. 16.—The growing estrangement between President Taft and former President Roosevelt was accentuated today by the attack on Col. Roosevelt inspired yesterday from the White House, which appeared in an Indianapolis afternoon newspaper and was today echoed in the eastern press friendly to President Taft.

This story was goven out directly from the White House yesterday. For days hints have been thrown out that the President had "a card up his sleeve," to play against the Roosevelt movement.

This play was made yesterday in the published charge in the Indianapolis newspaper that the United States Steel corporation is backing the Roosevelt movement and in fact inaugurated it in a spirit of revenge upon Taft for government suits instituted against the steel trust.

George W. Perkins was named as the active agent of the steel corporation in financing and directing the Roosevelt movement. This attack on Col. Roosevelt by President Taft's close official advisers in the White House is another exposition of the Taft consistency. Only a few days ago the statement was "authorized" at the White House that the President would not tolerate any attack by his friends upon Roosevelt.

It is a fact, well known in Washington and in financial circles of New York, that George Perkins got out of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co., seven months ago as the result of a quarrel and that he is no longer a factor in steel trust or other Morgan securities.

Furthermore, there is a quiet smile on the faces of seasoned politicians in Washington whenever the Taft people shout steel trust. The President's friends have also been unfortunate in selecting their agency of attack on Roosevelt. The steel trust was the principal agency "financing" the Taft campaign in 1908 and the statement applies to both the preliminary campaign for nomination and the campaign that followed for election. These facts can be easily established, it is said.

First Favored Cannon.

In the beginning the steel trust favored Speaker Cannon's nomination. When it became apparent that he could not win, E. H. Gary summoned to his office in New York the vice president of a national bank in Washington, who is mutually friendly with the big corporations (including the Pullman company) and the leaders in congress. Gary told this man that he and other Wall street men were convinced that Cannon could not win and that they had decided to get behind Fairbanks, of Indiana, then vice president. The banker returned to Washington and the Fairbanks boom grew apace.

Money for Fairbanks.

Shortly before this, the steel trust contributed $25,000 to the Fairbanks campaign. The money was handed to ex-Senator Heminway and ex-Congressman Watson, who carried it to Fairbanks personally. By his direction it was turned over to Joe Kealing. Later a quarrel arose between Fairbanks and Kealing on the one hand, and Heminway and Watson on the other, over the use to be made of the funds. Bills had been incurred for the Fairbanks boom for press agents, lithographs and other publicity and boom accessories. The bills piled up on Heminway. He sent them to Kealing, who returned them.

Bills to Pay.

Heminway demanded that these bills be paid from the $25,000 he and Watson had raised and declared that unless they were he would drop his interest in the Fairbanks boom. Kealing had argued that the money ought to be held until later, when it might be more urgently needed. Finally the matter was adjusted.

The steel trust did not become interested in Taft's campaign for nomination until about the time Frank H. Hitchcock took hold. Up to that time Charles P. Taft had agreed to raise the money up to a certain limit, this limit having been reached, it became necessary to divise 'ways and means," It was becoming apparent to the Wall street people that President Roosevelt would be able to force the nomination of either Taft or himself, Then it was, according to the higher political authority here, that the steel trust came to the assistance of Taft's campaign.

Gary for Taft

Chairman Gary, of the trust, in giving the assistance, is reported to have said to a Taft manager that he recognized that the country was confronted with the certainty of the nomination of Taft or the alternative, Roosevelt. He said he preferred Taft, as he considered him more conservative. The steel trust thereupon became the principal financial backer of the Taft headquarters, opened in the Union Trust building, in Washington, by Frank Hitchcock. From that time on until the convention, it was the "good angel" of the Taft boom. Judge Gary gave it his personal attention. At Chicago he was conspicuously on the platform of the convention. Next to William Nelson Cromwell, he was the most conspicuous figure among those not officially connected with the convention. He sat with Mrs. Gary on the chairman's platform, in the second row, near Charles P. Taft.

Need Still More Money

After Taft's nomination there was a dearth of campaign funds. Gloom settled upon Taft headquarters. Finally Hitchcock got in close touch with George W. Perkins, the same Perkins now under fire, and he personally volunteered to raise the money.

These details can be easily verified here by politicians who know them.

If Hitchcock is forced out of the Taft cabinet because of his advocacy of government ownership of telegraph lines, or for other reasons, the facts may be given further illumination. Probably that accounts for the complaisant acquiescence by the administration in the postmaster general's government ownership ideas that followed the first burst of resentment from the White House and the efforts to have the Hitchcock statement recalled from the press representatives.

TROOP SHIP OFF FOR CHINA WAR

American Soldiers Sail to Guard Railways in Disturbed Section.

Manila, Jan. 12.—The United States transport Logan left this afternoon at half past two with a battalion of the Fifteenth infantry and other details on board on the way to Chin Wang Tao, in northern China.

The American troops after they have disembarked are to be employed in guarding a section of the Peking railroad from Tang-Shan to Lanchow against the possible attack of either Imperialists or Republican troops.

The departure took place in the presence of a throng of civilians and soldiers of other regiments, while women crowded the quay bidding tearful farewells and wishing Godspeed to the troops. No women were allowed to accompany the expedition.

Major General J. Franklin Bell, commander-in-chief of the army in the Philippines, made a short parting speech to the officers and men of the expedition just before the transport sailed.

General Bell urged the troops to show pride in their American citizenship while they were on foreign soil. The Chinese, he said, were worthy of a square deal, and he expected the American soldiers to treat them in a worthy way.

He begged the officers and men to be very particular in regard to courtesies and salutes to other foreign officers and he impressed upon the men the necessity for maintaining their reptuation for cleanliness and a neat personal appearance. In conclusion he explained the desirability of maintaining the most friendly relations with all foreigners with whom they should come into contact.

Rain Causes Delay.

The leading of the transport Logan was not completed until shortly after midday. A driving rain which fell throughout the forenoon caused considerable delay. The 95 horses and mules which are attached to the expedition as gun teams and draft horses were taken on board at the last moment. Eight big army wagons were also shipped as well as an automobile truck and one or two ambulances.

General Bell, accompanied by his staff, made a thorough inspection of the vessel and of each man of the expedition before noon. General Bell talked for several minutes with the assembled officers of the regiment, giving them their final instructions.

Band Plays at Parting.

Captain Peter W. Davison, Fourth infantry, one of General Bell's aides-de-camp, is accompanying the expedition to Chin Wang Tao, but will return to Manila as soon as the troops have landed.

As the vessel left the quayside the band of the Fifteenth infantry played a selection of patriotic airs and there was much waving of handkerchiefs and flags until she was lost to view.

172 PERSONS LOST WITH SHIP

Russian Steamer Founders in Black Sea Gale.

Bucharest, Roumania, Jan. 11.—The Russian steamer Russ has foundered during a gale in the Black Sea with the whole of her passengers and crew, totaling 172 persons.

The Russ, which was under the command of Captain Pahomoff and belongs to the Russian Steam Navigation Co. of the Black Sea and the Danube, was steaming from Galatz to Odessa. Among her passengers were Carl Anuseff, who recently was appointed Russian consul general at Galatz, and his family.

BOMB FOR YUAN KILLS 2, HURTS 17

Eight or Ten Are Expected to Die—Chinamen Try to Kill Premier.

Peking, China, Jan. 16.—The bomb which was thrown at Premier Yuan-Shi-Kai's carriage while he was on his way to the imperial court this morning killed two soldiers and injured 17 other persons, both civilians and soldiers.

Eight or ten of those who were struck by the splinters from the bomb are expected to die.

Several horses belonging to the military escort besides those attached to Premier Yuan-Shi-Kai's carriage were killed.

Yuan-Shi-Kai's assailants were three Chinamen, said to be prominent revolutionaries.

Wait on Sidewalk.

They were standing on the sidewalk when the premier's carriage approached. When the vehicle was about 30 yards from them one of the men threw a large bomb in its direction, but his aim was so bad that the missle exploded 20 feet from the carriage.

The vehicle rattled and shook from the shock of the explosion, but Yuan Shi-Kai escaped unscathed, and appeared not to be greatly perturbed. The force of the explosion was so great that many houses hundreds of yards away were shaken.

The would-be assassins selected a moment when the premier was on his way from the imperial court, where he had a long audience with the princes of the imperial clan.

The public executioner was at once called and with his assistants is now standing sentinel in front of the house where the assassins are confined. He will remain on duty there until he receives orders from the imperial authorities, who, it is expected, will command that the men be executed immediately.

HIS SON, AT 80, IS HELPLESS

But Father, at 102, Has Party for Friends on Birthday.

Ocean Grove, N. J., Jan. 16.—John Moore Butler, of this place, familiarly known as "Uncle John," celebrated his 102nd birthday anniversary today by quietly receiving his numerous friends at the house where he boards with his 80-year-old son, a helpless paralytic.

Until a comparatively short time ago Mr. Butler enjoyed excellent health and the full use of all his faculties. But cataracts which formed over his eyes made him almost completely blind and, owing to his age the doctors would not undertake an operation for the removal of the films. Mr. Butler, who was born on Staten Island, where he lived many years as the neighbor of late Commodore Vanderbilt, has been a hard worker nearly all his life, has never used tobacco, and liquor only sparingly. He owned a number of fast horses and used to drive them to a trotting cart until about five years ago.

BOTTLE CROSSES ATLANTIC

Took Two Years and Four Months in Passage.

New York, Jan. 16.—The adventures of a whisky bottle, which drifted with the ocean currents all the way across the Atlantic, are told in a letter received from England by J. C. Lavin, a New York engineering expert. Mr. Lavin threw the bottle over the rail of a houseboat on the Long Island coast in August, 1909. He left a card with his name and address inside, and has just received a response from Merionethshire, Wales, saying that the bottle was picked up there on December 20. It took the bottle nearly two years and four months to cross the ocean. When picked up, the odor of whisky was still strong, according to the Welsh preacher who found it.

GIRL STILL MOCKS COURT

Persists in Refusal to Testify and Is Returned to Cell.

Chicago, Jan. 16.—Miss Hazel Hogan, who for some days has occupied a cell in the county jail and is under a fine of $1,700 for her refusal to take the witness stand before Judge Honore and testify in the trial of four men whom she once accused of swindling her, yesterday repeated her refusal to take the witness oath.

She was brought into court on a motion of her attorney to take the order sentencing her for contempt of court.

After Miss Hogan had replied: "No, I will not," to a request that she take the witness stand, she was led back to her cell to stay until February 3.

COLLEGE WILL TEACH BOXING

Lexington, Ky., Jan. 16.—A course in boxing, President Henry S. Barker of the state university of Kentucky announced yesterday, will be added to the college curriculum.

Prizes for college champions in the featherweight, lightweight, middleweight and heavyweight classes will be provided by the faculty.

By the inauguration of the boxing course President Barker hopes to eliminate the practice of carrying guns among the students and to inspire a spirit of physical prowess in the collegiate body.

You Get Your Roof at Agent's Price
and Profits Besides
When Your Neighbors Buy
Edwards Roofing
Because They Like Yours!
This is our special Agent's Proposition in a nutshell. It is open right now to one man in each community. If you are the man, write us at once! Get the whole proposition. You place yourself under no obligation. You can have an everlasting roof of Edwards Interlocking "Reo" Steel Shingles on your house, barn or other farm buildings and let it make money for you.
Edwards "REO" Steel Shingles
Made Rust-Proof and Rot-Proof by Our "Tightcote" Process of Galvanizing
Each and every one of the high-grade Bessemer Steel Shingles is dipped singly into molten zinc. This gives heavy, uniform coating and covers all edges. No raw edges exposed to the weather. Edwards interlocking feature makes solidest roof. Lasts a lifetime. Comes in sheets 5 to 12 feet long, 24 inches wide. Galvanized or painted, all ready to put on. Hammer and nails all that is required. Anyone can do it. Can be applied over wood shingles or sheathing 12 inches apart.
$10,000 Ironclad Bond Lightning Insurance
We agree to refund the amount paid in every case where a roof covered with Edwards Interlocking "Reo" Steel Shingles is destroyed by lightning. This guaranty is backed by our $10,000 Ironclad Bond and stands forever. Ask for Big Free Roofing Catalog No. 175 with special low prices. Freight prepaid. Send dimensions of your buildings and we will quote you cost. Write today.
THE EDWARDS MFG. CO., 125-175 Lock Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

$50 FOR EVERYBODY IN LAND

There's That Much Money in Equitable Fire Ruins.

New York, Jan. 15.—There is probably $5,000,000,000 in the vaults of the Mercantile Safe Deposit Co. now covered up in the ruins of the burned Equitable building, according to an estimate made by W. B. Brenner, assistant treasurer of the Equitable Life Assurance Co., which controls the Mercantile concern.

Five billion dollars is nearly twice as much money as is in circulation in the United States. It would pay the national debt and leave a balance greater than the combined fortunes of John D. Rockefeller, Andrew Carnegie and J. P. Morgan. If the five billion were divided among the population of the United States, each person would get more than $50.

There are thousands of boxes in the vaults, and the contents include stocks, bonds, securities, cash, jewelry, representing practically the entire assets of about 40,000 individuals and corporations.

DR. WEBSTER PLEADS GUILTY

Chicago Physician Admits He Killed Wife.

Oregon, Ill., Jan. 12.—Dr. Harry E. Webster plead guilty to murder in the Ogle county circuit court here today on the first anniversary of his marriage to Bessie Kent Webster, whom, by his own confession, he killed near here last September. Webster withdrew a plea of not guilty previously made by him.

OVERCOME BY THE HEAT, DIES

Niagara Falls Man, Fleeing Cold, Is Killed by Heat.

Niagara Falls, N. Y., Jan. 11.—Despite the bitter cold, the city records of the past 24 hours here show a death caused from extreme heat. To escape outdoor rigors, D. J. McCarthy went into the drying room of the mill where he was employed. The extreme heat caused his collapse and death within 10 minutes.

WILSON BOOMERS HELD GAINERS

Selection of Baltimore as Convention City Thought Victory for Jersey Man.

DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL COMMITTEE'S ACTION.

Selected Baltimore as the convention city.

Fixed June 25 as date of the national gathering, one week after the Republican convention.

Adopted a primary resolution permitting such states as have laws on the subject or as desire to do so to select delegates to the national convention by direct vote.

Deferred for four years recognition of the Progressive League clubs, an outgrowth of the Independence league movement started by W. H. Hearst.

Washington, Jan. 10.—Taking the Jackson day banquet of Monday night and the selection yesterday of Baltimore as the seat of the Democratic presidential convention, many believe that the only Democratic presidential candidate who has gained strength from the gatherings is Woodrow Wilson. This is admitted by some conservative Democrat leaders, while the progressives are elated and claiming a walk-away for the New Jersey governor.

The progressives say the Jackson dinner proved a Wilson boom, for the governor was the subject of the biggest demonstration of the evening, and when he received the congratulations of Bryan the Wilson followers asserted reassurance that all was harmony in the ranks of the progressives.

The old guard gets most of the satisfaction out of the proceedings of the committee and the arrangements for the convention. It is bossing the job, and has demonstrated its ability to run the steam roller over the progressives.

Baltimore Pleases Both Sides.

The regulars think Wilson will not fare so well in a convention in Baltimore, in the heart of the conservative east, as he would in a western convention. But the Wilson men like the Baltimore location, for it will be close to their home territory.

The Bryan-Wilson progressives also are claiming a victory in the committee's adoption of a resolution opening the way to direct presidential preference primaries. It recognizes the presidential primaries in all states where provided by law, and authorizes state committees in other states to provide for informal direct primaries. It is a broader and more progressive provision for the election of delegates than that adopted by the Republican national committee.

It was the result of a compromise effected before the committee met and Bryan was satisfied it was the most he could hope to obtain. He therefore did not attend the meeting, but left the city during the forenoon.

Text of Primary Resolution.

The resolution adopted was a modification of one proposed by Senator Chamberlain of Oregon. It was framed by a subcommittee, headed by Clark Howell of Georgia, and was as follows:

"That in the choice of delegates and alternates to the national Democratic convention of 1912 the Democratic state or territorial committees may, if not otherwise directed by law of such states or territories, provide for the direct election of such delegates or alternates if in the opinion of the respective committees it is deemed desirable and possible to do so with proper and sufficient safeguards.

"Where such provision is not made by the respective committees for the choice of delegates and alternates and where the state laws do not provide specifically the manner of such choice, then the delegates and alternates to the said national convention shall be chosen in the maner that governed the choice of delegates to the last national Democratic convention."

Before adjournment there was a brief controversy over the proposed recognition of the Progressive League clubs, an organization said to have grew out of the Independence league movement started by William Randolph Hearst. When objection was made, the question of recognition was deferred for four years.

ROOSEVELT OR BUST, SAYS WHITE

Kansan Editorially Declares Conservative and Progressive Reps Must Unite.

Emporia, Kan., Jan. 11.—Under the caption "A New Leader Needed," William Allen White said editorially today:

"The defeat of Judge Martin, the Republican congressional candidate in the seventh Kansas district, shows just one thing clearly. That the Democrats had the votes. In practically every special congressional election held since Taft was made President the Democrats have won. Moreover, in every state in the union, at every election since Taft was made President, the Democrats have made gains.

"William H. Taft found the party united; his leadership has left it torn and broken. Unless the Republicans change leaders, the country will change parties. A lot of minor things enter into the seventh district situation, but they are minor things. The important fact developed is this: That this country is going Democraic as sure as November comes unless our party changes leaders.

"There is Taft balking with the conservatives; there is La Follettte roaring with the progressives. Some one must take the reins who can put cayenne pepper where it will do the most good on the balky horse, and put a kindly hand on the wild hrse.

"It's Roosevelt or bust."

Abbott Denies It.

New York, Jan. 11.—Col Roosevelt refused today to comment personally upon the reprts that he had said in a speech at the Aldine club that he would accept the Presidential nomination if it was "forced upon me."

Lawrence F. Abbott, president of the Outlook Co., however, after conferring with Mr. Roosevelt, announced that "the statements that have appeared in certain papers, notably the New York Times, are absolutely without foundation in fact."

What Roosevelt Said.

A friend of Col. Roosevelt who was present at the dinner told what it was that Mr. Roosevelt did say. He said that he had reason to know that Col. Roosevelt intended in his remarks to the club members to lay stress upon the fact that he is not and will not be a candidate, and that instead of saying that he would accept the nomination if it was forced upon him, declared definitely that that was a subject which he refused to consider or talk about.

What the colonel had told the diners, this man said, was that he was not a candidate, that he would not be a candidate, but that when it came to asking him to tie his hands by a statement which might prevent him, under any conceivable circumstances from doing anything, to such ueqstion he would only answer in the words of Abraham Lincoln, that no man had a right to ask him to cross that bridge until he got to it.

30,000 HOMELESS AFTER JAP FIRE

Osaka, Japan, Jan. 16.—A series of fires which broke out at 1 o'clock this morning swept unchecked across the southern half of this city, fanned by a strong wind. The conflagration was not under control until late in the afternoon, when, according to official figures, 5,268 buildings had been destroyed and 30,000 persons rendered homeless.

During the first four hours the flames consumed more than 1,300 houses.

Osaka, the "Venice of the East," has a population of about a million and is rated as one of the most important manufacturing and commercial cities of Japan. It is located on the island of Hondo, on the two banks of the River Yodo, and is visited by travelers for its Buddhist temple and its picturesque canals, spanned by 1,300 stone and bamboo bridges.

It has been the scene of frequent conflagrations, manly because its buildings are mostly bamboo or wooden structures, built close to each other and very inflammable. An official report of the damage in the city's "great fire" of August 1, 1909, gave the number of buildings destroyed at 11,368. The loss of life was limited to a single person, but the property loss ran into the millions.

Other big fires in Japan in recent years included the Hokodate disaster of August, 1907, which cost $15,000,000, and last year's conflagration in Tokio which destroyed that city's famous Yoshiwara or tenderloin, with a loss of $3,000,000.

BACON QUITS AS AMBASSADOR

Paris, Jan. 11.—Robert Bacon, ambassador of the United States at Paris, confirmed his resignation today.

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